

GLEANINGS

THROUGH

WALES, HOLLAND, AND WESTPHALIA.

FOURTH EDITION.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

HUMANITY;

A POEM.

FIFTH EDITION.

BY

MR. PRATT.

VOLUME III.

“ He who is diligent to seek will always GLEAN something.”

DR. JOHNSON.

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1798.

GLAUCON

WILLIAM HILLMAN, WESTMINSTER

FOURTH EDITION

GLAUCON

A HISTORY

OF THE

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GLEANINGS

GLEANINGS THROUGH HOLLAND, AND WESTPHALIA.

LETTER LVI.

I HAVE, hitherto, purposely put off one important but disastrous subject, to the last moment; although I have now for the space of some years, in my different traversings of the continent, been placed, as it were, in the very eye and ear of it. You feel that I mean the dreadful public, and yet more fatal private, wars of this and many other countries on this *unhappy* side of the English Channel.

What, my loved friend, is the matter with them all!

“ Sure ’tis the very error of the moon,

“ She comes more near the earth than she was wont,

“ And makes men mad.”

Does it proceed from the sacred flame of liberty, which exalts the human almost to the divine nature?—or are the nations filled with

clamours “ for that which no man felt the want
“ of, and with care for freedom, which has never
“ been in danger?” Springs it from a due
sense of that proud principle within us, which
points at the right which every honest individual
has to rank with the loftiest of the species,
when measured by the standard of nature?—or
from that factious and discontented spirit, which
prompts the worst of mankind to trouble the
repose, and plunder the possessions of the
best? Comes it from true patriotism, or from
that party rage, which “ robs it of its good
name?” It proceeds from all these. But with
respect to *Equality*, on the literal idea, as the
mob are encouraged for reasons they cannot
penetrate, to conceive it, was there ever such a
day-dream? To make the absurdity more egre-
gious, yet more palatable, it is called *natural*
equality! Preposterous as false! What, dear
friend, in nature is equal? Survey her pro-
ductions: from the first to the last, from the
most gigantic to the most minute, as well in ani-
mals as man, what is there which she has not
created UNEQUAL, even by express order of the
Creator? And by that very *inequality* intending
to promote the wisdom, force, and felicity of
the whole? Amongst the fishes of the sea, and
the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field,
the grand line of subordination, drawn by nature,
goes

goes on. Would you give to the linnet the wing of the eagle, or to the turnspit the speed of the greyhound? To what end? Would not nature, by that exchange, be violated in her general laws, and would the beings themselves be the better for it? Am I told, that all these creatures were put under the subjection of man, and that he, as the lord of all below, can have naturally no superior but the God that gave him life? The argument rests then, it seems, on the natural equality of *human* creatures. Fallacious again. For of all the beings in the scale of the universe, man,—if we except his origin, concerning the *equality* of which he has no more right to be proud, than the worm that devours his carcase,—is the most subject to the laws of natural *in-equality*. The point which places him at the top of the creation is certainly his soul, for his body, whether a masterpiece of beauty, or a mass of deformity, is alike corruptible, and rather an object of humiliation than of triumph. But, were you disposed to select, from the diversified works of nature, any specimen of her wonderful variety and irregularity, could you fix on any thing so proper to display that irregularity, that variety, as the human mind? So far from there being herein an universal equality, there is nothing so *unequal* amongst all the performances of Creation-

The strength of the lion is not more remote from the feebleness of the gnat, nor the swiftness of the rein-deer from the tardiness of the snail, than the distance between the power and weakness, velocity and slowness, of men's souls and understandings. Nature, by uncontrollable laws, has established, that to one man should be given an head to plan, govern, and command; to another, hands to toil and obey. Innumerable are the gradations, from those who guide the helm of the state, to those who regulate the steerage of a simple skiff; from the noblest architect to the most ordinary artificer. The harmonies of civil society are carried on by the joint assistance of all these in their *proper places*; take them out of which, and transpose them, put one into the station of another, and, in short, jumble them together, on the plea of natural equality, according to the new system, and what results from all this? What becomes of civil society, and of the world? Doth not such a farce upon the decent subordinations and arrangements of nature, fill it with discords, disorders, and death? Look into the page of ancient annals, and into the more sanguinary history of modern times—what do they exhibit but a tissue of absurdity, horror, and blood?

Can

Can it be supposed, were these at length to subside, by the establishment of Republicanism on the ruins of Monarchy, that the happiness of mankind, which ought to be the aim and end of all governments, would be the effect? Let the toiling hand govern, and the projecting head obey. Would not confusion be indeed confounded? Or shall all men have an equal share in the direction of human affairs? Shall there be no governors, no governed? Shall families, societies, states, and empires be without an head? Shall all be common right, and common fellowship? The comet, my friend, were it "to rush lawless through the void," would not trail so much mischief in its course, as such a number of licentious orbits out of their proper spheres. The wolves and tygers of the forests acknowledge, it is true, no superior, and they sometimes troop, in grim association and fell banditti, to lay waste the countries through which they pass; they are, it must be owned, notable republicans, and are unanimous to destroy whatever they meet with; but they destroy each other also; and are bad examples of the success of an universal republic, instituted on the levelling principle. The wolves and tygers of human kind, if suffered to roam through the wilderness of life, without any check on pas-

sions more fierce and fatal than any bestial appetite—or, if controuled only by those laws which are instituted by what are called patriots, only because they avowedly differ from and oppose any order in a creation that is sustained by order only—would soon make the universe more intolerable to its inhabitants, than any abuse which power has yet introduced into the government of the world; and the most disloyal beings would again call out, like the frogs in the fable, for a king; and rather than any longer be left to the anarchy of being delivered over to themselves, would pray for one tyrant, supposing no honest prince would then accept of them, in exchange for an universe of despots.

But farther, how egregiously absurd, my friend, is this new doctrine? Are not all large bodies of men compelled to have governors and chiefs? And do not these imply command and obedience? and do not these argue in their very name and nature, authority and subjection? What are the Admirals, Generals, Colonels, Captains, and subalterns of the present French armies, but heads? What are the soldiers and sailors they govern or direct, but subordinate members? In what consists the difference betwixt these and former commanders, whether ministerial

ministerial or military? Alas, nothing but "the whistling of a name." Call it Aristocracy, and the gentlest government becomes tyranny: give it the name of Democracy, and there is no slavery too hard to be endured. Nay, the very men who are such sticklers for equality, who have even fought and bled for it, continue to this very hour to make the proudest distinctions amongst men, even in a state of mutual captivity. The first thing that struck me in my visit to Weyzel, a celebrated town, as you know, of Westphalia, was the seeing a number of Republican French officers, (prisoners) walking on the parade attended by their *servants*. Two of these latter were receiving the orders of their masters, with their heads uncovered, and their bodies bent in a very unrepublican manner. What! in a state of common calamity, are these nice distinctions to be made, thought I? are brother prisoners to keep up this lofty difference? Are those who have levelled the earth, so soon unmindful of their leading maxim, "All men are equal?" One of the superiors—I thought there were to be no superiors—grew angry, chid his domestic, and sent him from his presence. Could the old constitution—could despotism do more! I saw the obedient slave, with the most servile shrug

of his country, and of his condition, go slinking away. So much for confraternity!

My friend, a skilful use of words, substituting one for another, as time and circumstances may require, will apparently change the nature of things: but real liberty and slavery are the same sweet and bitter potions, denominate them what you will, and the tyrant is not less an oppressor, for altering his name to that of a friend to freedom: indeed, some of the worst enemies that freedom ever had in all ages and countries, have assumed this sacred character.

Point out to me the Despot, that has not called himself a lover of his people, and of his country. I have, within a few years, been an eye-witness to no less than two formidable insurrections, effected, under this specious mask, in the little Republic, on the verge of which I am now writing. I am far from being sure, that I shall not be spectator of a * third: though one would have thought either of the two former might have written on the hearts of the people, the WISDOM OF CONTENT, in characters of blood. That which raged in 1787, is so well and faithfully written, by an English author, who calls

* The third has come to pass.

his work an History of the late Dutch Revolution, that I shall not only refer, but recommend you to a perusal of it. A few of the miserable particulars, I shall give you on the authority of personal knowledge. But not till I again resume my pen to assure you, amidst the storm of contending nations—"the wrecks of matter," and the almost "crush of worlds," that I am, affectionately, yours.

LETTER LVII.

TO THE SAME.

WE talk much, and with much reason, of the wild excesses of our English mobs, my dear friend. Their sanguinary disposition has been compared to that of our English bull-dogs, which are said to be insatiate of blood, when they have once drawn it from the objects of their attack. Our British insurrections, are no doubt, marked like others, by some of the prominent features of rebellion in all countries, devastation, flames, and untimely death. But I did not know, how great an enemy man could be to man; nor had I a clear idea to what an extent human beings could go in the destruction of one another,

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although

although I am not unread in the bloody story of my own country, till I began to contemplate the more dreadful annals of others. The six years that have elapsed since I beheld in Holland the demon of civil fury associated with party madness, far from having abated the memory of their dire effects, are felt, methinks, with a stronger horror, from having observed similar outrages in other quarters of the agitated globe. Unhappy Holland! while one party were attempting to destroy thee and themselves by fire and sword, rapine and slaughter, the other were wreaking vengeance against thy best, fairest, and most innocent possessions—upon thy wives and children.

While one side, I say, my friend, were thus outraging all order, decency, and compassion, the other manifested no less fury. The party of the Stadtholder, and that of the patriots were alike infected with the poison of the times. It reached the bosoms even of the gentler sex: as an instance of which, pardon me, if I make your nature recoil, even as mine did on the day my flowing eyes bore testimony to it. A party of patriots had taken, and killed, in the town of Bois-le-duc, one of the Prince's adherents, who had been active in the cause of the Stadtholder. His defeat was, therefore,

therefore, a kind of triumph; a groupe of people soon gathered round the body, yet struggling betwixt life and death. Amongst the rest, were two women who had been fetching water from the public fountains. One of these no sooner understood the cause of the mob collecting, than she poured out about two thirds of the water from her pail, which she placed under the wounds of the murdered citizen, whose blood was thus mingled with the water, when pledging the surrounding populace, she exclaimed, as she drank, with more than savage fury, "May rivers of this flow through the streets till our enemies are vanquished!" And to such a pitch of enthusiasm was this carried, that, as one more example, I must inform you, another patriot quarrelled with the beautiful rainbow, and shot at it, because the orange mingled in its hues: this was nearly as mad and irreverent as the dressing up the figure of the Virgin Mary with a red bonnet, and writing under the cross of our Saviour, "The man Jesus, the *ci-devant* Redeemer of the world."

All comments of the moralist, my friend, are lost; and all effusions of the peaceful lover of mankind absorbed on occasions like these: for breaches of this sort in nations, like old and incurable wounds, though they are often
skinned

skinned over, conceal an unsubdued venom, which gathers strength and virulence, and then again breaks out. Private families, we know may, after "some imminent and deadly breach," reunite from policy, or principle, or from some reliques of affection: but even this is a patched-up accommodation; and after a violent open rupture, whether in empires, or the little domestic commonwealths that form them, the whole history of mankind furnish few examples where the parties have sincerely forgiven one another. Many months after the Prince's party had been reinstated in its privileges, and the patriot faction not only yielded to authority, but appeared to have forgot its animosity, I had but too many illustrations of this remark. On the breaking out of the rebellion in other countries, I again heard the voice of sedition, and the more than *murmurs* of disaffection in various parts of these disunited states. Sacred be the love of rational liberty! But the fever of freedom is a wild-fire that is more desolating than any other contagion: that of Constantinople is not so suddenly imbibed, nor does it travel with unimpaired venom so far or so fast. It is a pest that seizes distant nations, and strikes with the rapidity and the force of lightning. Even when Holland seemed to have got the better of this

this political plague, its poisons were undermining her constitution, and like those fires which are burning in the bowels of the earth, unseen, are inwardly consuming its entrails, and making their way to the surface. I was in Holland when she was precisely in this situation, prepared for her second shock, and waiting only for the signal of her *ex-patriated fire-brands* (the banished Dutch patriots then forming a part of the French army), to give the explosion. Breda was taken, Gorcum was inundated, and the cannonade of Williamstadt thundered to the very sea, and prepared the patriots of the provinces for the reception of their exiled friends.

In my way to Helvoetsluice, in order to embark for England, every countenance I looked into carried the marks of fear, loyalty, ambition, or revolt. Notwithstanding the cautious jealousy natural to power, and all the vigilance of the magistrates, little knots of people were to be observed gathered together, in corners of the streets, and in bye-places, where it was thought the eye of authority would not penetrate. My wandering steps, which so often led me into unfrequented places, and thereby, as you have seen, made me tread upon many a secret, led me to the haunts of these Dutch male-

male-contents. They are always to be seen in that earnest and ear-approaching whisper, which so often betrays its treasons; the fore-finger extended, the button caught at, and held fast, or shook most rebelliously; the mouth of the speaker contracted, so as to send forth only the unbetraying voice of conspiracy, and that of the hearer on the contrary, opened to its width, to swallow the treason; while the eyes of the party communicating, like a pair of sentinels, ordered to defend the door of the lips, seemed to keep double watch, lest, as Shakspeare says,

“ The babbling goffips of the air

“ Should prate of their *where-about* !”

Artizans, burgomasters, priests, and peasants thus infiduously, or fearfully, assembled, either to express their apprehension, their hope, or their despair, were to be detected in these communities; and had not the whole country been threatened with a very serious calamity, these scenes would not have been unamusing to an Author, who delights

“ To catch the living manners as they rise.”

It is not unentertaining to see the little shifts which persons, engaged in secret conversations of any kind, make to prevent being discovered: the immediate change they make on the first view

view of an intruder—the sudden alteration from an awful to a careless air as the said intruder approaches; the tones varied from almost indistinct whispers, and portentous greetings, to louder accents; now walking on, now stopping a little, as if engaged in ordinary conversation, the subject of which, while you have an eye on them, is changed as often as their positions. I took notice, while I paused at Helvoetsluice, that as their friends on the other side of the water, that is to say, the enemies of their country, were more rapid in their advances, while their very fires were in sight, and the patriots, on the Helvoet side, were almost opening their arms to receive them, these secret meetings were less visible. It is a crisis at which the *mind* of a conspiracy is made up, the component parts perfectly understanding their plans, lie in wait to put them in execution; assuming in the mean time, the mask of well dissembled loyalty; for, strange as it may seem, vice, when swelled to its *height*, and just about to shew itself, borrows the semblance of its opposite virtue, in the robes of which it is then most assiduous to cover itself. Thus, drunkenness affects temperance, incontinence chastity, avarice generosity, detraction candour, impiety religion, and faction, which would hurl a sovereign from his throne,

in

in that moment is the loudest to sing forth the praises of royalty.

But treachery, my dear friend, is never so perilous, never so fatal, as when it thus hides itself, and would seem the thing it is not. From a foe, whom I observe taking aim at me, I may escape by accident, by courage, or by address; but from the stroke of an assassin, whom, though I once knew him to be my enemy, my believing heart at length considers as a penitent friend, I am so far from being guarded, that to use the words of one of our old poets,

“I lay my sleeping life within his arms.”

Thus it was with the several inhabitants of Holland. They had done speaking and were now prepared to act, and the moment of that action was waited for with the fullen malignity and gloomy pastime which characterises a cold and determined nature, such as many of the natives of Holland possess. They waited for their long-wished revenge in silence; a silence that resembled the fearful stillness of the sky, when the thunder is gathering force: but the silence of a Hollander, when once his part is taken, is more to be apprehended than the thunder itself; of which I have a forcible

forcible instance in reserve for you. Perhaps I have raised your curiosity, and therefore you shall have this dire example of Dutch revenge here.

Two brothers, on some very slight occasion, quarrelled, and, from being inmates, separated houses, neighbourhood, and at length broke connexion: their alienation was neither softened, nor embittered by correspondence. After about eleven years past in this manner, one of the brothers married a beautiful woman. The single brother, who had been watching his opportunity of vengeance, made his appearance, very unexpectedly on the wedding-day, and desiring an interview with the married man in a separate apartment, was no sooner perceived than welcomed; the latter taking it for granted he came to be reconciled, and had chosen this distinguished day to render reconciliation more acceptable. The bachelor thus addressed the bridegroom. "Brother, we have not met since
" our disagreement divided us, this day eleven
" years: I come now to remind you of the cir-
" cumstance—thus!"—striking a poniard into the heart of the bridegroom, who had just power to gain the apartment of his bride, who was then dancing with one of her husband's friends. Scarcely could he exclaim that he was

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murdered, ere he sunk down and expired at her feet; and while the company and servants were employed about their friend and master, the assassin coolly mounted his horse, and made his escape.

Alas my friend, it is with the patriotism that embraces all my fellow-creatures, and their happiness, that I apprize you, that our present sheaf must be deeply spotted with their blood! the mingled blood of beauty and deformity, innocence and guilt. The scenery, which is yet in store, was partly painted amidst the tranquillity of returning peace, and partly amidst the horrors of returning war.

Often have I been within sight, not seldom within hearing, of two of the fiercest oppositions that ever desolated the works of man and God. You will not be surprised to learn, that the impression which such scenes has made upon an eye and ear-witness, should have filled his mind with materials that lie fresh in his memory, and bleed in his heart. How many towns, villages, and all that they inherit, have I on the one day seen blooming with beauty, wealth, content, and happy countenances, upon another despoiled, deformed, impoverished, and deluged in tears and in blood! The pictures of these, taken both in
the

the one position, and in the other, must be given. They shall be delineated with simple historical truth, for neither romance nor fable, in their wildest, warmest colourings, could, can, or has ever reached them.

Possibly the author is the first traveller who hath yet described the happiness of nations at peace, and the misery of such nations at war, in a residence immediately *before*, and *after*, the violations of public tranquillity. He has viewed as well the havock of battle in its most intense rage, as the cold horrors that succeeded conquest. He has luxuriated in countries, when the horn of plenty filled them with fertility and fragrance; and deplored, even as if his property were mingled in the common wreck, the withering effects of victory, after the enemy had torn up all the works of nature, and of man, the most fair, and the most cherished. He has been amongst the last to quit, and the first to revisit, a threatened country and evacuated town, and has observed the labours of a life! of a century! annihilated in a single day! the desolations of every work of art, and the more affecting ruins of human beings! before he set out on this last tour, of which he has here drawn the faint outline, he had seen public misery, and felt its effects; his reading had furnished him with recorded horrors

in the bloody history of his own country; but all this was but the *shadow* of the disaster, which the excursion alluded to, has brought closer under his eye, and yet closer to his heart.

Descending by degrees, in a step that receded in proportion as the enemy advanced, I found myself almost imperceptibly once more in Holland, whose armies, still freezing upon the banks of the Maase and Lower Rhine, must, perhaps, again have recourse to the assistance of her great *water-dog*, to whom she has more than once owed the salvation of her Republick; and indeed this sturdy guardian ought to do infinite good, since he cannot be let loose upon the enemies of the state without abundant mischief—an inundation of the country being, next to captivity and its consequences, the greatest evil. Would you believe, after all which has happened since my former visit to the United States, after all the faithful traditions of horror, bloodshed, pillage, and blasphemy, which have been placed before them, that I find again here the self same spirit of disaffection grown more gigantic, and with increase of ferocity proportioned to augmentation of force? for the disaffection of more *arbitrary* States, of France herself, for instance, I can more easily allow and account, but one would have thought that a Republick,—attached as is
that

that of Holland to all those things which the French people now most hold in scorn, person, property, life, and religion; and with the bleeding testimonies of rapine, devastation and death before their eyes,—one would have thought, I say, that in such a country, amongst such a people, who have much to lose and nothing to gain, the fury of party, by which they have so often unmercifully suffered, and are suffering at this moment in every limb and artery of the Republick, might have been moderated, if not destroyed. Surely the desperation of liberty, like that of love, baffles all reasoning, and mocks at all sober laws. Even the richest merchants of the United Provinces, men who must, on the very principles of equality, at least, divide the labours and gains of life, with those who subsist only by an opposite set of principles, which levels idleness and industry—even such men pant for the complete triumph of the common enemy, and are ready to sacrifice, not only their fortunes, but their families—to what? to false ideas of freedom, and to revenge. What could they acquire? the gratification of an ancient grudge. What must they lose? Every thing else. But so cold and so dark is their feeling on this subject, they would consider it as a cheap * purchase.

* The purchase has been made; we shall see how long they continue pleased with their bargain.

But the spreading flame is not confined to Holland! The Author has traced its progress through the provincial, petty towns of Austria, where a slender passage of the Rhine separates the inhabitants from their utterly ruined neighbours, friends, and countrymen on the other side; he has seen and heard the look and tone of determined Revolution: and, if he has at one moment observed one man retreating with fear, he has, in the next, noticed more than one remaining fixed to his household, in hope of the destroyer. In numberless places, believe me, a *protecting* army is an object of silent, yet obvious, hate, and one which menaces captivity is welcome. Along the banks of the Maïse, as of the Rhine, even though their waves may be almost said, from the alchemy of commerce, to flow with *gold*, the very worshippers of that precious mischief would gladly tinge its billows with blood! In Westphalia, in Prussia, he has followed, in every direction, the like power. You cannot get into a public-house, boat, or carriage, but the water and the land re-echoes with the ill-dissembled voice of loyalty, or the avowed and bolder tones of faction.

In short, the fever is more universal than any other that has yet raged in the world. It seizes on all ages, sexes, and countries; and though millions

lions have already died of it, the fury rather increases than abates. I have seen many men in their grand climacteric, to whom an easy chair and a warm peaceful hearth, one would think, might comprise all the liberty fought for, I have seen such receive with exultation every account of a fortress destroyed, a village burned, or a city desolated, even though adjoining their own. Like the malignant Zanga, but unsupported by Zanga's motives of revenge, they

“ Love the rocking of the battlements ;

“ It suits the gloomy habit of their souls.”

In a word, in a circuit of many hundred leagues, I have seen a spirit of revolt to the ruling power, whether emperor, stadtholder, or king, that rises amongst the ruins, and stirs up insurrection amidst the very ashes of thrones and dominions. Adieu !

LETTER LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

You told me, I remember, in one of your late favours, that I had mingled in my sheaves many a bloody wreath. Alas, it is but the blushing signal of those events which are doomed

to outrage the feelings of every gentle heart. In the character of an historical observer I shall, ere long, be called upon to afflict the reader, and my friend, yet more : the most terrifying truths are to be told ; truths, over which I have wept and shuddered ; but, over which, I nevertheless hope, should the peruser of these pages shed a tear, and shudder also, he will find a balm sufficient to the wound. Amidst the pangs of *general* philanthropy every *Briton-born* reader, at least, will feel at his heart the beatitude of his *particular* happiness in being a member of *that* island, which, although, by comparative extent, it measures but as a speck in the map of the world, is the natal residence of the fortunate, and the almost sole sanctuary of the unhappy proportions of the globe.

But, however, my countrymen, and my friends, are to be felicitated on this circumstance, I sorrow to distress them by delineating the sad reverse, and, therefore, will, as long as possible,

“ Spare the telling, since it be a pain.”

The hurry and agitation of publick affairs have led me to some anticipations ; the crowding incidents of the moment ; the now gathering, now dispersing storms of war, have made me break in upon my reserves prematurely ;
and

and *that* to the neglect of many a more pacifick and smiling scene. To these I shall return with a satisfaction that, I flatter myself, you will share, as it will, for a while, suspend every more turbulent subject, and empower me to conduct you gradually along, till you almost forget we are approaching scenes of devastation. By such means, too, I shall rather break the blow upon your feelings than take them by surprize: nay, more, as our paths to the seats of war lie through some of the most charming parts of Westphalian Prussia, I shall even strew those paths with flowers.

I am now again addressing you from Nimeguen, the last considerable town of the Dutch territory, where, after having employed the rest of this letter, in a few Gleanings properly belonging to Holland, and the Provinces, we will journey onward,

“ Sedate to think, and watching each event ;”

and, with our accustomed privileges,

“ Try what the open, what the covert yields.”

You have in recollection, I trust, my remarks on the Dutch theatre, when the ghost of Hamlet stalked upon the stage of Holland, during the Hague fair. On a re-visitation of that celebrated town

town some days ago, I found that a troop of German actors had been permitted to take possession of the playhouse, situated in the Casuàry-street, which the French comedians (convicted of Jacobinism as I informed you), had evacuated. The first piece, at the representation of which I attended, was called, I think, the Robber; in which, amongst several very fine-wrought, and as fine acted, scenes, was *one* turning upon an event so preposterous, that I must relate it to you. The hero of the performance is a young man, who, in the first instance, robs his own father, and, eloping from his paternal house, carries his plunder to a desperate banditti, who have their haunts in a deep forest, and with such associates he shares the plunder and the crimes. Notwithstanding his companions have had strength enough over the virtues of his youth to extinguish his sense of duty to an aged and almost helpless parent—and one of the tenderest that ever bore the name—and even to make him forego the endearing society of a lady to whom he was powerfully attached, they had not force of seduction sufficient to eradicate, entirely, the vital principle of nature and conscience, which, at various periods, broke forth in sighs of remorse, and blushes of shame. The “cunning of the scene” affords many displays of these, and in the lucid returns of his heavily smitten heart, he rescues that very parent, and
that

that very much-loved, though deserted, mistress, from the barbarity and machinations of an elder brother : This brother is, also, by his means, and by the most equitable laws of human life, as well as of the drama, brought to just punishment ; and, by arrangements no less proper, the father is restored to the freedom and honours which his eldest son had ravished from him, and the young lady is preserved from violation. By such means, the parties, long divided by the vices, are brought together by the virtues, of this heroic robber. Forgiveness of the father, and of the mistress, are matters of course, and the reconciliatory scenes, which exhibit these, are as naturally sustained as the incidents by which they are brought about, are artfully contrived. Every thing is in the fairest way of being settled to the satisfaction of the characters and of the audience. I never witnessed the *denouement* of a tragedy more comfortably arranged for the feelings. But the author was of a different opinion, for in the moment that you are about to congratulate this good ending of as bad a beginning, the poet starts a difficulty, which I conceive neither nature nor reason suggested to him. The almost converted robber, even while supported on the one hand by the love of a father, and on the other, by that of an adored mistress, finds out, that having *sworn* to live and die with his forest companions, he cannot
violate

violate his oath; and that, even if he could, his delicacy would not suffer him to carry pollution into the arms of an innocent woman.

Now, if you approve of this *stroke of delicacy*, I could wish to stop at it; but, as a faithful narrator, I must proceed to inform you, that our delicate hero by no means contents himself with this declaration; but while his hand is joined by a parent to that of a mistress, who covers it with tears of joy, and kisses of love, he literally

“Throws it like a noisome weed away!”

observing that, although he feels it impossible to marry the lady himself, he cannot endure the thought of her living for another. This new misfortune sinks the father to the ground, upon which he is left to die on one side of the stage, while the lady stands statue-struck with grief on the other. Neither of these objects go to the heart of our hero. On the contrary, he intimates that there is no way left to pacify his fears on this curious point of delicacy, but the death of this beloved mistress. Hereupon the poet makes her obligingly take the hint by throwing herself into an attitude to receive the blow from the hand of her lover: who, however, rather hesitates about it, upon which the lady presents her beautiful bosom—all heroines, you know, *must*, be beautiful—

ful— to any one of the robbers; none of whom can be found to

“ Scar that whiter skin of her’s

“ Than monumental alabaster.”

When men, who live by pillage and murder, are thus tender-hearted, I am justified in applying the quotation; though, I should consider myself as having a sufficient sanction on the *determined* laws of the drama, to enrol amongst their unities, those of heroism and personal beauty.

The Ruffians, however, all unsheath their swords, and might, perhaps, have been wrought upon to cut in twain the filken bonds of humanity, that held them a moment uplifted, had not the hero come forth in all the *might* of his delicacy, in the shape of a *rant*,—loud and vehement as ever pierc’d “the ears of the groundlings,”—to assert *his* sole and exclusive claim to the assassination. Saying which, and a great deal more, he takes the woman of his heart, *gently* in his arms, then buries his dagger *gently* in her breast, then supports her *gently* as she sinks on the earth, where, *gently* placing her on the side opposite that of his dead father, on whose body, by the bye, dying or dead, he never bestows a glance, and then *gently* embracing his robber-friends, he stalks off to kill himself at a more convenient season:
and

and thus concludes this *gentle* piece of business : of which if any thing *could* add to the absurdity, it would be the circumstance of having just before found himself wholly incapable of stabbing his worthless brother, because, though stained with the foulest offences against his dear father and dearer mistress, he was, forsooth, a good-for-nothing brother ! If this is not *refining upon refinement*, and *out-sentimentizing sentimentality*, the deuce is in it ! Few of my readers but must allow this was carrying the *point of delicacy* a little too far : and, for my part, if this is the German method of settling the point, I remain a steady admirer of the coarse English fashion of stabbing *any body*, and, indeed, almost *every body*, rather than the woman of one's heart.

But the truth is, this is *not* the German mode any more than it is ours, as I have shewn, and shall still shew, in various instances. It is the act and deed solely of the *author of this drama*, who has therein not only put his heroine to death for his own amusement, but has committed an assassination upon a much greater character, even *Nature herself* ; and this is one example, out of an hundred, that has made me wish, gentlemen, who have the life and death of their characters, as dramatick writers in their hands, would be a little less lavish of human, at least of poetical blood, without shewing

shewing cause in the courts of *reason, nature, and conscience*. Not that I mean to attach this strain upon dramattick or natural laws, to the productions of the German poets in general. They very frequently write, and act, with the most accurate knowledge of the human heart, and seldom fail to find their way to it, when their purpose is to interest its affections.

I was, indeed, soon recompensed for the above related outrage of probability, by the performance which I saw at the same theatre, a few nights after, when all was

“ Nature to advantage drefs’d.”

It was, properly speaking, a gala play, being represented in honour of the Prince Stadtholder's birth-day, one of the very few occasional events which bring a sufficient number of people to fill the Hague theatre; for, although it is not larger than Coleman's in the Haymarket, there is rarely audience enough to pay for the few pounds of candle bestowed to illumine the gloom; and, doubtless, this is one reason why there is not more light thrown upon the audience of the Hague. On this great occasion, however, there were about *half* as many lamps stuck over the Stadtholder's box as would have adorned the board of his Britannick Majesty's corn-cutter on the 4th of June; and

and even the under tier of sconces, that usually stand unoccupied, were filled with wax! In a word, I beheld the astonishing circumstance of a Dutch theatre *crowded*; and, instead of "*the beggarly account of empty boxes*," I found myself amongst the flower and fashion of the Hague.

After being waited for by the actors and the audience the decent time, that is, just long enough to wind up expectation to the proper pitch, without straining its springs, his Serene Highness and his august partner made their appearance; the first in a modest suit of slightly-ornamented blue broad cloth; the last, according to the etiquette in these cases made and provided, glittering in white silver tissue. Brunswick's eldest hope was shining at their side, and his Duchesse attended the graceful and lovely Princess Hereditary in the stage-box, decorated, for that night only, to receive them.

But, alas! all this was but the gay disguise of concealed anxiety; or rather, it was but the trapping and incumbrance of a comfortless situation, too mighty for disguises. Three days and nights previous to this theatrical exhibition of themselves, had the Prince, Princess, and train been made the illustrious victims of this anniversary martyrdom: and every moment that was not devoted

devoted to the bendings, bowings, and other plianabilities of the court, was seized upon by the camp; for it was the time when above a thousand soldiers were preparing to counterbalance the devastations of the last campaign in Flanders. The Stadtholder is indefatigable in his military duties; and these, happening to fall at the period when he was to receive the compliments of the nobility and gentry, on gaining the forty-sixth year of his age, you will not wonder to hear that he brought to the play-house a weary head, and, perhaps, an aching heart; the more especially as it was said an heavy piece of publick news had been received from the frontiers, which it was necessary to hush up in his own mind, and in that of his august partner in distress, lest it should check the ardour of the troops about to take their departure. There is, you know, a crisis in splendid, as well as other misery, at which the oppressed spirits and faculties take refuge in sleep. It appeared to be exactly this crisis, when the party above-mentioned gained the theatre; for scarcely had the natal salutations been received and acknowledged, than a deep sleep fell upon both their Highnesses, and upon the Prince of Brunswick. Never did I see three illustrious personages so oddly disposed of. They sunk subdued into a comfortable nap, as if it had been a preconcerted thing to refresh themselves at the theatre

with a doze of this sort ; and which, to say the truth, they stood sadly in need of. It seems they had been exhausting themselves in publick affairs and ceremonies, from five in the morning to the midnight of the preceding day. But that the anodyne was very powerful, may be gathered from their enjoying it, almost unbroken, through the three long acts of a German opera, spun to the length of as many German miles. Once, indeed, his Serene Highness opened half an eye, and cast it, in a dizzy way, first at the sleeping Princess, then at the snoring Duke, as if to explore the cause that roused him ; but, perceiving it was only the crash of instruments, in a general chorus by way of *finale* to the second act, he again bade adieu to unwelcome recollections, in the oblivious arms of that power which is very justly called the kind “restorer of nature.” I could not help a reflection on the different allotments of human kind, as I saw the most illustrious of the audience the only parts of it which were unable to enjoy either the harmony or the pleasantry of the entertainment, and altogether insensible to the surrounding splendours. We rave about, and we are bleeding at every pore, and fermenting in every vein, for *Equality*, my dear friend ; we are hearing perpetually of the necessity of bringing the poor on a level with the rich, nobles with peasants, and kings with beggars—ah, God of them

them all! with how little reason! with how little recollection of the history of *human conditions*! The worst and the most unhappy is probably that which winds up the climax! and so on of the series: since it is most likely the houseless beggar, who eats his morsel of alms under a hedge of thorns, when the rude hand of winter has torn off every sheltering leaf, in remembrance of the day that brought into the world the brat which he buckles to his back, has a more exquisite relish of that morsel, and is more soothed by the gratulations of his weather-beaten companions, than the Prince and Princess of the Republic of Holland, sleeping amidst the felicitations of a theatre, or, in truth, any prince or princess in these times. Equality! alas, were all men reduced to a level *like this*, how soon would those who, till then perhaps, without being conscious of it, had experienced the blessings of an humble state, wish again for the refuge and distinction of poverty! Whosoever has looked on the fatigues, weight, and peril of the elevations amongst mankind, must know this; and it is strange there should be found any one so unreasonable as to envy the exalted, this gilding of their care and misery. As to the eminent examples in question, happy to see them enjoy this temporary respite, I regretted the fall of the curtain which awakened and dismissed them to new fatigues.

Whatever might be their fate for the rest of that night, to new fatigues the Stadtholder, at least, was destined the succeeding morning. The troops which had cost him so much trouble to make ready, were to march at eight o'clock. Without using literary privileges, which allow authors to blot out the sun, or command him to send forth his most effulgent beam (having, you know, a charter from Parnassus to do as we please with the elements), I assure you, in the prose simplicity of truth, that, *really*

“ The dawn *was* overcast, the morning low'r'd,
 “ And heavily in clouds brought on the day.”

Nay more, those clouds, very soon after the Stadtholder reached the parade, broke on his unsheltered head ; for the indispensable ceremonies of a field-day were to be exchanged, and his Serene Highness—princes not counting amongst their prerogatives the liberty of controlling the skies to their purpose—got a ducking more severe than that I have recorded in a former letter. One would again be led to think that “ there was more in these matters than philosophy can find out :” for really had the clouds been in combination against him, they could not have spouted down a more inauspicious torrent. It was not, however, of sufficient vehemence to damp his martial attention : neither had it the force to chill
 publick

publick curiosity : consequently it was set at defiance by powers stronger than either curiosity, or martial ardour. Never, on any publick occasion, did I see such a collection of human beings. Every passion of the heart, and every feeling of nature, were here met together. In the form either of patriots, princes, men, wives, mistresses, children, officers, or soldiers, you might have observed hate, allegiance, love, hope, and despair. You might have remarked also a few smiles of heroism, amidst many bitter tears of apprehension. The disasters of the last campaign were had in *bleeding* remembrance ; and there were those amongst the disaffected inhabitants, who exclaimed, “ See what a brave shew of fellows are waiting *orders to march to the shambles !*” *

Insidious whisperings of this kind had been in circulation for some time, and several desertions had taken place in consequence ; upwards of twenty on the night immediately preceding their

* Alas ! this exclamation has since proved, in some instance, so late as the 15th and 16th of April last, but too prophetic ; and, although the military entré of the young Imperial Monarch has been marked with glory, one cannot but regret its having been marked with so much of the blood of his allies. Many of the very men whom the author beheld that day leaving their country, have bade it an eternal adieu. It is the fate of war ; but one shrinks from the thought ; and I wish I had not seen them all alive. It is weakness, perhaps : but, surely, it is a weakness we are all born to.

march. Nor was this the worst: a dispiriting kind of alarm pervaded the soldiery, who performed their military preparations with reluctant delay. I had noticed many of them standing, the day before their departure, by the side of their baggage waggons, as if they were taking a survey of their herbes, filling them with their beds, &c. as if they presaged they would prove their beds of death. Others were following these vehicles with all their marching apparatus, not with eyes that anticipated victory, but with downcast looks, and solemn steps, to dirge-like measure, as if they were moving after the coffin of a comrade; and the beat of the drum, that acts so wonderfully upon the spirits in certain moments, now seemed to sound in their ears the dead march.

Examples of every kind are known to be contagious; in no instance, perhaps, more than in their influence upon our hopes and fears: courage and cowardice are communicated in a moment: they are even *transferred* with electric rapidity from one man to another; the bosom of the brave, catching an unwonted apprehension, and the breast of the dastard, glowing with even an unnatural ardour, as the poisonous breath of disaffection, or the exhilarating powers of loyalty, are diffused amongst them. It is a lamentable thing when private houses or publick empires are set
against

against themselves. States are only large families, united by the same laws, and bound by the same interest. The connexions of the nearest ties in private life are scarcely more close, nor ought they to be more sacred. As the welfare of man and wife, so the prosperity of nations, my friend, is destroyed by disunion ; and,

“ When those whom heav’n ordains to will the same
“ Look different ways, unmindful of each other,
“ Think what a train of wretchedness ensues !”

Unfortunately for the well-being of these *United States*,—which, by the bye, is, and has long been a misnomer,—the two parties that are dismembering it are in perpetual counter-action. While the one is diligently labouring to knit the Provinces together, the other, perhaps more industrious, for mischief is a very active power, works day and night, though working often under-ground, to render that honest diligence ineffectual : and vigilant malignity will always be more or less successful.

On this important morning, however, the Stadtholder rallied the half-seduced energies of his soldiers ; he saluted them first generally, then particularly ; he complimented, and with great justice, their martial appearance, cheered them with a Prince’s smile, distributed amongst them

a Prince's bounty, bestowed, with well-timed address, a Prince's eulogy on their known valour, &c. &c.

"A little flattery sometimes does well."

He manifested, by many little attentions, that he considered them as the faithful defenders of the Republick, and, in short, put in motion every wheel of a good General, a good-natured Prince, and a good man. His deportment had a visible effect on the troops, into whose countenances there came, as if by reflection, a sudden and promising brightness: the morning itself began to look more cheerfully, and the officers with their men duly equipped, from the orange branches in their hats, to the neat knapsack at their backs, took their march through the streets leading to Schedam—their first day's march—accompanied to the outer gate of the town by tens of thousands of spectators.

If some few of those thousands heaved a sincere sigh of loyalty for the return of the troops, victorious and uninjured; how many, secretly, or, to say the truth, openly, desired and hoped, they might be vanquished and cut to pieces! How strange does this seem, how unnatural does it sound!

"Is

" Is it not as if this mouth

" Should tear this hand for lifting food to it?"

With respect to the Hollanders, the liberty to say and do what they like, in defiance of all inhibited things, and, as usual, with the more eager audacity, because forbidden, is* *their's*; and as to their being taxed, do they consider that they live in a country made by industry, in despite of nature, who intended it only to be one of her enormous bogs, while the ancestors of this grumbling but hard-working hive, set " doggedly to it," as Dr. Johnson says, to make it into productive land, and a more productive water? a pile of stupendous art, from one end to the other, and not to be kept in repair without extraordinary taxation? Do they grudge this? Would they let the edifice run to ruins, and be buried amongst them? Would they heap up their money-bags to sink them with themselves more profoundly in the *returning* bog? Will the French, or their native patriots, mend either their country or their

* Not one of the motives that urged the French people, had the Dutch

" To spur the sides of *their* intent,

" Save vaulting ambition,"

which, in all probability, will in *their* case, at least be found to have

" O'erleap'd itself."

commerce?

commerce? Let them try! Ingenious, laborious, absurd, wise, foolish, preposterous people!

Here then let us bid a long, and probably a last, adieu, to the United Provinces, on which we have bestowed more liberal observation than they have been wont to receive, but not more than they have deserved, as the most curious and astonishing efforts of a patient, powerful, and vigilant people: A like farewell to Guelderland, for whose prosperity I shall have a warm wish, were it only for the sake of the opportunity it gives of *losing one's way*, and *finding the Man of the Forest*. Blessed be every leaf of every tree which comes under the axe of that man! And blessed be you, my friend! aye, and ye, my readers!—Westphalia invites; but I cannot quit one country, and take you into another, without separating them and their inhabitants by a pause in our correspondence.

LETTER LIX.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE in a former letter noted the wonderful progressive relief from low to high land, and from wet to dry, from stagnant canals to running streams, as you proceed in your journey
from

from the United Provinces to the Upper Countries. This is less sensibly felt after a few days or weeks ramble in Guelderland; but could the traveller be suddenly transported from the Province of what is properly called Holland, to those blooming edges of Westphalia, to which I am now conducting you, he would imagine, that *one* was the purgatory of sinful, and the *other* the paradise of happy souls: The fabled waters of the Styx and of Elysium, are not more strongly contrasted. The very air, as well as the water, takes a purer breath. Not that, in point of vegetable or rural grandeur, Westphalian Prussia is to be compared to several parts of Dutch Guelderland; but in point of unambitious and ever-smiling scenery, I have never seen any thing superior. The houses and the land, and, indeed, the inhabitants of Holland, resemble nothing but themselves. The charming Duchy of Cleves, and “all that it inherits,” resembles the most beautiful unassuming parts of England. You have scarcely reached the first Prussian town, which is mid-way betwixt Nimeguen and Cleves, the name of which is Cuylenberg, ere your native country presses on your heart: you seem to be carried, by some magician, into the midst of its alluring scenery: its whited cottages, comfortable farms, and cultivated grounds, are all within your view. You are struck almost at every step with the similitude.

It

It is the agreeable and beautiful, but not the sublime of nature. There is nothing of hill or vale, water or wood, to astonish the traveller; but there are numbers of objects always fresh and always charming, and a prospect of great abundance. I am speaking here of the Duchy of Cleves in a circumference of its best possessions, a *coup d'œil* of more than fifty miles; for, on a clear day, your eye can travel to this extent, if it takes sight from any of the delightful little eminences near the town of Cleves: particularly from a mount in the wood which gives you the command of half a dozen noble avenues, each a mile in length, at the end of which your view is bounded by the prettiest towns in the circle of Westphalia, and province of Guelderland. The eye rests satisfied and refreshed; it wishes not to penetrate beyond these beautiful limits. The Cleves wood is, in itself, full of charms, artificial and natural; but by the former I only mean the stately, and somewhat formal, rows of trees which shade and canopy the almost numberless paths that are cut through it. Yet, admitting this to be an objection to the lover of nature in all her graceful wildness, there are to be found in this wood an infinity of bye-walks, where nature is permitted to enjoy her utmost romance, and to sport her "virgin fancies," and which, perhaps derive additional charms from the contrast with
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the more *disciplined* vegetation. This fine wood is fenced round with the old English-looking park-paling, thatched, as it were, with grey moss, as with us, and, as with us, the chaffinch, greenfinch, goldfinch, and "all the other finches of the grove," as the Critic says, are seen pecking at it on a fine spring morning to build the out-works of their nests. I have haunted this wood at all times and seasons, and trust, therefore, you will be pleased with both a summer and winter account of it. There appears to be something remarkable in the foliage of Westphalia, to be observed in the most dreary months. With us, even in our most extended forests, the trees and bushes are almost stripped of their withered foliage. In Great-Britain and in Holland, autumn scarcely leaves a trace behind her when the "furling winter," as our poet of nature beautifully calls him, "with his ruffian train," has usurped her empire. It is far otherwise in Westphalia: The underwood, not only of the enduring oaks, but of all other sorts of more tender shrub wood, hardly sustain the loss of a leaf; a general russet, such as we see in the English groves, when they put on their November robes, covers whole acres till the end of March, when it is most likely nature is arrayed in her spring dress in Great-Britain. Respecting the trees of forest growth, they are here, as in the general roads of France, and in the

the avenues that lead to our antique mansions of England, planted in the straight line, but their regularity as to height and extent gives them one appearance, at the present moment singular and agreeable. Three or four days of rain, with the intervals of a dry southern air, have given them such an universal blush, that (though nothing like a leaf is to be seen in alleys of several thousand trees, cut into different roads at right angles, and is simply the effect of a swell amongst the buds) you have the promise, that the very next sunny day will *invert* Shakspeare's much-criticised expression, *making the green ONE red*, by making the *red ONE green*; for on cropping one of these blooming twigs, and pressing the buds with your finger, you perceive them bursting into infant vegetation.

Eight and forty hours of genial weather, so changes these glowing branches, that the eye regales in a prospect of that tender verdure, which, in vegetable, as in human life, gives the freshness and complexional delicacy which belongs only to the most *early youth of nature*; so sweet to behold, and, alas! so soon destroyed: Neither the broad foliage of a more advanced Spring, nor the rich expansion and colouring of confirmed Summer, offer any thing so pure. There are, you know, the same changes, productive of the same

same effects, in the progress of life, in the several stages of *its* Spring, Summer, and Autumn.

Suffer me now to carry you about Cleves Land. Imagine that you are seated on one of the rustic benches, in a retired part of its delicious wood, while I recount to you the observations of several tours in its neighbourhood.

The town of Cleves in itself has nothing to recommend it, but the excessive beauty of its situation. It is a large, straggling, ill-paved place, with many good houses, and more bad. It is, however, the capital of the Duchy, and under the dominion of his Prussian majesty. Though so near to Holland, and with such an example of neatness before their eyes, the inhabitants of Cleves by no means deign to follow it. On the contrary, they are in their houses, streets, and not unfrequently in their persons, the most disgusting contrasts:—but of these disagreeable matters hereafter.

As I reached the environs of the town, the first day my affections were very singularly interested: Indeed, I know not when they have been more powerfully called forth, where the objects of their sympathy were taken not from the human species, but from the animal world. About a mile from
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the Western-gate, I perceived a man and boy busied in doing something to the most beautiful ox I ever beheld: as I came nearer I found they were adorning it with a great variety of fanciful ornaments; a large collar of yew branches, tied with ribbon, and wreathed with other evergreens, were thrown over its neck: painted papers, on which were drawn herds, flocks, and shepherds, and folded into large beau knots, were fixed, I am afraid, *pinned* with large corks to its skin, in various parts of the body: bunches of the same were tied to the tail, braided into the mane, and the brows were hung with a garland of holly, of which there was a twist fastened by red filleting even to the horns, on the tips of which were stuck little Maybushes in bloom.

My attention was presently called off from this, by the bleat of a sheep and its lamb: those creatures were bound to an hedge in a corner of the same enclosure. They were dressed nearly in the taste of the ox, with this variation in the lamb, a collar of several early spring flowers of the field, and some twigs of hawthorn, in bud, and which, betwixt sport and earnest, it was trying to get into its mouth. On asking the cause of all this finery, I was told it was upon account of its being a *jour-de-fête*, and also the day before that of the greatest

greatest beef, mutton, and lamb market, in the whole year!

And pray, friend, said I, where is the necessity of dressing the animals in that manner?

'Tis our custom, Sir, replies the man driving the ox towards the town, and the boy with the sheep and lamb, now unbound, following his example.

I had not time for more interrogatories, being wholly taken up with the antics of the lamb, which frolicking sometimes with its mother, and sometimes with the boy, and sometimes even with its own shadow, brought so close, under my eye, and so near indeed to my very heart, the fine lines of Mr. Pope, that I repeated them over and over. Every image of his description had its immediate illustration in the objects before me :

“ The lamb, thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
“ Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
“ Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
“ And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood !”

We gained Cleves as I pronounced for the tenth time, that impressive verse which gives the moral of the former stanza—

“ O blindness to the future ! *kindly* given.”

The animals were led, or rather driven, through the principal streets, literally for a *shew*, it being the practice of Westphalia for the butchers to exhibit their meat *alive* the day preceding the slaughter. I pretend to question neither the use nor the necessity of all this; nor by any means to stretch pity or feeling beyond their bound. I only observe to you, that my affections followed these creatures in their *funeral* procession through the town of Cleves, and could not leave them till on turning a narrow lane, I saw, with a kind of emotion you will easily guess, the door of the place destined for their destruction; it being a practice in this country to slaughter their meat, and a very filthy one it is, * in the open street; the pavements and kennels of which are stained and running with blood.

I will carry you no further into this little adventure than just to note, that being the next day obliged to pass the end of the street, where I took leave of my poor dumb companions, I observed not only several parts of them hang upon hooks at the butcher's shop, but several of the ornaments. Even the flowers that were wreathed about the face of the lamb were now crowded into its mouth, and spotted with its harmless blood. Poor little fellow, said I, thou wert yesterday the

* The same vile custom prevails in several parts of Holland.

merriest of the frisking tribe! Would I had never met thee!

If in the course of the week, it was my lot to eat any part of these animals, at the tables where I then visited, as it most probably was the case, consider *poor human nature*, and forgive me! I am not preposterous enough to advise a being, who is made up of appetites to abstain from the gratification of such as are necessary to existence, but while we yield to the stern laws of our mortality, let us not, you, I am sure, will not, spurn all sort of feeling, like the man, who, on seeing some lambs at sport in a meadow, exclaimed,—“ Ah, ye dear, innocent, beautiful creatures, would to heaven I had a joint of ye to-day for dinner, with nice spinnage and butter!”

A very different sentiment sprung up in my mind as I surveyed the amputated limbs of these my late associates. You remember what the heart-melting Otway says on the subject:

- “ Lead, lead me like a tame lamb to sacrifice,
- “ Thus in his fatal garlands, fine and pleas’d
- “ The wanton skips and plays——
- “ Trots by th’ inticing, flattering, priestess’s side,
- “ And much transported with his little pride,
- “ Forgets his dear companions of the plain,
- “ Till, by her bound, he’s on the altar lain
- “ And then too hardly bleats.”

Never can this affecting passage be more touchingly illustrated than in the case of my lamb of Westphalia.

The sheep of this very beautiful country, however, are not so well looking, nor so excellent, in point of food, as might be expected from the rich abundance of their pasturage, and the purity of their air. They are longer in the visage, body, and legs than ours: Their fleeces are more ragged and dirty. How different in colour and countenance from the fair flocks gleaned in our first sheaf, that climb the mountains, and frisk along the valleys of our Cambria! A sheep in Wales is really an interesting being; you see its mild face peep unexpectedly from the fissure of a rock, in the midst of an enormous pile of ruinous stones; or you have a full-length view as it reposes at the mouth of a fine natural cave; or you observe it looking down upon you from a stupendous ridge of rocks, on the extreme verge of which it seems to hang, till you feel something like an apprehension it should tumble into the vale below and be destroyed: but, even while your sympathy is thus engaged in its welfare, the wanton creature, wild as the wind that bleaches it, and romantic as the spots on which it feeds, will bound from the dizzy precipice where it stood, to an height yet more fearful, and projecting its neck beyond where
8 you

you imagine it possible for it to keep the due equilibrium, will crop the herbage that vegetates amongst the stony ruins, or the flower that makes its flinty bed in the rocks ; and will continue to climb and descend places, the perpendicular of which makes your eyes ake, and your head giddy ; but the Cambrian sheep takes its *pastime* amongst these apparent dangers, with so much ease and gaiety, that you are soon convinced it is rather an object of envy than of compassion.

Now in Westphalia, and in most other parts of Prussia and Germany, these animals, after they have outlived the frolicks of lambhood, have less of this playfulness, and, indeed, become very soon a set of serious, ruminating, ragged, solemn creatures.

The dog that guards them, however, is generally a very pleasant fellow. He is taught to dance, and has many other laughable humours and accomplishments ; but in his business is indefatigable. Wholly unlike the curs of England, where the apathy of the master seems contagious, and where, even when following their flock, both appear to be *walking in their sleep* ; the shepherd dogs of this country are like so many perpetual motions. If the shepherd wishes to have them driven from one part of pasturage

to another, to divide, to congregate, or to conduct them to their fold, his dog begins his office, which is performed in the following manner. He runs round them in a circle, or rather three parts of a circle, leaving the fourth part open for their passage, and he barks all the time. If any straggler loiters by the way, he enlarges his round, till it includes the wanderer, who is brought up with the rest. He does his work in two equal spaces of ground, running from right to left, and from left to right. It is truly a curious operation, and not a little fatiguing, since it sometimes continues an hour together, without a moment's respite from barking and running. But, like many others, it is, for the most part, labour in vain. The sheep are so much in the habit of hearing this eternal yelper, that so far from attending to his cries, I question whether they hear his voice, like those persons who live within the sound of bells. At any rate, they pay no regard to it; for while he is in full cry, the sheep step as leisurely as if he was six feet under ground; even the ox I have mentioned in a former part of this letter, and my poor lamb, round whom he galloped in the same way, heeded him not. The first turned him as it were, into contempt, and the last into ridicule, looking at him, without fear, while his mouth was wide open, and, full of antics, joining him in his race. So that I begin to think

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our English shepherd's cur does the business more effectually.

While I am upon the subject of the canine race, of which you know I am a professed friend and admirer, let me not forget to inform you of an excellent custom prevalent in Holland, and in Westphalia, respecting those animals in the dog-days, namely, the law which enacts their being shut up during the sultry season. The appearance of a dog of any kind in the streets at such times is punished with just severity. Now, as canine madness, perhaps the most lamentable distemper incident to human kind, is very rarely heard of in the various parts of the Continent that are the objects of our contemplation, we must impute it principally to the caution here described. "Go, and do likewise," is an admonition worthy the adoption of the people of England, who suffer deplorable instances of distraction and death, arising from the want of some regulation on this subject.

Far, far from the friend of my heart be every malady of the body, and of the mind !

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Far, far from the friend of my heart be every malady of the body, and of the mind !

LETTER LX.

TO THE SAME.

CLEVES may be enrolled amongst the watering places, but as those waters contain nothing to distinguish them from a thousand others, whose basis is steel, with a certain mixture of salts and sulphur, I know you will easily dispense with a description of them. Neither will I take up your time by a detail of the dinner or tea parties in the very wood I have now placed you. These sort of accounts resemble the pictures which were censured for being, though vastly pretty, all alike. Water-drinking, or dipping places have, in themselves but one character, and a description of any, will, like Mr. Garrick's prologues, serve as well for one place as another. If you turn to any book of travels, through any part of modern Europe, for mineral or salt water—to save trouble look in the index—and take that which comes first to hand—no matter for the country—you will have a description in point, for what has been said and done on these occasions, since water-diving and drinking came into fashion; the same talkings, walkings, intrigues, divorces, matches made, and matches broken, covert whispers, and open scandals, and all the old story of little and great conspiracies,

spiracies, since the passions first came into publick. There is not left a remark, *generally speaking*, on these subjects, worth a single wheat-ear. So we will pass them by without gleaning, just noting one or two *particular* habits of pleasure that obtain in the neighbourhood of the Cleves Wood.

It is the practice for the Clevelanders to crowd on a fine Sunday to some very good tea-drinking houses, situate in the park, to see tumbling boys and girls, and dancing dogs, and learned pigs, and poultry. The spectators place themselves in extensive alcoves, open at both ends: they almost are to be seen in the *hottest weather*, drinking the *hottest* tea, with a dozen, and often two dozen, *red-hot* tea-urns under their very noses. By way of auxiliary to this heat, the men all smoke, and take alternately a sup of tea, a slice of bread, or cake, and a whiff of tobacco. The married women snuff in proportion; the spinsters, born and educated amidst fire and smoke, disperse the clouds with which their lovers and parents thus envelope them: sighs of tenderness, and whiffs of the best Virginia are puffed forth and mingle in the same breath, and the young lady melts in the midst of them. I do assure you a kitchen fire in the dog-days is "dew-dropping coolness," to the being enclosed in this *long green oven*; and, what with

with the scalding water, on the one hand, and of the burning fires on the other, a stranger finds himself almost suffocated.

The first time that I myself was stuck betwixt this Scylla and Charybdis, I feelingly saw the force of custom, which reconciled the most delicate young women—for in point of form and feature, Westphalia has many such to boast—to this hideous practice. They seem as collected during this double attack as Generalissimos of an army in the heat of action. After staying till I was almost boiled on one side, and smoke dried on the other, I sought my escape in the wood, the most beautiful paths of which, as well publick as private, where nature breathed the sweetest air, displayed the most enchanting pictures, and sung the songs of gratitude and joy among her branches, were comparatively deserted. I am sorry to say that all the concerts, societies, clubs, and other social meetings, are deformed by those insufferable fumigations, with which every house, shop, and even every garden, is infested.

It is thought to be salutary. Had it been confined to Holland, I might have possibly come into this notion, as a corrector of bad air; but when I found it laid all Germany in *smoke and ashes*, and thereby spread over countries, “where every breeze

breeze is health," I set it down as a vile custom, that seeks to hide its filthiness in a weak apology.

I cannot but reckon it less excusable than the stoves amongst women—a practice not less universal, but which the dampness of the air, in the Provinces of Holland, may render necessary. It is attended also by worse consequences; for there is nothing so rare amongst the Dutch, Prussians, or Germans, as a good set of teeth: and as boys accustom themselves to the use of a pipe almost as soon as they can fill, hold, and light it, their teeth are discoloured at a time of life when the youth of other countries are alike pure in mind and person. This defect is the more obvious in the German young men, because, the females of the same age are remarkable for exhibiting rows of that pearly whiteness, which in Europe, at least, has been usually thought such a constituent in personal beauty. The ladies, however, of Prussia and Germany, being in the habit of seeing a couple of black ranges in the mouths of their lovers and husbands, and to receive a whiff of smoke in their faces almost every time they associate, or are spoken to by the opposite sex,—for immediately before and after, and sometimes at meals they smoke,—do not seem to feel the contrast.

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I particularly remember to have been present at this very town of Cleves, when, amongst other company, were two young people, who had been given out as passionately fond of one another. The lady was playing at her forte piano, her lover holding a pipe in one of the filthiest mouths I ever saw, and accompanying her in a very pretty German air. This air shewed the lady's fine rows of ivory to advantage, while it exposed her Corydon's ebony no less to view, and, at the end of the song, a sly and quiet observer might perceive that the company were so well pleased with the performers, and the performers with *themselves*, that, not contented with the general acclamation of their friends, they sealed the private applause they bestowed upon *one another* with so close an approach of faces, that, though their conscious satisfaction was not expressed and sealed in a kiss *heard*—or hardly seen—it certainly was in a kiss *felt*. No one who had been a spectator of this scene, would have agreed with the father of the fair-faced Desdemona, in calling the love she manifested for the moor, *unnatural*. She had, like the pretty Clevelander, looked away the fable-hue of Othello, and, since she could not find his mind in his visage, discovered his visage in his mind. Poetry, and, especially, the poetry of Shakspeare, which can do every thing, can, of course,

course, do this ; but nothing, except that custom, which the same immortal bard informs us

“ Can make the flinty and steel couch of war

“ A thrice-driven bed of down,”

or, what is yet even stronger than custom, all-commanding love, could make a junction of the whitest and blackest, fairest and foulest teeth, a matter of delight !

Before I take you from this fair wood into the town of Cleves, I must prepare you for a few other customs which you will meet with there, and in other parts of the Duchy ; and, indeed, in most places of Germany.

Expect, in the first place, to find the inhabitants here as in Holland, too civil by half : The courtesy of hat-pulling prevails in Westphalia to a degree really painful. It is a settled point for all natives to make bows to strangers of almost every description ; so that a traveller has little more to do in the considerable towns than to cover and uncover his head. Indeed, the hats themselves sufficiently shew the prevalence of the custom, being all of them squeezed into a long roll, as compact as a polonie, on the take-off side, with the continual gripe of civility. In one of my first excursions into this country, I took
part

part of a carriage with a young man just come from the independent states of America, and glowing with all the unrestrained spirit of his country. His objections went to almost every thing he heard or saw in monarchies: they began with the head and descended to the feet; for he neither endured the uncovering of the one, nor the flexibility of the other. I honoured this ardour of his principles, but wished to make them relax a little to the customs of a country. I began with the affair of the hat, which he swore should be inveterately fixed on his head in his passage through Holland; adding, that he looked upon obeisance to every body, without distinction, as a servility below the dignity of man's nature. Let me advise you, my friend, and my readers, to be courteous; and to give into this somewhat fatiguing practice. It will repay itself by many little urbanities you will wish for and find: the Germans and Westphalians are an obliging race; and their excess of that civility is better than the contrary extreme. But civility abroad is by no means confined to making you a passing-bow: and if it were, it is a slight tax upon a traveller to endure and return it.

I recollect being much pleased in Holland with a union of two things that rarely meet in any country. During my Hague visit, I was at the
Playhouse,

Playhouse, when the beauty of two ladies, both on travel, excited the attention of the audience more than the performance. But the obscurity and gloom of the Hague theatre not clearly ascertaining that beauty, a great number of the spectators were anxious to see more of the truth, and accordingly had arranged themselves after the play, in two mighty rows, as if by common consent, to see the fair strangers pass from their box to their carriage. In itself, this set and determined stare was certainly one of the rudenesses of curiosity; but in order to smooth away its rough edges, the passing meteors no sooner appeared within the lines, than, as if by common consent also, every hat was taken off, and every head bowed respectfully to greet them. Even if the curiosity, which beauty very naturally excites, did not carry, in some degree, its excuse along with it, it would have been impossible for that beauty to have been offended. In the present instance it produced, just as it should do, a blush of courtesy and consciousness, as it passed along, not resenting, though not inviting, the homage which it drew.

Who is there, my friend, that ever has past but a single winter in London, but must have often seen the heroes of the box-lobby forming themselves into a phalanx, hats on heads, and opera glasses

glasses at eyes, to stare out of countenance, and out of the house, perhaps amidst indecent observation, both beauty and innocence? Let us not quarrel then with civilities that soften away our disgust; nor even with publick curiosity when it is tempered with publick respect.

Be prepared also, for the *kissing* ceremony which you will find begin in Prussian Westphalia, and extend over every part of the German territories. Neither treat it with ridicule nor disrespect; for although it is the custom for both sexes to embrace, and to present both sides of the face for salutation, after passing only an hour together, and though but next door neighbours, it means no more than our exchanging the customary civilities of the moment, *en passant*, in our own country: it signifies, in short, about as much as the mode of professing ourselves the obedient, very humble servant of those indifferent people we meet with in the street, or address by letter of business or ceremony.

I must repeat that these national habits ought always to be complied with. An obstinate refusal in a young countryman of mine to accept of a salute, was intended by him to express a scorn of the custom itself, particularly in suffering his cheek to come in momentary contact with
that

that of a *man*; but, by the gentleman who offered the salute, it was construed into his having a bad breath, and a fear to discover it.

Now as an imputation of this kind would be more wounding to the self-love of our *petit-maitres* and *maitresses*, than, perhaps an expulsion from kissing all the days of their lives; I advise them to give and lend their cheeks for the kiss of custom without farther hesitation.

I feel it my duty likewise to prepare you for a little imposition in the hotels and private lodgings before you enter them, as well as for the counter-balancing *agrémens*.

I must lay it down as a first general principle, that a Prussian and German landlord, if he possibly can, will over-reach you; not so much, I believe, from dishonesty, as from an almost *innate* idea of considering the word *Englishman* synonymous with the word *riches*. An Italian, French, and every other traveller, even a Dutchman, whom, generally speaking, they know is well able to pay up to any price demanded, may always get accommodated at half-price, in comparison with the British wanderer—that self-devoted victim of vanity and folly! Of this I will give you an instance, not produced in resentment, for it was rather a subject

of pleasantry, but in order to put you, your friends, and every one into whose hands these Gleanings may fall, on guard.

On my first tour to Cleves I wished to make a stop of a few months, and not readily suiting myself in an Hotel, I sought private apartments. A tradesman, of whom I had bought some trifling articles, and who spoke very good French, offered to attend me to the house of a man who, he said, had rooms to lett; and added, that he would have the honour to be my interpreter.

We went accordingly, and I desired my Interpreter to ask the price of the rooms, when, by way of answer, came forth another question.

Master of the House. The gentleman, I suppose, is French?

Interpreter. No.

Master of the House. Dutch?

Interpreter. No; English.

This information, consisting only of two words, had the effect of a volume on the man's mind. He intended, however, to be cautious and manage the intelligence; but his features betrayed him.

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He *doubled* upon me every article, as I shall presently shew. I caused him to be informed, that, on the receipt of my next letters from England, I should be able to decide whether I remained in the town, or proceeded farther up the country; observing, that if I became his inmate, it would be impossible to do without a slip of carpeting, or some covering by the bed side.

That may be had, quoth the landlord; and so we parted.

The expected letters arrived, and finding it convenient to pursue my route as far as Emeric, on the other side of the Rhine, I gave him notice two days earlier than my promise, that, as I should be absent a month or six weeks, I would not hazard the letting his apartments to a more stationary tenant, should any such offer. Now, that this notice might be formal, it was translated and delivered by my interpreter. Here, I supposed, we had done with one another; but the next morning, when every thing was ready for my departure, the master of the inn, where I had slept, presented me with a reply to my billet; written with a majesty of style that would have better suited the *Grand Frederick*—who, by the way, would have given a much

more courteous answer—than the little great man who was the author, or rather dictator; for he understood even less of the French than I of the German, and was at the expence of a notary—*Voilà le decret despotique de mon Maitre d'Hotel.*—But as all great events, in which great personages are concerned, are ushered in with due decorum, I shall allot a separate letter to it.

LETTER LXI.

TO THE SAME.

“ **P**EU TETRE, Monsieur, que vous vous
 “ imaginez qu’il va ici comme en Angleterre,
 “ ou *chaqu’un joue son rôle comme il veut.* Non!
 “ nous vivons sous le regne d’un tel Roi, qui
 “ maintient son plus bas sujet; ainsi aucun
 “ Anglois ne doit s’imaginer qu’il peut exercer
 “ le Rôle de l’Angleterre aux états Prussiens.
 “ —Je ne vous ai pas appelé; vous etes venu
 “ de vous même aupres moi; et vous avez loué
 “ les chambres; et parceque vous l’avez desiré
 “ que je mettrois des tappis sur les planches, je
 “ les ai acheté; le lit *démonté* est remonté,
 “ et puisque vous avez voulu déjà occuper
 “ Dimanche les chambres, je me suis fort derangé
 “ à mes affaires pour les arranger.—Pour tout-
 “ cela

“ cela je pretend d’être dedommagé, puisque
 “ vous n’avez pas envie de les occuper; et
 “ je vous demande par celle ci, ou, *vous avez*
 “ *envie de payer le loué pour trois mois, ou non?*
 “ Si non, alors je chercherai mon droit à la
 “ justice.”

“ MITSDORFFER.”

Cleves, ce 23 Mars.

As a Prussian curiosity, you will accept a
 literal translation of it, courteous reader, if
 peradventure thou art not sufficiently in practice
 with the French language, to feel the might and
 majesty of the sentiments. You, I know, my
 dear friend, can relish them all in their original
 bombast.

TRANSLATION.

“ Perhaps, Sir, you imagine you may act here
 “ as you do in England, where every one does
 “ just as he pleases. No. We live under the
 “ government of a king—*Such a King!* who
 “ supports the rights of his meanest subjects.
 “ And whosoever dares to suppose he may play
 “ the game he does in Great Britain, within
 “ the territory of his Prussian majesty, will find
 “ himself mistaken. It was not at my invita-
 “ tion you came to my house; it was an act of
 “ your own free will; and you have hired my
 “ chambers.

“ chambers. You desired I would cover the
“ boards with a carpet; a carpet I have bought,
“ and the boards are covered. My bed, too,
“ has been taken down in one place and put up
“ in another to please you, and I am thereby
“ disarranged. For all this, I expect to have my
“ damages made good, and as you do not choose
“ to occupy the lodgings, I desire to know,
“ whether you choose to pay for them? I speak
“ of the three months for which they are let to
“ you; If yes, well; if no, I shall seek my
“ right from the laws of the land, whereof I
“ have the honour to be a member!”

Boooo!—There’s for you, was ever the Pope’s
bull fulminated with more vengeance!

“ Myn Heer,” said my landlord, “ had better
postpone his journey, till this little, ugly affair
is settled; for there is no answering to the lengths
this hot-headed man may go; and to be stopped
on the road by the officers of justice would be
disagreeable.” Officers of justice! officers of
nonsense! said I. I sent for my interpreter, who
though a native of the place, did not, by good
luck, take the part of his townsman. On the
contrary, he accompanied me, swearing all the
way in High Dutch never to have made any men-
tion of three months, nor any contract whatsoever.

He

He increased his pace in proportion as he increased his oaths, and these running affidavits presently brought us to the scene of action. The landlord was in the very chamber in dispute, which we found, sure enough, sufficiently deranged. Had a score of swine herded in it, it could not have been in a more filthy situation. Neither curtains, nor mat, nor carpet, nor any furniture, but that of which I had at first complained. The fury of the interpreter was equal to the dismay of the Prussian dictator. Our visit to the latter was so unexpected, and our detection of him so unequivocal, that he could not reply to the denunciations of my linguist, who, pursuing his advantages, laid about him like a Drawcanfir. The host, at last, felt himself galled, and ventured the retort *uncourteous*: this produced a rejoinder, that again a replication, which ran through the whole vocabulary of angry eloquence; in the heat of which I left the combatants, and with great coolness departed for Emeric; but on passing Cleves some months after, I fell in company with the very gentleman who occupied these memorable apartments, for the use of which, his board inclusive, he paid, to a stiver, *per month*, what had been demanded of me *per week*! but then, he was a Prussian, and I an Englishman!

I cannot write this latter name, without an
F 4 almost

almost equal mixture of pride and indignation, pleasure and regret. I grieve that it is rendered less respectable abroad than at home, and that, by the purse-proud vanity, or dissipated pageantry of individuals, the character of a whole nation suffers. More than once, in the course of these letters, have I been forced upon this unwelcome subject; and I must now take it up again, because I can no other way, my loved friend, account to you, or to the publick, for a multitude of impositions which lie in reserve, which are absolutely in *waiting*, for my countrymen, the moment they have crossed the Channel, and which, like costly and troublesome companions, fasten themselves to his purse strings, till they "leave not a wreck behind." For all which, I am sorry to say, *Englishmen* have nobody to blame but themselves.

In the first place, they take over with them English ideas of expence into other countries.

Secondly, they take over, also, a large cargo of national pride, wishing to spread the generally received notion of English wealth being greater than that of other countries.

Thirdly, They are in habits of prodigality at home which are too inveterate in waste, to make economical retrenchments abroad; and, even if they

they set out on a saving principle, they soon glide into the extravagant passion.

Now, from a co-operation of all these, it is really wonderful to consider how wide the mischief is diffused. A Swiss officer and Prussian gentleman counseled me to let a friend of theirs make my bargains and purchases, as we were to travel some time in company, and make stops at the same places. I yielded to this good advice, but counteracted its effect by being his associate. It was found out by some means or other, that I was an Englishman, and that was more than enough. The persons—whether Dutch, Prussians, or Germans—mean not to over-reach you, they intend only to ask up to the character our countrymen have established for riches. They even design sometimes an extortion as a compliment, because it pre-supposes the pre-eminent wealth of our nation. They argue, too, that while you come so many hundred, or thousand leagues from home, it is not possible you should want money, since, if you did, you would naturally stay at home.

Thus a foolish ambition of keeping up a false reputation begins on the other side of the water, and travels with you to the end both of water and land. Taking London as the centre, it has gone in

in as many directions as there are great post roads even to the once cheap parts of the British empire, Yorkshire, Scotland, and Wales. In every inch of these, you feel the heavy hand of an English traveller's profusion forced into your pocket. Those necessaries of life, which thirty years back might be comfortably procured for the third of their present purchase at an English market, soon mounted to the half, then they rose to three parts; and now, unless you enter into engagements very advisedly, the difference of English expenditure will scarcely warrant the charge of taking so long a journey. Shall I be answered, that the difference in these gradations arises from the difference of the times, refinements, luxuries, &c.? Certainly these increase the evil: but, even at this day, as I stated to you in a former letter, the great articles of life are to be had at more than an half in half average with the English market. It will assuredly be granted, that fish, flesh, fowl, eggs, butter, and house-rent, are the *chief* of those articles, and all these are to be had as I have before described. The fair inference is, that where taxation or refinement have levied one impost, national pride and habitual folly have levied twenty. The natives themselves, both in the above countries, and in those more remote, have candour enough to acknowledge this; but *now*, the habit of charge is as strong as the profusion

profusion by which it was at first created ; and the simplicity and economy of a place once destroyed, like a wounded character, never recovers itself. On the contrary, extortion and extravagance erect a sort of temple to folly on their ruins ; and an imposition *taught to others by ourselves*, becomes the custom of a country, till, in the end, foreigners think they have a presumptive right to cheat you. The same spirit that induces us to spoil the places nearer home, enables us to ruin our residences and accommodations abroad. Our profusion traverses the whole continent of Europe ; The Alps and Pyrenees sink before it, and wherever, as in Westphalia, from the natural abundance of a country, or the want of traffick, or distance from a publick mart, the necessaries of life are still to be got at half price, they would, I am convinced, have remained at a third less than at present, had it not been for English profusion, English pride, and English prejudice. .

Under these comfortless prospects of being imposed upon by our own countrymen's folly, even when out of England—for I insist on it, they are the aggressors—I do not think I can render to my countrymen at this distance from them—or to you, my friend, whom I suppose to be so near, a greater service—than to note the actual rates of living, and the comparative dear-
ness,

ness, or cheapness of the several countries in which I have resided. This is certainly another very humble office, but no less useful, and either on account of its humility or utility, has been strangely misrepresented or overlooked.

Once more making England a central point of travelling, the expenditure will be found to ascend in a series as you pass along, *i. e.* the farther removed from the centre, the less you spend—supposing a less influence from examples of English extravagance.

The difference of charge, even to perfect strangers,—and making allowances for a *pre-determination*, almost every where, to over-reach you to the verge of the laws of the land,—is incredible. What English travelling at home comes to, either in lodgings, at inns, or on the road, I need not state. Houseing you safe on this side of the water, you immediately would perceive the difference, were you disposed to begin your estimate; for although you may be chagrined at the necessity of keeping your purse in the hand, in your tour through Holland, were you to separate one charge from another, you would, even admitting some extortion, find the balance in favour of Dutch imposition. No, my friend, thrown, without the arms of language, acquaint-

acquaintance, or experience of customs on the mercy of the Hollanders, you would last longer, that is, you would be less *speedily* devoured by the Dutch than by your own countrymen, under like circumstances. But though your devoration would be more *slow*, it would not be less *sure*; *i. e.* were you not to buy, and dearly buy, knowledge as you go on, and had you no honest and diligent way-faring traveller to prepare the paths before you.

Leaving you, however, as just observed, undefended amongst the Hollanders, you would not so soon be swallowed up as by the English. The difference of charges is remarkable in going only from one province to another, and when you have left the Dutch boundaries, and gained the Prussian dominions, you perceive the cheating of one country so much more endurable than that of another, that in this instance, at least, whatever may be your political principles, you would prefer the despotic States to the Republicks—and exclaim with poor Lear,

“ The wicked compared with the more wicked
“ Seem beautiful; and not to be the worst
“ Stands in some rank of praise.”

I believe I have used this quotation in some former letter, but it becomes apposite again, and you
will

will excuse repetition. How well it applies at present, you shall immediately judge. At the best inn of Cleves, my charge, for twelve days, was little more than a guinea sterling; and for which I was accommodated with a very good bedroom, the use of the general sitting-room, and an excellent table, adorned with the best company, as well residents as travellers. At one of the largest inns of the Hague, it cost me precisely that sum, a guinea, for *one day's* worse living, worse lodging, and worse attendance. Having mentioned to you the name of the more reasonable Hague landlord, I trust your faith in my account will lead you to choose the good and to avoid the bad; and therefore it becomes unnecessary to specify the person by whom I was thus overcharged. But justice requires I should tell you and the world, that the name of the Cleves landlord is Nyfa.

To prevent the trouble of enquiry, and the vexation of being reduced to contests at a place of public accommodation, I will take this opportunity to set down the fixed prices of all the most reputable table d'hôtes (public eating-houses and hotels) in the provinces of Holland, and in Prussian Westphalia.

HOLLAND.

HOLLAND.

			Florins.	Stivers.	Doits.
Breakfast	-	-	0	8	0
Dinner	-	-	1	0	0
Bottle of Rhine, or Bourdeaux wine			1	0	0
Bed	-	-	0	15	0
Fire, if in your own room, per day			0	12	0

WESTPHALIA.

			Florins.	Stivers.	Doits.
Breakfast	-	-	0	5	0
Bed (fire included)	-	-	0	7	0
Dinner	-	-	0	10	0
Bottle of wine	-	-	0	10	0

In Holland, the train of waiters, shoe-boys, &c. are at the heels of your bill, and interrupt—though not with equal boldness of *authority*—your way to the horse or carriage. In Westphalia, these supernumeraries are all paid by their master, and included in their wages. The above statement then will serve you through both countries, from Helveotfluice or the Hague, to the farthest end of the Prussian States; and the variations are unimportant in your route to Berlin on the one hand, and to Vienna on the other.

It should be noted, that the money of Holland is nominally double that of Prussia. I say nominally,

nally, because in the *exchange* it makes little to a traveller's advantage; but in purchasing of the articles of life, it is half in half. Indeed the coin, more especially the silver, is of so base materials, that the circulation is almost wholly confined to Prussia. It is refused currency on the frontiers of Holland. The Cleves money will not pass even at Nimeguen, where there is a constant reciprocal communication.

It will be proper to acquaint you with the names and valuation of the Cleves and Prussian coins *; that you may be prepared, and compare them

* I shall here, however, make a general observation on the subject of the coins of Prussia and Germany. The natives—I mean the common tradesmen, who are ever upon the watch for strangers—admit that the Dutch money is in effect double the value of theirs, such, for instance, as that forty stivers Prussia are given for twenty Holland; but that it is fair to charge four stivers for a commodity which may be had in Holland for two; a piece of logick which they justify on the ground of your ignorance being greater than their cunning. Luckily, however, the price of publick boats, and public carriages, is settled by ordinance, though even this is liable to abuse, and the Seller sometimes passes a cheat on the Buyer, under the pretended sanction of Government. I had occasion to stop at an inn of Maiseland Sluice, in Holland, with a good deal of baggage; and I also took my dinner, or rather luncheon, being too late for one barge, and too soon for another. When I came to pay the bill, I found so many extra charges that I resisted payment till I had asked a few questions.

Gleaner.

them with those of Holland. They shall be given in the supplementary pages of this closing sheaf, where a number of pickings-up shall be thrown into one or two general letters, properly speaking, a letter of scraps on different subjects, gathered in different countries; valuable, perhaps, when made into a collection, but too minute to stand alone. I have many of these lying in slips of paper, on the backs or edges of letters, in my drawer of memoranda, which I fill as I empty my pockets after a walk, a ride, a visit, &c. &c. and I shall set apart a stay-at-home day, to arrange

Gleaner. What is the meaning of this charge?

Hotel-Keeper. 'Tis by order of the States-General.

Gleaner. And this?

Hotel-Keeper. The ordinance is also by the States-General.

Gleaner. And this?

Hotel-Keeper. Is settled by the States-General.

Gleaner. I can only say then, that the States-General are aiders and abettors, if not principals, in the most enormous plunder upon a stranger's property of any people on earth.

To this remark the Hotel-keeper smiled assent, but plundered on. I complained of several particulars to the Commissary of the Town who redressed both my wrongs, and those of the Republick, by assuring me every iota was imposition; for which he sentenced the Landlord to deductions on almost every article, and attended me in person to see justice duly administered. I certainly enjoyed not a little the confusion of the extortioner, and was malicious enough to remind him at every refund, that he paid me back the extorted money, *by order of the States-General.*

and transmit them. Meantime, we are, just now, too much in the heat of business, in noting the things of the *first necessity*—alas! poor dear human nature, of what eating and drinking, and other frail materials, art thou compounded!—to amuse ourselves with affairs less solid. If a traveller wishes to become residentiary for a few weeks or months in any of the pleasant German towns, and brings with him his family, the best way is to make an agreement with a *traiteur*—a cook—and live with him, if, as is often the case, he happens to have a good house. This, besides the accommodation of having your repast comfortable and warm, is cheaper by nearly half, as it *includes* the price of a room. I know a gentleman, who says he is well served with breakfasts and dinners,—suppers are rarely taken abroad—and two good chambers, for twenty-one florins, about one guinea at par, per month, in a very popular part of Prussian Westphalia. But even if you take private lodgings, and are only supplied from a *traiteur's* with eatables, you gain importantly on England—as thus, *Dinners*,—which imply a sufficiency for suppers, as you always are entitled to keep what is sent you—are twelve Holland stivers a-head—about a shilling English. It is called one portion; it consists of four covered dishes, which, with bread, cheese, butter, and sallads—always
found

found by yourself—contain enough for two meals; as two portions do for four.

I was present at a bargain of this kind being made at Cleves, with one of the many publick cooks of that place: he was on the edge of becoming a victim to his ignorance in these matters, when an honest Prussian who was present, with a friendly presence of mind, observed to the cook—"Certainement Monsieur est un peu Catholique; il ne mange pas de viande tous les jours." I took the hint, and told the man that when I wanted a double portion, he should know it in time to make the necessary addition. This reduced the monthly charge, which had previously been made, to about one pound fifteen shillings.

Let me not fail to apprise you, moreover, that the buying your wine of a merchant, and of an hotel-keeper, or cook, is, on an average, the difference of more than half in half in Holland, Prussia, and Germany.

At the inns of Holland, you will pay for table-wine, one florin ten stivers—half a crown;—at those of Prussia and Germany, from sixteen stivers to one florin; and at the merchants of the first country, for the same wine, eight stivers, and in the other two countries, so low as six stivers,

or seven at most : and let it not be forgotten, that the eightpenny wine is precisely the same, as to quality, for which, with duties on foreign spirits, you pay in England from five to seven shillings a bottle.

There are certain articles so incredibly cheap, even in these times of general scarcity *every where*, that I want almost confidence in my own conviction, or in my trust of your candour, to make just report of them. In various provincial towns, both in the neighbourhood of the Upper and Lower Rhine, the best butter is sold in the month of May, at two-pence per pound, a very fine young fowl, at four and five pence, a duck the same, butcher's meat at two-pence, and two-pence halfpenny, a full grown hare at eight, nine, or ten-pence, sometimes at still less, a goose, or turkey, at ten-pence, when at the dearest, and the finest Westphalia ham from three-pence to four-pence per pound. House-rent is in proportion. I leave you, therefore, to judge, how comfortably a family, pinched for necessaries, and, perhaps struggling betwixt the extremes of pride and poverty in England, may live in the German territories. And yet I still cannot help giving Wales the preference for two reasons—first, because it is nearly as cheap, and in a part of my own country, and does not take money out of the
British

British dominions; and secondly, because it contains more general beauty than any thing to be met with without taking a long journey, which, with a family, is in itself the expenditure of more than could be expected from a year's savings. As the retreat of an unconnected person, or of a family, resolved to establish in a new country, and, as Dr. Young says, *fixing would be fixed*, it would be really a saving, without an abridgment of comforts, and even luxuries, of thirty or forty per cent. Eggs are frequently fifteen for twopence, and seldom less than ten; and firing is proportionably cheap. Bread, however, is nearly the same price as in England; I mean such as is made from the white flour; but they make an inferior kind, considerably darker, when baked, than our farm-house loaves, which is eaten with a farm-house appetite, not only by the peasantry, but most other people. By way of qualifying its bitter and sour taste, the better sorts of folks place their butter betwixt a slice of the black and a slice of the white bread, and when they wish to luxuriate, as on a dainty, or to distinguish their hospitality to a friend, a twopenny loaf of the entire white is brought forth, and cut into as many morsels as there are persons to be regaled,

It will seem incredible to an English reader, whatever be his situation, to be told that a German

bill of fare consists of little more than what is appointed for a meagre day, rigidly maintained; infomuch that the Westphalians, Prussians, and Germans, in general, may be truly said to keep lent all the year. I am authorised by truth to assure you, from long experience of their table, that the yearly expenditure of a large family, in any of the above-named countries, would scarcely exceed, if it could reach, that of an English farmer's household, consisting of an equal number of people, for a single month. An enormous dish of potatoes, cabbages, carrots, beans, and other vegetables, forms the basis of their dinner, which, with all ranks, is taken at twelve o'clock. It is a very great luxury, when half a pound of pork, bacon, or butcher's meat is stuck in the midst of this medley, as the grand centre of attraction; and yet this precious morsel is rather for ornament than use, rather to be admired and gazed on, like other forbidden fruit, than eaten. A variety of trifles from the garden forms the desert, which is rather tasted than enjoyed, if there happens to be any thing more *recherché*, more valuable, than a nut or an apple; and a small plate-full even of these become so "familiar to the eye," that they pass upon the sense before you are presented with a fresh supply. I protest to you that I was so accustomed to look on a fruit plate and its contents, for such a length
of

of time, at a table in Westphalia, that I knew every speck and freckle about them, as well as the faces of the family. Indeed I had opportunities to see them so constantly, and closely, that each apple and pear became a *memento mori* to the family.—In the beginning of the week, they came fresh from the tree, with their best look and blooming complexions. A very few of them, alas, were cut off in this the prime of their lives. The rest were brought on the second day, not much altered in their shapes or air. On the third, there was a visible alteration—nevertheless, the young folks of the family, for there were many children,

“ Sigh’d and look’d, sigh’d and look’d,

“ Sigh’d and look’d, and sigh’d again.”

But, alas, sigh’d and look’d, look’d and sigh’d, sigh’d and long’d in vain! It was written in the father’s face—ye may not eat: while the indulgent matron cut one into as many shares as she had sons and daughters, and the next day the father, being in a frolicksome humour, threw an apple and a pear after dinner amongst them, on the floor, where they were as much fought for as Joseph’s coat, and produced as much shame to the vanquished, and triumph to the conquerors, as if they were heroes and kings, battling it away for thrones and dominions, perhaps on the true estimate, as little worthy of contest. Towards

the end of the week, my old friends in the fruit-plate began to drop off one by one; and though it is amongst my habits never to eat of those things which the master of the house discovers to me by his manner he considers as a rarity; in compassion to these poor things, I took off their dusty coats, and thereby prevented a more lingering death.

Some weeks after, I dined at the same gentleman's house, and though, to be sure, a man would not choose to swear to an apple, I could all but make oath, that I observed, amongst the re-enforcements of the well-remembered fruit-plate, one pippin which was so palpable by his marks, that I recognised him as an old acquaintance the moment he came in my view.—Now be it known to you, this was by no means in the season of the year, when apples are laid up like honey in the hive for winter provision, but when they would in England have come fresh from the tree at every meal. It is strict economy that urges this extreme forbearance in almost every thing that regards, in short, that either smells or tastes like a luxury. And it is imposed by a very stern necessity; for Germany and poverty are almost synonymous terms; and though, in particular instances, such a thing as wealth is to be found, the general run of people in every condition, are
reduced

reduced to observe a most scrupulous frugality in all things ; their income being usually such as to inhibit the least article of profusion.

Nor is this economy confined to the appetites, it extends to the ornaments of life : I had almost said to its vanities, but it may be done in effect to promote these. You shall decide on this, after I have informed you, that it is the universal practice to undress after a visit. Ladies, or gentlemen, no sooner return home, than they lay aside their costly robes, and get into their slippers, nightgowns, yea and nightcaps also. And they appear extremely surprised to learn it is a general custom in England to keep on their out-of-door dresses, as they are called in Germany, when they are amongst family friends ; nor could I easily reconcile them to my following the custom of my country in this particular, till I had assured them, changing my dress frequently gave me cold. They call this stripping practice putting themselves at their ease : but it is, in truth, purely done for economy.

Frugality is an early part of education in these countries ; insomuch, that it is common to observe a well-bred young lady, in some of the best families, wash up the tea-things, immediately after they are done with, and in the midst of
the

the company, who have been using them. At first, I supposed this was a menial office, imposed by a cross papa, or over-managing mamma; but when I became a residentiary gleaner, I saw it so much the fashion of every family, that I inform you of it as a general rule, not only in Germany, but in Holland.

The natives of these places not only eat sparingly, as having little to eat, but they eat seldom—and drink as often as they can. The custom of slight breakfasts; vegetable, or rather hodge-podge dinners; and yet slighter, frequently no suppers, has its beginning in Holland, travels to Westphalia, like a slender current, narrowing as it goes, with respect to quantum, and is at its perfection of economy in the empire. The only thing in which they yield to profusion, at their own expence, is in the article of tea and coffee: this they take almost every hour, but *without sugar*. The women snuff, and the men smoke over it. But they usually drink it out of cups that scarcely hold so much as an acorn; and though, from the quantity taken, this custom gives perpetual trouble, they still prefer these diminutive machines, which would scarcely serve a fairy to sip dew drops. To think of a wide Dutch mouth screwed up to the dimensions of such a sprite!

It is, I find, very true, that the English are every where looked on to be exceedingly carnivorous; and it is true also, that an Englishman will devour more solid flesh in a day, and pour down his throat more inflammatory liquid, than a Prussian, German, or Dutchman, in *three* days. An English traveller, however, soon assimilates to the general temperance of the country, the consequence of which is, that instead of wasting an whole afternoon in an hot room, amidst the fumes of the table, or sleeping to relieve an overloaded stomach, he feels alert, either for business or pleasure, and seems to wonder at this change of himself.

I have just mentioned to you the early dinners on this part of the Continent, but forgot to note to you, that the reason assigned for it is exactly the reverse of what is given out for a four or five o'clock repast in Great Britain. We eat at mid-day, says the foreigner, that we may have a long afternoon. We eat in the evening, says the Englishman, that we may have a long morning. The customs of a country ought certainly to give and receive allowances; but I have found this difference in the hours productive of great difficulties, between some of my countrymen and foreigners; the first insisting that as twelve o'clock was too late for breakfast and too soon for dinner,
it

it could be considered only as the hour proper for a luncheon; and the other declaring, that fitting down to table at such an unseasonable time was insupportable: for my own part, I am blest with so social an appetite, that it seems made for a ready compliance with the customs of all countries. Is it the fashion of the family to eat at noon? I sit down, and forget that I had not been used to think about dinner till nearer night. Does my meal make its appearance with the candles? Be it so, I eat heartily, if I am well; and, if I am sick, I play with my knife and fork, to keep those, who are better, company. Now this versatility in my disposition leads me into many pleasures and contentments, which less accommodating tempers can never hope to enjoy. It is peculiarly estimable in travelling: for can it be reasonably expected, that without being well paid for it, people will come into the customs of a stranger, and forego their own? Will you tell them, it is *polite* to go to dinner when they are going to supper? Or, as an individual, are you to derange a family, who, in turn, could tell you, that the politeness of their country settles these matters on very different principles? Who is to adjust this knotty point? You fall out with your dinner, and with each other. How easily would a little candour and courtesy place it just where it should be!—O, good humour! thou
least

least difficult, yet brightest of the social virtues—thou creator and supporter of every other—where is the land, the habit, the manners, which are not reconciled to the heart, by thy assuasive and smiling power? Inspired by thee, I feel myself disposed to be happy, and I am so; to impart it to all with whom I mix in this now jarring world, and I succeed:—And did the fond parent know thy value, as I know it, he would pray that his darling child were rather filled with thee, than favoured by beauty, genius, or fortune; for what are these but the miserable children of conceit, pride, and folly, unprotected, and uninspired by thee?

From what has been said on the very necessary, though very much neglected, subject of eating and drinking, it will, I trust, appear manifest, that if a traveller will be content to buy a little experience, which is no where to be had without paying for, and if he will not be too much in a hurry to make his arrangements; and, while they are adjusting, indulge his heart in a few effusions of that good-humour I have been addressing, he may be very comfortable to himself, and no less acceptable to others; but if he will be stubborn, and inflexibly attached to his own opinions, manners, and customs, and not come into those of other people in other countries, he has nothing to do but to
live

live by himself, according to his fancy, and—pay accordingly.

But I forget, that all this time while I have been discussing the subjects of the table, I have seated you in the Cleves Wood, and left you in a worse situation even than the Germans, without any dinner at all. Rise then, my friend, and that you may no longer want an opportunity, I put an end to my letter, with the usual assurance of being affectionately yours.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

TAKING it for granted that you will feel yourself refreshed before you sit down to the perusal of another letter, and that all those who may become its readers will bring along with them good spirits and *good nature*, I will invite your attention to some further observations on the circle of Westphalia.

You are not now to learn that Prussia is a Catholic country, where, however, Protestantism, in the Presbyterian form, is largely interspersed. The churches are every where the objects that first catch the eye of a traveller, for which reason I
I suppose

suppose it is that you meet so many steeples and towers, monuments and escutcheons, in almost every book of modern travels.

Catholic churches in particular, as being more ornamental, have been so often described by *publishing* travellers, that they are, perhaps, the only objects in the wide field of foreign observation which have been measured with an accuracy that leaves nothing for the gleaner. Open the books of these authors at whatever page you may, and it is odds but you see half a dozen spires, followed by a long history of their founders, destroyers, rebuilders, re-destroyers, revolutions, &c. Two churches and a castle to a leaf is moderate reckoning, and it is well if you get off without a morsel of choice biography, on the quarrels and rogueries, virtues and vices of the prince, bishops, beggarly priests, or despotic lords of the castle; for the Cacoethes *De-scribendi*—if I may be allowed to sport with the Latinity—is as strong in some wandering biographers, as in juvenile poets, when first they fancy themselves in love, and present you with that picture of their idols, which imagination has drawn for them. For myself, and I suppose others may feel like me on the occasion, I never, without trembling, observe a travelled author *set in* for a long story of churches, chapels, chateaus, and picture galleries, with a determination

live by himself, according to his fancy, and—pay accordingly.

But I forget, that all this time while I have been discussing the subjects of the table, I have seated you in the Cleves Wood, and left you in a worse situation even than the Germans, without any dinner at all. Rise then, my friend, and that you may no longer want an opportunity, I put an end to my letter, with the usual assurance of being affectionately yours.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

TAKING it for granted that you will feel yourself refreshed before you sit down to the perusal of another letter, and that all those who may become its readers will bring along with them good spirits and *good nature*, I will invite your attention to some further observations on the circle of Westphalia.

You are not now to learn that Prussia is a Catholic country, where, however, Protestantism, in the Presbyterian form, is largely interspersed. The churches are every where the objects that first catch the eye of a traveller, for which reason I
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determination to give their "moving accidents" by flood and fire, during the wear and tear, and traditionary lying of half a score centuries. And what, after all, are you presented with, but a meagre account, into which the mind and memory of the reader vainly look for something whereon to rest—something more worthy the human faculties, than annals of the intriguing abbots, mischievous priests, and grinding seigniors, buried under their ruins? I venerate antiquity, but must have something that comes closer to the soul, the understanding, or the affections, than this collection of literary brickwork, and travelling stone masonry. Peace to the ashes of the mouldering universe! Unless surviving virtues, or immortal actions, lie amongst the ruins, and, like the phoenix, only want an honest, helping hand to clear away the earthy obstructions, to spring above them, I would not rescue an altar, or the canonized bones of a Saint from oblivion. Unembalmed by such virtues, and such actions, the dust of a monarch, and the dust of the earth that covers him, is, to me, exactly the same thing. And as to the relicks of a worthless being, to what good end could they be brought from the tomb, but as a *maukin* to shew the villains of the present generation, that to such complexion must they come at last?—In that light only, have I sometimes, as in the instance of a John of Leyden, burst the
searments

searments of the grave, and gleaned the coffin of a scoundrel.

Respecting church matters, therefore, I shall certainly not swell the list of historians; but, after I have made one general observation, shall content myself with the relation of a single circumstance.

It is really a most heart-affecting satisfaction in a circuit of some hundreds of leagues, such as I have taken over different Catholick countries, to see the decent impression that is made on the *peasantry*, ever the most numerous body of a state, by religion. Of the higher ranks, who lose their principles and their education too often in the pride of philosophy, I shall here say nothing; but the influence of the Catholick faith on the *subordinate* ranks is, almost without an exception, a sober and sincere attention to the duties it enjoins. The earnest, yet tempered zeal, with which the common labourer leaves his business or his pleasure, to commune with his Maker, is amongst the comfortable sights that every traveller must surely have noticed, and noticing must have enjoyed. In the plebeian part of the community, at least, it must be genuine. The infidel philosophy of the great is, happily, above their reach: the hypocritical mummary or profounder chicane of

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the yet perhaps more infidel priesthood—I speak of the Catholick churchmen,—is still more happily above the understanding of the peasant. He can have no views from interest, from the world's applause, or from the world's disapprobation. His religion, after education has settled it in his mind, becomes one of the strongest habits—it soon ripens into his most powerful principles. It is presently a voluntary offering, and one of perfect free will, to his God. He accepts its pains and penalties, and never resists their infliction. He is told by his confessor of a sin, and he suffers for it willingly. Neither does he perform its duties so mechanically as may be supposed—He goes to the church at all times and seasons: the gates of the temple are always open, but he is not forced to enter at the stated stroke of the pendulum or chime of the bell. If his soul feels not the impulse; if it prefers the sacred moment when the hour of publick worship is past, he can withdraw himself from the gaze of the world, and converse, as it were, with his Creator face to face: and in the Catholick churches, which I have *gleaned* even with a suspicious vigilance, this is very frequently done, and always with reverence. Strangers, drawn by curiosity only, may pass in groupes from all quarters of the earth, and dressed in all the different habits of their country, without seducing the kneeling Catholick peasant

peasant from his duty: his posture is unaltered, his prayer unbroken. He rarely lends an ear to conversation, which is sometimes irreverently loud, and not often an eye to their persons.

From this exterior decency, it is fair to infer internal piety. It is to be sure, a world replete with subtle stratagem, and false appearances; but if ever there can be supposed to be a principle "unmixed with baser matter," this surely is the most free from alloy. And if one could select from the mass of enormities, which the present governors of France have committed, and single out an act more foul, more cruel than the rest, I should not hesitate to pronounce their attempt to convert the simple heart to EQUALITY of *Atheism*.

The Augean stable of the Catholick church, so far as it was connected with politicks, no doubt wanted cleansing; and possibly some of its most aspiring heads well deserved *Le Glaive de la Loi*, the sword of justice, but to my feelings—and they have arisen out of my observation—better, far better, had the convent and the cloister been polluted by the whole chicane of the priesthood, than that so many thousands of blameless beings should not only want in future the comfort of a refuge in misery, and of a guide in happiness;

but should be taught that the benefits and blessings of the *past*, derived from this sacred source, were the trick of a designing race; and that, for the time to come, the laws of reason and nature, that is of infidelity and licentiousness, are to supersede those of a Saviour and Redeemer of the world. Then, by way of proving their proselytism and faith in the new creed, they are, instead of bowing the knee to the cross, they are to turn from it in mockery like the revilers of old, or to level it with the dust! Glorious revolution, and more glorious revolutionists! To lay the foundations of a republick in human blood, and erect a temple to infidelity on the ruins of religion! In the ancient fabrick were there defects? Why not repair them? Must it fall that a worse may be raised?—but I forget myself—a scourge was wanted in the land, and ye were perhaps the proper instruments to deal destruction: for who can punish iniquity like the wicked?

But I promised you to close with the relation of a circumstance, which I owe to the Catholick church. Half an hour's walking by the side of the Cleves wood brings you to a little village chapel, whose bell was ringing out for evening vespers just as I paid it my first visit. Only a few of the congregation were then gathered together. I had therefore time to make an unobtrusive gleaning. Amongst the usual decorations of pictures, paintings,

paintings, flowers, and crucifixes, I could not but take notice of the virgin in a chintz-pattern linen gown over a full dress hoop of immense circumference; ornamented with three distinct rows of silver crosses, the middle row abundantly the largest; the crown upon her head was formed of broken beads, and pieces of looking-glasses: the child Jesus held an apple in his hand partly eaten, to express what Eve had fraudulently accepted and shared with the devil.

I might have yielded up my gravity at the burlesque manner in which this part of sacred story was caricatured, had not the ridicule, it was so well calculated to excite, been checked by my observing an old man and woman, two young men, and two female children, kneeling with every mark of devotion round the figures. They are of one house, said a person who stood near me, and, in the sequel, I found that that house had to boast an holy family. The very moment that I looked upon them, the spirit of mockery died within me; and a much better spirit came upon me in its stead. I had no longer eyes to criticise the figures, nor an heart to break a jest on their absurdity: As representatives of the blessed virgin and Redeemer of the world, they filled me with awe, and I caught so much of unaffected holiness from these humble suppliants, as to hold

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sacred

sacred the coarsest imitations and symbols of things divine.

It happened to be the *jour de pâque*, on the evening of which festival there prevails in Westphalia a custom, that I felt was worth recording. You shall have it here. The Prussian peasants commemorate the solemn event of our Saviour's resurrection in a singular manner. In each village of the circle are to be seen three or four large bonfires, which the inhabitants have been preparing at their intervals of daily labour during the preceding week. The fires are lighted about nine at night; about ten, when they are in full blaze, the populace, and indeed people of all distinctions, go out of the Cleves gates to view them. I was lucky enough at the moment to be on a visit to a gentleman, who, at a small distance from the western Port, had a summer house that commanded the country to the extent of twenty leagues. Every quarter or half league has a village, and the whole twenty leagues were illuminated. It was in itself an interesting novelty; but when the *occasion* was contemplated and combined with it, the heart glowed like the horizon. In the midst of the scenery rose the moon. She was at full, but at the moment of rising seemed another bonfire beginning to kindle and ascend. She soon, however, asserted her superiority, and when

when she had gained her proper station in the hemisphere, I could not help repeating to myself a few words, applicable to both.—“Hide your diminished heads,” ye feeble works of men’s hands: but thou Cynthia art of God. No wonder then at thy lustre! but, even as I pronounced this, I corrected my rashness, my injustice—and so are ye, ye feeble fires,—added I,—of God also; and every humble spark shall ascend to heaven!

L E T T E R LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE already, more than once, in the course of this correspondence, attempted to check the heady current of national prejudice, which appropriates all that is estimable in human nature to itself, and leaves to the rest of the world only its vices, vanities, and insignificancies. I have given many examples of urbanity, that have been the growth of soils less celebrated than that of Britain, or than what once was France. I have shewn it flourishing even in the unwholesome clime of Holland. Let me now offer you an instance of its blooming power in Westphalia. In truth it is a flower appropriate to no particular country, but will prosper wherever it is duly cultivated. Its natural soil is the human heart, in

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which

which it springs up, and thrives, very soon after that heart begins to beat, and would continue till there is no longer motion, were not passions and prejudices for ever at work to check its growth or kill it in the bud.

In one of the most profound recesses of this beautiful country, at the distance of at least forty leagues from a court, thirty from a city, and at least ten miles from a market town, I once found urbanity that would have given lustre to them all. I found her in a cottage of clay, at the foot of a Prussian forest, under covert of which I was shaded from observation. It was on one of the most lovely evenings a wanderer like myself could have desired. The sun, indeed, of that distinguished day was making a "golden set" just as I reached the precincts of the wood, where I had not reposed many minutes, ere I heard the sound of a flute, accompanied by a voice whose natural sweetness excelled it in melody. The notes were indeed assisted by many harmonizing circumstances. You who are a lover of nature, know what a variety of soothing sounds pervade the air at eventide in the summer.—The pure breath of the zephyr, the distant rivulet, that seems, by its indolent lapse, and subdued murmur, to partake of human sensations,—the drowsy hum of the beetle, which the poet has immortalized, and the
general

general sighing of the leaves, with, perhaps, the horn of the herd-boy, and the lowing of his cattle obedient to his summons—and above all, those sounds which imagination herself *creates*—all these contribute to form that twilight enchantment, which a tender heart, and a benevolent disposition so much delights in; and which, men of the world consider as the day-dreams of madmen.

Had I time to spare from my cottagers, it would be amusing to run at some length the parallel betwixt a lover of nature and a man of the world, and to examine the estimate that each makes of the objects assembled in the last passage. To attempt this in abridgment—

1st. The man of the world, would never be tempted to leave the “cheerful haunts of men” without what is called a jolly party: five out of the six of which probably wishing themselves as many different ways before half the day is over, and, at last, going yawning home thoroughly tired with, if not hating, one another: for I have so often observed a party of pleasure to be so painful a plot upon the members that compose it, that were I to compile a new Dictionary, in which definitions were honestly to be given, I should under the words *party of pleasure*, inform the reader that it is meant to signify, *the association of a set*

set of persons met together with tastes and tempers frequently discordant, and interests in opposition, yet determined to congregate, for the purpose of teasing one another under the mask of social good-fellowship : which mask generally drops, or is torn off in the course of a few hours to the discovery of the whole conspiracy.— Such is the mere man of the world's party of pleasure : yes, and woman's of the world also !

2d. A man of the world has no conception of the breath or sounds of,—or in the air, in the way that a lover of nature feels and enjoys them. A man of the world indeed observes that it is cursed hot, and throws up the sashes ; or cursed cold, and pulls down the blinds :—the inflammatory bottles, ten times more burning than the sun-beams, are still on the table,—yet, at the fashionable hour, he goes forth—where ?—To the *publick* walks.—For what purpose ?—To see the *publick*.—But goes he not into the beautiful woods ?—Yes, into the *publick* parts of them, where he has a chance to see the world he loves so well.—And is he never led by his fancy or his feelings into the sequestered parts where nature modestly and humbly displays her genius and graces ? No, my friend, ladies and gentlemen of the world usually avoid these bye-road beauties, unless carried thither by some passion that shuns the day.—And as to clay-built cottages, woodland inhabitants,

inhabitants, rustick songs, and lazy waterfalls, they are passed by as fit only for country Corydons, or shepherdesses bemused. Far different is the attractive scenery of a world's man and woman—the broad and beaten track amidst the crush and clatter of coaches, which are so wedged together, that they move as if in funeral procession,—walks so crammed that you cannot pass without difficulty,—a cluster of glaring lamps stuck upon trees, to the blush of the moon beam—the sun himself shut out to make way for a parcel of artificial lights, brought into an unwholesome room crowded with company and card tables,—a kind of elegant pest-house where people infect one another by common consent, and are suffocated on principles of politeness:—These are the appreciated scenes of men and women of the world!—And I ought not to fail observing, that, amongst these well-bred broiled and roasted, who sit with the perseverance of an hatching hen, as if nailed to the sides of the card table—there is always a certain number of sentimental misses, who affect to have souls superior to such waste of time, and build up a sort of reputation on never touching a card, but when politeness, or a dowager mamma, insists on her making up the set.—These damsels fidget, or glide about the rooms, and ogle their fair images in the pier glasses, till picked up by stray batchelors, or cut out married men, or long-transcribing young

young striplings, who get into prattling parties, or file off into corners for a touch of the patheticks, or construct the horn work of a future siege in a whispered *tête-à-tête*. Most of these light troops assure you of their detestation of the town, but yet run their pretty faces into one or other of its hot-houses every night, and go through a summer campaign amidst more fire and smoke, than would melt down the constitution of the whole body of aldermen. Mean time there is another set dispersed here and there insidiously laying mines to blow up reputations, and while the game of the other parties goes on, these engineers prepare a very notable masked battery, and play off their artillery, as if only in a mock action, at your wife or daughter, till they almost surrender at discretion before your face. The play amongst the card veterans, becomes too intense for observing any stratagems but their own: the card passions are all at work, breaking the unlucky chairs of some, biting the lips, gnashing the teeth, flapping the forehead, or stamping the feet of others: and while the *honours* are lost by one, and the *odd trick* gained by another, the mistress of the house slaves in hospitality, and struggles through the elegant mob, with more toil and difficulty, than a landlady at an election dinner!

“ But somewhat too much of this.” Let us
fly

fly from these artificial beings, to the children of nature and the heart. Suffer me to re-conduct you to the simple, yet ever-blooming paths, from which these world-warped tribes have too long led us astray.

Allow me to place you once more within sight of the flute and voice I mentioned to you before, and listen to the magick that ensued. The wood notes, wild as they were, charmed me. I rose and advanced. A few paces brought me within sight of a cottage door, which was wide open. The song and musick proceeded, mingled with dancing, of which I could rather hear the happy step, than perceive the enlivening figure. But I was presently observed, and actually as fair a maid, accompanied by as blooming a youth as Arcadia ever fancied, tripped forward without quitting hands to invite me into their dwelling. You are here prepared for

“ The white washed wall, the nicely fanded floor,

“ The decent clock that click'd behind the door,” &c.

All these, and more, were to be seen, but the insides of cottages in all countries have been so many thousand times furnished and unfurnished, either by real tour-makers, or those who, like the Virtuoso in the comedy, only travel in books, then publish their *travels through other people's books*,
—all

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—all which, you know, may be very commodiously done at home, without stirring out of their elbow-chairs—and, moreover, *book-cottages* are all so much alike for neatness, accommodation, arrangement, and furniture, that I could rather wish you would upon this, as upon a former occasion, make choice of the description you like best, out of the whole collection of voyages and travels that may be in your library, and assure yourself, that whatever comes nearest to a simplicity, which does not exclude convenience, will give you a just idea of my Westphalian cot.

As the first day of the Carme was solemnizing while I was at the village chapel, so that on which I entered this woodland habitation was the last of that festival; and this peasant family were then celebrating it. Religion, therefore, no less than hospitality, and both under guidance of sincerity, invited me to assist at the felicity. Every simple delicacy of fruit and flower, was in an instant placed before me. The discourse was so provincial, that probably a German citizen of Cleves might have found a difficulty to decypher it. But the language of bounty, like that of love, is universal :

“ All heads can reach it, and all hearts conceive.”

It is the volume of nature ; one of its fairest pages
was

was spread open. Had I run I could have read it; and, believe me, my generous friend, it exhibited instruction well worth the observance of those who live in prouder dwellings. I found here no broad, coarse ridicule at my ignorance; none at my intrusion. I was a stranger within the gate, but I received the welcome of a friend. I discovered no wish to know from whence I came, or whither I was going, save a short expressed assurance, that when I should find myself inclined to depart, I might be sure of being put into the right way. A very old man and woman, a labourer, who was the musician, the youth and maiden whom I have before mentioned, and three more couple of lads and lasses, formed the assembly. Soon after my entrance, every body found something to do for me expressive of good-will. The aged man gave up his rush arm chair, and insisted on my occupying it; the matron, his wife, contributed a cushion from a wicker one that stood opposite; the eldest daughter, still in a dancing step,—the carriage of the lightest articles disputed by her attendant youth, in his dancing measures also—brought to the table and spread on it a cloth, white even as her apparent innocence. Another presented me with a bowl of new milk, another with fruits, another came bounding in with flowers moistened by the evening dew-drop. Bread, butter, and slices of ham, were added to the banquet,

banquet, and when I had nothing left to be done for me, my entertainers did not stand, like many even British rusticks, so taken by surprize, to stare me out of appetite; and with wide-opened mouths, as if they could themselves swallow all that they had set before me; but wishing me good appetite resumed their festivities. Never was the banquet of a monarch more harmonious—feldom so disinterested; but all at once I missed the musician, and one of the dancers supplied his place, the old man nodded time with his head, then beat it with his stick, and the matron accompanied with her foot. Time flew insensibly—the fun was in another hemisphere—the moon set—the stars became clouded, and the combining influence of these several circumstances forced on me the consideration, then first remembered, that I was a benighted wanderer, several leagues from the town, whence I had strayed by innumerable cross paths, just as fancy had carried me. The good people read my embarrassment, and chased it away by fresh dances, songs, and musick; in the midst of which, up rose the veteran, and with an air of gallantry giving his hand to the aged dame, who had literally been his partner for eight and fifty years, hobbled an *alamande*, with much more agility than could have been expected. He then run into a dance, which they call *Schleifern*, consisting simply in two persons of either sex, taking hold of each other's

dress behind, and moving in a circle to flow musick; a way-lost man in a stormy night upon an heath, would have forgot his condition while this dance was performing, had he reflected on the occasion of it, which was a genuine effusion of hospitality to man, and gratitude to God. The young folks became almost wild with pleasure, and struck into many artless gaities, till they encircled the old ones in a kind of spontaneous dance which gradually contracted the circle, so that in the end they had the aged couple closed within their arms. Every one present formed a part of the love-knot, and had share of the embrace. It was one of the prettiest impromptus of gaiety and affection I ever beheld; and I repeat that a traveller who had unknown leagues at midnight to measure back without a guide, must have forgotten his fears. When the frolick was over, the good veteran led his ancient dame back to her chair, with the same courtesy and natural grace he had conducted her from it; and as she sat down, there was a transitory glow in her cheeks, which exercise and felicity had called into them. It was a momentary renovation of her youthful days, in which she must have been extremely handsome; for time that had robbed her of the colourings, had committed less violent ravage on the proportions of her beauty. Her husband looked at *her* with affection, and then at

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the company with some little elevation of self-love at the feats he had performed.

Before these animating trifles, of great figure in domestic happiness, had time to grow cold, the original musician, whom I told you was the labourer, returned introducing an old soldier, who saluted me at first sight, in excellent French, which almost in the next instant, he translated into very interpretable, though ungrammatical English. He lost no time in telling me, that the cottager had fetched him from an house where he had been passing part of the Carme, above a league's distance, for no other reason than to conduct me back to the place from whence I came; promising me at the same time, said the soldier, a suitable reward for my trouble, but that I shall not accept of, seeing I have the honour, Sir, to be your countryman.

Consider, my friend, awhile, the unbought, nay, unsolicited hospitality of this groupe of poor peasants—take a retrospect of their behaviour—finish the picture by supposing you see the old man and his wife, *thanking me* for the pleasure they had in entertaining me: fail not to paint on the canvass the old soldier, offering himself to me as a voluntary guide, in case I should persist in refusing the bed, which both the aged and the young

young would have yielded to me; then, on setting out, under favour of the rising moon, let your imagination give form and figure to the whole groupe of youths and maidens, attending me part of the way, still dancing, while the honest minstrel labourer completed the midnight serenade! and the whole was performed with so much sport, glee, and goodwill, to the sounds of which a thousand woodland echoes responded, that the veriest misanthrope would have been converted into a lover of mankind. I do protest to you, I never felt my pulses vibrate with more enthusiasm. It was with difficulty I forced upon the musical labourer, a small present, or rather payment, for fetching the soldier; and when all but the last left me, a sentiment of regret struck my bosom, and grew more and more comfortless as the sound of their retreating footsteps and voices diminished on my ear, and when even on standing a moment to listen—a pause to which my grateful heart impelled me—they could be heard no more, the sensation swelled almost into tears.

The soldier seemed to feel a sort of sympathy, and amused the way with the adventures of his life. They did not, however, begin to interest me so soon as they might have done, had they been related at any other season. He told me,

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however,

however, that he had lived so many years out of his native country, that he had almost forgot his mother tongue, as you may perceive, Sir, said he, by my bad English. He added, that he had served his late Prussian Majesty, the Grand Frederick, almost seven and thirty years, and had the honour to have been shot in almost every battle, and part of the human body; but was still as heart-whole, and care-free, as any man in the circle of Westphalia. The Grand Frederick, Sir, continued he, has settled upon me a little pension, and given me a snug apartment in the Chateau of Cleves, where, should your honour deign to come, I have always a glass of good Rhenish, to offer an Englishman, aye, and any other honest man; and where, if your honour pleases, we will drink the kings of England and Prussia, for they now happen to be good friends, you know, in a bumper before we get into bed! Thus ended my little jubilee to the infinite content of my heart; and, I trust, of yours: At least, I can wish you no greater good than that each of your future days may be crowned like this; and that your after slumbers may be as sweet!

LETTER

L E T T E R LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

THE weekly visitation of the begging friars, and Sunday assemblies, are amongst the things which should be recommended to the notice of those who go into Westphalia, being both really curious in their kind.

In regard to the first, it is an invariable rule for one or other of the mendicant brothers to make the tour of the town in, or near which, his convent is situated. Sanctioned by the custom of his country, he gains admittance into every house, whether public or private, and is "happy to catch you just at dinner time." He moves round the table with his little box, into which every one puts, or appears to put, something, but evidently more as a thing of course than charity. He neither speaks, nor is spoken to: he glides almost unheard, and unseen, behind your chair, and having finished his collections, which are probably scanty enough, he bows off as he bowed on.

The second circumstance, the Sunday evening card route, is full as singular, but by no means so

however, that he had lived so many years out of his native country, that he had almost forgot his mother tongue, as you may perceive, Sir, said he, by my bad English. He added, that he had served his late Prussian Majesty, the Grand Frederick, almost seven and thirty years, and had the honour to have been shot in almost every battle, and part of the human body ; but was still as heart-whole, and care-free, as any man in the circle of Westphalia. The Grand Frederick, Sir, continued he, has settled upon me a little pension, and given me a snug apartment in the Chateau of Cleves, where, should your honour deign to come, I have always a glass of good Rhenish, to offer an Englishman, aye, and any other honest man ; and where, if your honour pleases, we will drink the kings of England and Prussia, for they now happen to be good friends, you know, in a bumper before we get into bed ! Thus ended my little jubilee to the infinite content of my heart ; and, I trust, of yours : At least, I can wish you no greater good than that each of you future days may be crowned like this ; and that your after slumbers may be as sweet !

LETTER

L E T T E R LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

THE weekly visitation of the begging friars, and Sunday assemblies, are amongst the things which should be recommended to the notice of those who go into Westphalia, being both really curious in their kind.

In regard to the first, it is an invariable rule for one or other of the mendicant brothers to make the tour of the town in, or near which, his convent is situated. Sanctioned by the custom of his country, he gains admittance into every house, whether public or private, and is "happy to catch you just at dinner time." He moves round the table with his little box, into which every one puts, or appears to put, something, but evidently more as a thing of course than charity. He neither speaks, nor is spoken to: he glides almost unheard, and unseen, behind your chair, and having finished his collections, which are probably scanty enough, he bows off as he bowed on.

The second circumstance, the Sunday evening card route, is full as singular, but by no means so

1 3

silent.

silent. It is composed of thirty or forty—frequently more—of the most respectable persons of the town, who, after the devotions of the sabbath, which they perform with great exactness, almost, indeed, to rigour, assemble at the best inn, and pass the evening partly over a pack of cards, and partly over a good supper. The last time I was at the city of Cleves, where I have now in fancy set you down, I was an eye-witness to this supplement to the Sunday duties, there being, at that time, no less than seven tables, well furnished with preparations for the nocturnal association. Travellers of any decent appearance are always welcome. There is never any thing like a debauch, and the company separate about twelve. The singularity of all this consists only in its opposition to our *modes* of doing the same thing in Great Britain; and we may truly say the matter is more elegantly conducted in London. Would it not be thought very odd for the nobility and gentry of both sexes, and of the first character, to meet at a tavern in that great city, where the moment a lady made her appearance, a stove full of hot coals was placed under her petticoats, and, on the entrance of each man of fashion, an immense pipe with a spitting box?

How often, in the traverse of different countries,

tries, has a traveller occasion to exclaim, with the poet,

“ I see full plainly custom forms us all ! ”

And, in truth, it requires the strongest power of our habits to reconcile us to some things that will rise up in our way as we journey along.

Amongst other *preparations*, with which my zeal has armed you, let me not omit to entreat that you will make up your mind to the *dirty* doings of Westphalian Prussia, and, indeed, in certain cases, of the whole Germanick empire. I have, in a former letter, invited your observation to a comparative view of the countries of Holland and Prussia, in respect of the gradual relief which the eye receives from the fatiguing uniformity of the one to the rising diversities of the other. But this is not the only matter that awaits your attention, O ye readers of this history, and ye sojourners in this land. Would you see placed before you one of the most striking contrasts in the world, behold it in the general neatness of the Hollander, and almost universal filth of the Prussian and German.

It is impossible for an Englishman, whose eyes are, by no means, unaccustomed to the decencies of life, in his own country, to withhold the

tribute of his admiration on the peculiar niceties of the towns, within and without, from his first landing in Holland to his taking leave of its Seven Provinces. The door-ways, the passages, the windows, the inner apartments, the kitchen, the very lumber-rooms—where, by the bye, every stick, board, and other unoccupied thing, is laid in a picturesque manner, as if by the hand of symmetry—the warehouses, where industry is for ever at hard, and very often at dirty work; the very out-houses, which frequently connect with the general sitting-room, and in which, perhaps, twenty cows are stalled on the one side, and as many horses stabled on the other, and in which all sorts of domestic fowls, nay, where not seldom the very pigs are nourished; each and all of these places are kept in such order, disposed in such arrangement, and with such uniform cleanliness, that, whether it proceeds from the necessity of the climate, in regard to the influence which its humidity otherwise might have upon the health, or whether from a principle, or only an habit of neatness, it is certainly a charming custom.

“ More honour'd in the observance than the breach.”

But the offensive reverse is forced upon you, almost immediately on your quitting the confines of the Stadtholder. The disgusting contrast will strike

strike you in *almost every particular*, so that if you please to re-peruse the list of the items above stated, taking their opposite, that is, reading dirty for clean, as you go on, you will have before you a picture of Dutch nicety and Prussian nastiness.

And the remark is to be extended to persons as well as things. Notwithstanding the incessant toil, which an unremitting attention to neatness in a flat, foggy country, must occasion, there is, in the midst of their labours, an air of *propreté*. The common servants, even in their drudgery, are always to be seen with clean stockings, which are always shewn to the middle of the leg; slippers, which, notwithstanding the violent motion of the mop and pail, hang on the foot as if by magic, and head dresses which are oftener seen without hat or bonnet, be the weather what it may. Whereas, in the neighbouring countries, the houses are more *mal propre* than the stables of Holland, and the Sunday apparel of the common people, females more especially, is worse got up, and worse put on, than the Saturday night working-dresses of the Dutch peasantry.

In your perusal of this and every other similar account, I must once again warn you that I confine myself principally to the inns, hotels, and other publick

publick places, to which a traveller must, of necessity, first repair, or to those private lodgings, which, if he make any stop, are usually his second movement. But it may be received as a general rule, that if all these places are in one country neat, inviting, and regular, and in another utterly different, it is fair and candid to draw this inference, that dirt is the general characteristick of the one country, and cleanliness of the other. Certain it is, I have seen regularity, elegance, and delicacy, in the circle of Westphalia; and I have also witnessed the reverse in Holland: but these can be considered only as exceptions to the general rule.

No human being is more aware than yourself, my dear friend, that there are certain *decencies* in civil society, which are always very charming, and in certain cases, not a little embarrassing; but without the adroit performance of which human nature, in some of its highest luxuries, no less than in several of its lowest necessities, is but a very dirty piece of business. Amongst these decencies is one, concerning which an English traveller not yet assimilated to the manners of other countries, and retaining, and ever wishing to retain, a respect for the decorums of his own, is at a loss how to write; particularly when those writings will, probably, come under the eyes of his delicate countrywomen.

Yet

Yet a little adventure on this *ticklish* subject met me on the way, so extremely characteristick of the manners of, at least, one half of the civilized globe, and so extremely *un-characteristick* of ~~one~~ comfortable corner of the earth, where the *personal delicacies*, if not the Graces, have taken up their abode, that I cannot in fair description help going over this *trembling ground* to give you its gleanings. Now Yorick would have made no difficulty on this occasion. He could, you know, reconcile his readers to whatever matter he thought proper to set before them; but as I, by no means, possess the magick of that illustrious traveller, I do not feel myself entitled to the indulgences which such magick claims, and shall, therefore, not presume to take the same liberties.

In a certain fair district then, within and but just within the circle of Westphalia, there stands a pleasant and very considerable town, situated on the banks of the Lower Rhine, yclept Emerick. Its extreme beauty excited in me a first-sight wish to make a stop for some weeks; and being arrived just at that period of life, when the comfort of a good night's rest in a good bed is considered as one of the necessaries of life, in however tumultuary a manner one passes the day, I preferred private to publick lodgings: and, accordingly, after due refreshment, went out in search of them.

My

My broken German dialect stood me in good stead on this occasion. I soon saw a lodging bill, and knocked at the door, but the master and mistress of it being from home, I had to blunder out my meaning to four domesticks, who I fancy babbled a jargon less intelligible than my own; though no country could appropriate it, as it was a mixture of all, but the proportions of the compound went more to Dutch, Cleveland, and German, than to any other language. In this *patois* they gave me to understand as well as they could, that the heads of the house being absent, nothing could be done till their return on the morrow. I was, by convention, with a party of acquaintance, to sleep that night, at the distance of two leagues, and left the house without any favourable prepossessions, resolving to take a future opportunity to look for other lodgings. But judge of my surprize when the lord of this unpromising habitation made his appearance in my chamber, before I had risen the next morning, to assure me he was in despair at my disappointment in not seeing his apartments, which he protested to God were the most pleasant, most airy, and most beautiful of any in the Westphalian circle, and he verily believed in the German territory. Then ensued the following question and answer conversation, which I will endeavour to render intelligible without a *says I*, or *says he*, to the irksome repetition

tion of which I have as mortal an objection as Marmontel himself: Would I could as happily prove it expletive! Are these apartments well furnished?—Delightfully in every part of them.—Then I wish my little temporary menage to be sometimes at home: is this possible?—Every earthly convenience, Sir.—Perhaps, then, I might now and then dine *en famille*?—Nothing so easy.—You have, no doubt, a proper table?—I only wish you would do me the honour to come and judge for yourself: I honour the English, and live very much in the English fashion: ROST BIF on the table every Sunday.—It were needless then to ask if you can give me a good bed?—The best and softest in the circle—that's all.—Indeed, then they need not be better.—No, truly, and I have had such lodgers to lie upon them; No less than the flower of the nobility of all nations—Le Comte de A—, la Comtesse de B—, Madame la Duchesse de C—, the duke of D—, the earl of E, bishop F—, baroness G—, and a string of the first titles, all the way to Z.

As the man ran through these illustrious initials, in alphabetical order, I begg'd to know if he was indulging himself in a laugh upon that stale trick of travellers, the assuming false titles while they were making the grand tour,—and, if so, the satire was well enough directed against such a pettifogging

ging ambition, which, however, was pretty well punished already, as these fictitious *grandeurs* are generally charged in every bill upon the road.— Laugh! no, I never was more serious as to the whole alphabet of great folks having at different times occupied my apartments, although they did not happen to come into them in the exact Dictionary form, and order aforesaid: And as to a travelling title, while a lady or gentleman pays up to the price of nobility, there is no question but she or he, are honourable, and right noble.

Although I now perceived there was a spice of the wag in my host, I began to think there might be some part of his house, which did not at first strike the view, and which might spurn all sort of connexion with the miserable shop at the door of which I had entered: In short, I now feared that instead of finding the mansion too bad, I should find it, for a quiet, observing, and unobserved Gleaner, too good. With that kind of alteration of air and tone therefore, which an honest and well-tempered man glides into, when he supposes he has undervalued any thing by an over-hasty judgment, I informed the master, that I was apprehensive his rooms would be too spacious and splendid for my purpose,—that I was by no means any one of the superb personages of his alphabet,

alphabet, but simply an Englishman in pursuit of health, and the pure air and water which so greatly contribute to them; but for which I could not afford to pay too dear a price.

By no means too dear, you will have them, Sir, in a manner for nothing—and as for air and water, I say nothing—vous verrez—I wont say any thing—not a syllable—perdie, vous verrez—you will see.—I do not suppose there is such air in the heavens, nor such water under them—vous verrez—that's all.

Then you may expect me at Emerick the next morning.—I kept my word. Mine host was standing in expectation at his door; and scarcely gave me time to speak, before he ran with me through the shop before commemorated, and which after all was the only way of entrance. Then he took me into a poor, white-wash'd, brick bottom'd, rough pav'd back room, with one window opening to the Rhine, but so loaded with iron bars without, and so guarded by a net work of rusty wire, that you could only get a peep at the river *au traverse*. Then recommenced the Dialogue, There's an apartment for you, Sir,—there's a *salle superbe à manger, ou pour voir le monde*,—yes, there's a noble dining-room, or to receive company.

Not

Not allowing me a moment's time to reply, he dash'd with me into a sort of kitchen at the back of this superb Salle, and throwing open a door at one end of it, bade me take care of my head, which was a very necessary caution, the doorway making it convenient to save that head from being broke by doubling the rest of the body. He mounted a ladder, and taking my hand, haul'd me after him. Up we both went as absolute a perpendicular, of near forty stairs, as ever led to the mainmast head of a first rate man of war. I do assure you, the strong wing of a pigeon would have required a little breathing as it ascended. My landlord allowed of none, but kept exclaiming—now, now we shall come to (a charmant Kamer,—a charming chamber.—At the end of our clambering we reach'd a room that had neither bed, chair, or glass; I was about to express my surprize at this, when, anxious to shew me all his lions, my hurry scurry guide hurried me to a *very little apartment indeed*, the door of which he was proceeding to open with his accustomed rapidity, when a voice from within exclaimed in a tranquillized tone—*Arrête un petit moment s'il vous plait Monsieur.* Stop a moment, Sir, if you please: To which courteous request, the landlord, recognizing the voice, and bowing towards the door, replied, *Ne vous derangez pas Mademoiselle: Pray Miss don't disturb yourself;—and while the young lady settles*
this

this little affair, we may look about us, Sir, quoth he,—there you see, good Sir, is the Rhine again, and you have it also, as you shall presently see, in the room adjoining. What do you think of my water now, Sir? And as for air, can any thing be better contrived?—do but observe the delectable situation of this fame—ah fa—continued he, addressing the late occupier of the very little apartment, who now made her appearance,—ah fa—now you shall judge of the agrémens of my lodgings,—be so good to step in, Sir,—there's neatness,—marble pavement,—sides of best Dutch tileing,—and observe still the delicious Rhine rolling under you.

Here he pointed to another outlet, where, I must confess, I should never have thought of looking for a prospect;—but the master of the mansion absolutely piqued himself upon it.—There, Sir, what do you think of that!—In your very bed chamber—almost within reach of your bed, Monsieur,—there's comfort,—there's recommendation! ——*Assurément bien commode*, said the young lady, joining in the conversation with all the ease in the world.—Indeed she had left the door open on her coming out, purely with the design to assist the great character her friend and relation, as I afterwards understood he was, had given it.—The man concluded his eulogy by again intreating to

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know what I thought of it? Hereupon I observed to him, that though I could not say they settle these matters *better* in Westphalia than in England, yet they do settle them in the former place much more at their *ease*.

The lady had just left the room, so that my answer was addressed only to my officious groom of the chamber, who was extremely surpris'd, when I told him that the little adventure of the little lady in the little apartment could never gain credit, were I to relate it in my country: nay could never have happened in any decent part of the kingdom of England, except by an accident, which would have cover'd even a girl of ten years old with confusion, and made a female of maturer age ashamed to lift her eye to the discoverer, if he happened to be a man, for some days after: I added, that the sense of decency was so nice in my country, that very serious illnesses had sometimes been incurred from the dread of some such exposure. *Ma foi, cela est bien bisarre*: i'faith that's whimsical enough, said the man.—He then shew'd off the rest of his house in the same inflated style of panegyrick. And pray where are the superb beds? They may be had, Sir, in a month, and I might have the beautiful *salle* below, and the charming chamber above, and the delicious apartment thereunto belonging, for so very trifling a
sum

am as seven hundred florins a year, and my diet
or seven hundred more. The enormity of the
demand, being no less asum than would purchase
the fee-simple of the whole house, shop, and little
apartment into the bargain, brought our discourse
to a short conclusion. I could not but feel it
as an insult levelled at his opinion of English folly,
and left his house with telling him, I was sorry we
had taken up so much of each other's time to so
little purpose. He seemed to think so too, and
dropping his vivacity and his courtesy at once,
offered me to depart even without a bow. My
friend, I beg pardon; and your's my good reader:
I dare say you are *nice*, but I presume also, you are
nice;—the delicacies of your country,—the grace-
ful decency of its manners and customs, deserve
to be appreciated; but inasmuch as they are
brought into comparison and contrast with the
 disgusting freedoms of other nations, they will be
yet more valued, and appear more amiable.

In truth, people of both sexes, on this side the
water, have scarcely an idea of those decencies,
which by habit, if not by principle, discover them-
selves even in the lowest domesticks of Great
Britain. Throughout Holland, Prussia, and the
Empire, even more than in France, the men and
women display almost *ostentatiously* those objects
which we conceal with the greatest care. As if
proud

proud of the natural defects that are considered as humiliating with us, you will see them carrying to and fro, in open day, and as a sort of pageantry of *display*, all the arcana of the bedchamber; whether you are in sickness or in health it is the same thing; and I have remarked that the servants who preside over these shews—in England they would be *mysteries*, and disposed of as if by magick—the servants, I say, generally choose to exhibit their machines at breakfast, by passing from one room to another, not so much as supposing it *possible* that your delicacy can be distressed about the matter. Our sense of propriety on this occasion passes for *mauvaise honte*. May it never be exchanged for either confident impudence, or habitual grossness, which, though less culpable, is not less offensive. In a word, may that *shamefacedness*, which the holy writers have used to signify one of the most lovely virtues in opposition to the boldest vice, ever continue to be reckoned amongst the prejudices of British education! A prayer in which I am sure your own modest nature, and chastened manners will heartily join your affectionate friend.

LETTER LXV.

TO THE SAME.

IN our first sheaf I collected for you a Gleaning of the village superstitions of Wales. I will now offer you those of Germany, especially in the country of Juliers, Le Mark, &c. bordering on Westphalia. The country people of those places have the most solemn faith in forceries and witches, who, though in their proper shape, are only a pack of very old women, can assume any form, either bestial or human; but are, it seems, most fond of appearing in the character of cats. Some of this witchery is carried to such excess, that many people in the country of Juliers will on no consideration intermarry with a person, who may be suspected of having a forcerer's blood in his veins; nay, the most advantageous matches have been refused, and the attractions of love itself been resisted, rather than a daughter should go to the arms of a man who has ever had a witch in his family; and the genealogical tree was never more cautiously examined, and traced by a birth-proud noble to escape the disgrace of pollution, than it is to avoid an alliance with a forcerer or forcerefs. If there can be found in the history of twenty generations, only twigs sufficient to make

up one hereditary besom, or broomstick, on which the witch by descent might horse two of her fingers; not only the shuddering parent, but the trembling lover, would consider it as strong a bar to his marriage, as if his mistress had been taken in incest.

They believe also in loup-garous, or men-wolves. A gentleman of the first character here for learning and integrity, but who, unhappily for his country, is now no more (Mr. Bauman, of the Privy Council of Cleves, and first pastor of the reformed church), related to me the story of a man at Cologne, who assumed the character of a loup-garou, and who lived many years by the pillage of whatever in that character he could lay his hands on; insomuch that he had amassed great wealth, as well in money as valuable moveables; but he was at last assaulted and taken, by a countryman who swore he defied the devil and all his works, and who had been long marked with general opprobrium for this daring disbelief of evil spirits. This man was encountered by the loup-garou, on the day he was known to have sold a quantity of corn at the Cologne market, and to have received the money; but so far was he from tamely yielding up his honest profits to either man or beast, that instead of flying with terror before the wolf-man, or dropping his money-

money-bag ; he held the said bag at the extent of his arm, which was a powerful one, and felled the thief to the earth, with that very gold and silver which he would have purloined. When he somewhat recovered the blow, our heroick farmer threw him like a stunned calf over his horse, even in his wolf cloathing, and delivered him to the magistrate, who, after the due course of law, ordered him to be hung in his loup-garou drefs, in the publick market-place of Cologne. It might have been thought that this difaster would have opened the eyes of superstition ; but, alas, eyes hath she, and seeth not ! Neither are her votaries to be driven from the steadfast faith that was in them by the detection of a single impostor. On the contrary, the Colognians believe, at least they have a tradition at this day, that the real loup-garou, being angry with the man that was hung, got into him, and in order to be revenged, put it into the head of the farmer, that he might be taken up as a thief, and come to an untimely end ; but that the instant the halter was round the pretender's neck, the *spirit* of the real wolf-man slipped out of him again, and enjoyed his triumph, to think how cleverly he had brought his enemy to the gallows. Thus the very circumstances that ought to weaken superstition give it strength.

Their credulity embraces also several other
 K 4 imaginary

imaginary beings, particularly of the fairy tribe. These, however, differ from our's in some of their manners and customs. They are of the same species, but inhabitants of a different country, you know. The most popular of the Germany fairies are supposed to be little men and women who inhabit the iron and copper mines, and are, in general, very gracious and obliging. For instance, they will come in the night time into houses, and when a maid servant happens to be on good terms with them, that is, when she believes in their power with all her might, they will clean her plates and dishes after an entertainment; put her rooms in order, and even give her an idea of it in her sleep, so that as a fairy was never known in this country to fib, though with us they are somewhat given to lying, she indulges herself with a nap extraordinary; and is sure to find all her work done to her hands when she comes down. They come also into shops, warehouses, &c. with the same industrious and good-natured intention. The taylor rises and finds the half-finished suit ready to take home; the cobbler his shoes, &c. Nevertheless, when ill-treated, these powerful little spirits are cruelly vindictive, and will hide, mangle, and destroy every thing before them: instead of assisting the artisan, they will pull his work to pieces; instead of befriending the poor maid servant, they will trepan her
with

with fair promises, that thus cajoled, they may tempt her to lie in bed that she may get a good scolding. In fine, those persons who take any delight in knowing that our neighbours are, on the whole, upon a level with us, may please themselves with the thought, that if foreigners have all the virtues, they have likewise all the weaknesses of human nature.

I should not forget under the article superstition, to mention that in the pretty country of Skuytz, southward of Westphalia, they have an idea that cats are to be reconciled to a new residence only by coercive measures. In pursuance of which notion, a widow woman, at whose house I lodged, imprisoned a poor cat three nights and days in a dark room, to the entire destruction of my rest, and almost to the cat's insanity, in order to make her in love with her new house. Now in England, you know, where cats are not a whit more remarkable for an amiable disposition, we should have stroked the poor animal till she purred approbation: we should have permitted her to feed and sleep the first night by our fire-side, and so have treated her hospitably, that at the breakfast table next morning, she would have found herself one of the family.

Not

Not that I would have you suppose I am an advocate for the feline race, except on general principles of justice and mercy. A dog is often an *example* to his master, and a proper object of his love, honour, imitation, and good faith. But a cat I take to be, with very rare exceptions indeed, both a traitor and a sycophant. She is won to you only by fawnings, and if you punish her on ever so just a cause, she either strikes immediately, or owes you a grudge, the unexecuted malice of which she can hold till an opportunity of vengeance occurs. Even when you imagine you have gained her affections, she will desert you, like a faithless lover, and elope from your arms.

Perhaps, you may not think this the proper moment to introduce an anecdote of one of these insidious creatures. You may suspect me of imitating the Grimalkin disposition by sitting down in malice. Were I about to become an accuser it might be so: but what I have now to mention exhibits no charge, though it will report an unlucky event.

In this very town of Cleves, which with its environs will detain us some time longer, I was residing with a Prussian family, during the time of the fair; which I shall pass over, having
nothing

nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings where people assemble to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying those bargains which would have been probably better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the desert was just brought on the table, the travelling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves and were suffered to play, and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a Bird-catcher, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by our party, which was numerous and benevolent. The musicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, begged permission to stay; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good nature, indulged their curiosity: a curiosity, indeed, which every body participated: for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom, which blazed in the genius of this bird-catcher's canary. The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his forefinger. Bijou—jewel—you are now in the presence

presence of persons of great sagacity and honour: take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report: you have got laurels: beware their withering. In a word, deport yourself like the bijou—the jewel—of canary birds, as you certainly are.

All this time the bird seemed to listen, and, indeed, placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by flogging his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice when his master left off speaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them.

That's good, says the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. Now then, let us see if you are a canary of honour. Give us a tune:—The canary sung. Pshaw, that's too harsh: 'tis the note of a raven with a hoarseness upon him: something pathetic. The canary whistled as if its little throat was changed to a lute. Faster, says the man.—Slower—very well—what a plague is this foot about, and this little head.—No wonder you are out, Mr. Bijou, when you forget your time. That's a jewel.—*Bravo, bravo*, my little man.

All

All that he was ordered or reminded of did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humoured the variations both of tone and movement; and, “the found was a just echo to the sense,” according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as it *ought* to be) of musical composition—*Bravo! bravo!* re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room.—The musicians swore the canary was a greater master of music than any of their band. And do you not shew your sense of this civility, Sir? cries the bird-catcher with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next achievement was going through martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, my poor bijou, says his owner, thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Shew the ladies how to make a curtsy.

The bird here crossed his taper legs, and sunk and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our subscription assembly belles to the blush—That’s my fine bird—and now a bow, head and foot corresponding. Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also. Let us finish with an hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that’s it—keep it up, keep it up.

The activity, glee, spirit, and accuracy with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as their clappings) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou, himself, seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and carolled an *Io pæan* that sounded like the conscious notes of victory.

Thou hast done all my biddings bravely, said the master, caressing his feathered servant; now then, take a nap while I take thy place. Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the poppied god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling, and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering and dropping as much on the other; at length the sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture; whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat upon the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honour to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, (in the progress of taking of which, he was interrupted by the canary bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his
little

little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again) the owner called him a faucy fellow, and began to shew off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *forte* of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco pipe, while he smoked with another, and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, an huge black cat, who had been no doubt on the watch, from some unobserved corner, sprung upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of opposition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awaked pity in a misanthrope. He spread him half-length over the table, and mourned his canary-bird, with the most undissimulated sorrow. Well may I grieve for thee, poor little thing; well may I grieve: more than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drank from my lip, and slept in my bosom. I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness; without thee what will become of me? Thou it was who ensured my welcome in the best company. It was thy genius only made me welcome.

come. But thy death is a just punishment for my vanity: had I relied only on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled in my breast at this moment! but trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table. Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be *myself*, for I contributed. I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were closed in frolic. O, bijou, my dearest only bijou, would I were dead also!

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transfused, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn birdcatcher; whose despairing motion and frantick air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and drawing from out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whistles, bird calls, and other instruments of his trade, all of which he threw on the table, "as in scorn," and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations.

These were now much softened, as is ever the case, when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness;

ness; when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cause. It is needless to observe to you, that every one of the company sympathized with him. But none more than the band of *musicians*, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and after whispering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noses, depute one from amongst them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man, the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took from the pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought out with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the canary seed, the food of the "dear lost companion of his art." There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful but with a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the seed put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming—No, poor bijou, no,—thou can't not peck any

more out of this hand, that has been thy feeding place so many years—thou can’st remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee. Had it been filled with gold thou had’st deserved it. It shall be *filled*—and with gold, said the master of the house, if I could afford it.

The good man rose from his seat, which had long been uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver; saying, as he handed it to his nearest neighbour, who will refuse to follow my example? it is not a subscription for mere charity, it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling, in this sophistical, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow, and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike virtue and—ought to be rewarded—said his next neighbour, putting into the bag his quota. It is superfluous to tell you that after the seed had been taken wholly away, and put very delicately out of the poor man’s sight, every body most cheerfully contributed to make up a purse, to repair, as much as money could, the bird-man’s loss. The last person applied to, was a very beautiful German young lady, who as she placed her bounty

bounty into the bag, closed it immediately after, and blushed. As there are all sorts of blushes (at least one to every action of our lives that is worth any characteristick feeling, supposing the actor can feel at all), Suspicion would have thought this young lady, who was so anxious to conceal her gift, gave little or nothing; but Candour who reasons in a different manner, would suppose what was really the case—that it was a blush not of avarice and deception, but of benevolence graced by modesty. Curiosity, however, caught the bag, opened it, and turned out its contents, amongst which was a *golden ducat*, that, by its date and brightness, had been hoarded. Ah ha, said Curiosity, who does this belong to, I wonder? Guilt and innocence, avarice and benignity, are alike honest in one point; since they all in the moment of attack, by some means or another, discover what they wish to conceal. There was not in the then large company a single person, who could not have exclaimed to this young lady, with assurance of the truth—*Thou art the woman!* There was no denying the fact; it was written on every feature of her enchanting face. She struggled, however, with the accusation almost to tears, but they were such tears, as would have given lustre to the finest eyes in the world, for they gave lustre to her's, and would have added effulgence to a ray of the sun.

Well then, if no body else will own this neglected ducat, cried the master of the house, who was uncle to the lady above-mentioned, I will: whereupon he took it from the heap, and exchanged it for two others, which enriched the collection.

While the business of the heart was thus carrying on, the poor bird-man, who was the occasion and object of it, was at first divided by contrary emotions of pain and pleasure: his eye sometimes directed to the massacred canary, and sometimes to the company: at length generosity proved the stronger emotion, and grief ebbed away. He had lost a bird, but he had gained the goodwill of many human beings. That bird, it is true, was his pride and support, but this was not the crisis any longer to bewail its fate. He accepted the contribution purse, by one means or another, filled like the sack of Benjamin, even to the brim, and bowed but spoke not; then folding up the corpse of the canary in its wool and cotton shroud, departed with one of those looks, that the moment it is seen, it is felt and understood; but for which, being too powerful for description, no language has yet been provided. On going out he beckoned the musicians to follow. They did so, striking a few chords that would have graced the funeral of Juliet. My very soul pursued the
sounds,

found, and so did my feet. I hastened to the outer door, and saw the bird-man contending about returning the money which the *founders* of the benevolence—for such were the musicians—had subscribed.

I have nothing to add to this Gleaning, but a piece of information that belongs to it; the very next morning I was witness to two traits of the heart of the master of the mansion where these transactions had past. A nobler minded man lived not—Alas, he is no more. On my coming down to breakfast the day after, I saw the footman departing with *the cat who killed the bird*, not, said the gentleman, to put her to death for an act that was natural to her; but to put her where I know she will be out of my sight; for I never could look at her again without being reminded of the most uncomfortable part of yesterday's adventure: Poor bijou! I have not a doubt but all we have done atones but scantily for the loss of such a friend. Just as he said this, the niece, whose person and mind I have already particularized, came into the breakfast room: And now, said the old gentleman, to finish this business: Look ye, Henrietta, I gave you this new ducat to lay out at the fair in any manner you liked best; and though I think the way in which you disposed of it the very best you could have chosen—nay

no more blushing—I think it never ought to go out of our family; for do you know that I have taken it into my old superstitious head that the blessing of the Giver of *all* good will stay with us while such a ducat remains amongst us. I therefore bought it back cheaply with two others. Age is superstitious, you know, my dear. Indulge me then, love, and take care of it while I live, after which it shall be yours—and in the mean time, that you may not lose your fairing, in this little purse are ten others, that, though not so distinguished by what, to my old heart, is more precious than the gold of Ophir, may serve well enough the common purposes of life.

Much of this was spoken with tender difficulty, and the gift was received with more : but she loved the hand which, in the first instance, had enabled her to be generous too well not to reward it. Was not this, indeed, an illustration of the virtue of the man of Ross, who

“ Did good, yet *blush’d* to find it fame.”

To apologize to you for this story, as I have said on former occasions, would be to insult you and myself. I rather expect your thanks. Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXVI.

TO THE SAME.

AND you tell me I am not disappointed. I *have* your thanks. Under such *encouragements, I resume the pen with alacrity. It is inconsistent with the plan of this correspondence to set down a formal list of roads or routes, or to present a meagre catalogue of cities, towns, and villages. When you are at a central place, as Cleves, for instance, you can scarcely take an unpleasant course in such a Duchy, and if you are disposed to make the tour of Westphalia, on a plan of pleasure, or health, it is nearly immaterial whether from this its capital, you verge towards the South, or to the West, the East, or the North; so abundant are the beauties on every side. But, previous to a more extensive excursion, there are in reserve for the deliberate traveller a great variety of rural beauties, which lie entirely out of the ordinary track, and which are, therefore, generally past, not only unseen, but unheard of. To some of these I shall direct you, because they deserve your attention, and will, probably, never otherwise have it. A stranger no sooner gains Cleves, than he sets off for Dusseldorf, Maestricht, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Spa; and all the

sweet side scenery, and enchanting villages behind are left neglected, because they do not happen to lie in the broad high road of a large town: and to drive from one large town to another seems to be one of the grand resolutions of modern travel. For this reason I presume it is, that a real lover of the still small voice of nature may reside in an out-of-the-way village, in any part of the Dutch, Prussian, or German dominions, and never so much as hear it mentioned, even amongst the *traditions* of the place, that an English traveller had sojourned therein for a single day. Hence—to speak only of the hundreds of deliciously-sequestered spots, that are situated in the neighbourhood of Arnheim, and of Nimeguen, one way, and of Cleves and Emeric another—you may as well look for the Emperor of Morocco as for an elegant foreigner, or any resident foreigner at all, except here and there a straggling family, whom necessity hath driven into retreat. But whether observed or not by the dust-loving eyes of vanity and fashion, nature goes silently and bloomingly on. I would recommend *you*, my friend, and all other of her genuine admirers, to seek her in the agreeable country of Kuyh, in the little principality of Boxmeer, and in the enchanting bounds of Prussian Guelderland. All of these, indeed, possess beauties, that to be won, must be wooed; for they are several leagues out of the common, or, if you please,

please, of the *fashionable* track : but then they are in the direct road to nature, and their paths are peace.

I performed the whole tour of Prussian Guelderland on foot, and I know not the period of my life that has been so truly pastoral. I stopped at every town and village, and verily think I should have been welcome at every house. You are convinced of the general fertility of the soil by the abundant fleeces of the sheep ; and of the salubrity of the air by the florid countenances of the people. Though the country must, in a general view, be called level, it is furnished with great variety. Long, meandering green lanes, pleasant interspersed thickets, principally of fir and oak, Arcadian-looking cottages, all in the best repair ; venerable castles, an infinity of towers, steeples, spires, convents and ancient abbeys ; meadow-grounds, often compacted into little verdant inclosures, often expanded into spacious fields ; the whole fertilized by delicious streams, fed by their parent flood, the Maïse, which, were it near my natal banks, would become a rival to the Thames—all these attracting objects diversify the view. It must be owned that a league of uniformly dreary heath ground frequently intervenes ; but even this is relieved by herds, flocks, and shepherds ; and, by the power of contrast, the sterility becomes a not uninteresting object in a traveller's picture.

For

For the inhabitants, I scruple not to propose them, in addition to my former observations, amongst the models of imitation for the good people of England, in point of pleasantry, and useful courtesy. I should be worse than ungenerous, I should be ungrateful, were I to refuse them their merits on this head. In the course of one day's rambling, as if destiny had planned it on purpose to shew me some specimens of real urbanity, amongst a set of persons who had certainly never studied it as an art of politeness, but cultivated it as a gift of nature, I was blest with the happy faculty of losing my way frequently. As I passed along from a little village called Geysteren, to another named Venrai, a shepherd, perceiving me long before I saw him, came running to assure me that I was out of all tracks, and then enquiring my destination, attended me on my way, till it was too direct for any one, but a man who deviates by design, to miss. His sheep-dog quarrelled with my little spaniel, and the shepherd, desirous to teach him some of his own good manners, held him by the collar, and harangued him on the subject of rudeness to strangers; during which eloquence he growled yet more, as cross creatures generally do when forced to hear good advice. By that happy knack of getting into a *wrong* road with which I am gifted, I was obliged to ask for the *right* just

at sun-setting. I saw a peasant at his door. Pray, friend, is this the way to Venrai?—"This is the first house that belongs to quite a different town, Sir. You are a mile further to the left than you ought to be." Off set my peasant without saying another word, and did not stop till we had gained the first house of the hamlet I had enquired for. "You must now go *right out*, Sir," said the guide, and, before I had time to thank or reward him, he was out of sight.

Earlier in the day I had enquired of an ancient woman, on her way to the church, the road to a little village called *Wel*, on the banks of the Maife. She informed me, but suspecting I might not understand her, she stood, unasked, till I had taken the right path. The good woman then went away satisfied that she had done me a service. By a sort of characteristick fatality, I made the second turning the reverse of my information. "To the right about, Sir," quoth the old woman, who espied me from another place, where she had made a stand. You, my friend, who know my methods, will not wonder to hear that I followed the impulse which led me to run across the fields, purely to take hold of her hand, and give her the thanks of my heart. By an impulse no less genuine, and, perhaps, more generous, she went back to my ground with me,
and

and would not leave me till she had made, *as one would have thought*, another mistake impossible.

Yet I contrived it. The bewitching story of Marmontel's shepherdes of the Alps, which I read to relieve a long walk over a heath, conducted me, just at the termination of the said heath, and of the said story, into a farmer's yard. Being Sabbath-day, the farmer was regaling himself with folded arms, and a short pipe in his mouth. Supposing I had business with him, he conducted me into his house, which was surely kept by the goddess of *Propreté*—neatness—if such a divinity there be. I explained, and apologised. He smiled, and thanked me.—“But you must be weary, Sir; repose, and refresh.” In an instant, as if by magick, the table was spread; and so white a cloth, bread, butter, and milk so good, and a welcome so cordial, that I must beg of you, if ever you make the tour of Prussian Guelderland to attempt wandering, by happy negligence, or, if that fails you, by well-timed contrivance, into a farmer's yard; no matter where, as this man is but a specimen of his countrymen.

Nor were these examples of urbanity all. At noon on the same day, I was rescued from the most imminent danger, by a good-natured fellow,
who

who informed me I was making the best of my way into a quagmire. Nor is this courtesy confined to the peasantry. It extends to all classes. At no great distance from my proper path, I was attracted by a magnificent castle, and relying on the courteous, general character of the country, I entered its venerable and awe-inspiring gate. The family were at Liege. The domestick chaplain only remained at home. He was saying grace, and crossing himself, just as I entered his apartment.—Pardon the *ill-timed* visit of a curious English stranger—was my opening speech. “*Well-timed*, I hope it will prove, as I am sure it is welcome,” was his reply, rising from his seat, and placing me in it. I had already, in my kind of running way, taken refreshments at half a dozen cottages; an apple at one, a cake at another, a cordial at a third, and so on; but the good chaplain “so gaily press’d and smil’d,” as he set a clean cover, napkin, silver fork, and spoon, before me, I could not but accept the invitation. After our repast, learning the object of my visit, he made with me the tour of the chateau, which, had it been inspected by a critick in paintings, pictures, and an amateur of Gothic architecture, would have been the journey of a day. In our way back to his room, we passed into a very noble garden, with the fruits and flowers of which he loaded my pockets and hands;

hands; and when after a parting glass of wine, I left the apartment in which I had first seen him, —“Remember, Sir, this has been parson’s fare; the next visit you make, the owners of the castle, whom I so faintly represent, and who are to be here to-night, will do you more honour.” The name of this fine castle is *Wel*, on the West side of a very picturesque little Prussian village, upon the banks, and almost upon the brims of the Rhine, that majestic river, which, you know, common geography tells you, and truly tells, rises from two springs in the Alps, and runs North to the lake of Constance, then West to Basil, afterwards North between Swabia and Alsace, then passing through the Palatinate, the Electorate, and the Duchy of Cleves, at last enters the Netherlands, five miles below Cleves, where it becomes broad and rapid. The direct course of this noble river is above five hundred miles; it is generally one quarter, and in some places, half a mile broad, and from one and a half to seven fathoms in depth. It is navigable to Basil in Switzerland, which is four hundred miles, by long boats with round bottoms, which commonly go at the rate of four miles an hour, and in these, passengers are conveyed at the easy rate of one stiver—one penny—for five miles: but the navigation of the Rhine, like that of the Danube, is interrupted by nine cataracts, the principal of which

which is at Shaffhausen, in Switzerland, where the whole river falls from an height of seventy-five feet. But what is there in the whole of this description, my friend, that fills the imagination, or warms the heart, like the philanthropy of the chaplain of the castle? The simple stream of good will, that flowed from his bounty to me, indicated a soul, whose "genial current" had it not been checked by more obstructions than the cataracts of the Danube, or the Rhine, would have fertilized and enriched more than those mighty waters. I have pursued the course of both these rivers, for many a beautiful league. I have gazed, with all the fondness of a real lover of nature, and, with something of a poet's eye, on their numerous objects. I have painted, with an ardent pencil, some of their landscapes; I have often wondered and admired, but never yet did I see, or feel, on their bosoms, or on their banks, unless proceeding from similar sources—the sources of philanthropy—any thing so touching as the little scenery of an hour, in and about the Chateau of Wel, so true it is that

"An honest man's the *noblest* work of God."

But, alas, Fortune, according to her caprices, is either the lavish fountain that feeds the stream of human benevolence, or the stupendous and immoveable cataract, that contracts its course, and
circumscribes

circumscribes its power. Of our Prussian priest, I have only further to say, that every look, word, and action, proved his liberality and his sincerity, And I have not a doubt that

“ Heaven has as large a recompence bestow'd ”

in the testimony of his own conscience. Friends he ought to have in abundance, but he has gained one more, while there is the breath of life in the Author. Nay, I am willing to extend the date of my gratitude towards him beyond the grave; for if any thing that hath been done in this sublunary sphere is worthy to be remembered in another, it is surely the fair deeds, and authors of a generosity that is free from being polluted by the drossy materials of the present world. If so, what a claim has the unbought, and unsullied act of this blameless priest on the memory of your friend, when his powers of recollection shall be immortal! Since the day on which I received the bounty I have not seen the benefactor, but I often please myself by reflecting that my sense of his goodness will be amongst the sacred pleasures that I may reasonably hope shall not “quit me when I die.”

We must not take leave of the Rhine till I have mentioned the amusement in reserve for you, on the borders of that imperial river. The continual commerce

commerce and passage of people over the different ferries of that, as well as its neighbour, the Maïse, is very diverting; and, though you sometimes seem in a country where, if one of the villages was emptied of its inhabitants, they would scarcely fill a boat, you will perceive multitudes almost every half hour, during the Summer, pouring in shoals to the strand. I was much entertained in a ramble I made to the pretty village of Elton, which is in the neighbourhood of Cleves, and one of the most distinguished beauties of the Duchy, part standing upon an almost Cambrian-looking mountain, and part in a delightful valley. It is situate on the other side of the Lower Rhine, on passing which, I found myself in the Pont Volant—Flying-bridge-boat—with, at least, an hundred people, the greater part of whom were singing hymns, psalms, and Ave-Marias, in chorus. Never did I behold such a collection of sorrowful countenances, nor hear such a concert of solemn cries: and I should have been justified in supposing the whole party to be mad, had I not been told they were only penitential. They were Prussian peasants come from their pilgrimage to Kaveler, a village—where I may use the word *millions*, in speaking of the numbers—which yearly receives the homage of the German people, of all ranks and sexes. It is the Mecca of this quarter of the globe. The groupe in question were just come

from a confession of their sins, and were filled with compunction, or with conscious absolution; and as the first or last of these operated, they were sunk to the dust with shame, or treading in air with joy. On their landing, they formed themselves into two bands, singing in procession, and with their hats off. I observed them all the way from Elton-in-the-Vale to Elton-on-the-Hill, and never beheld so moving a curiosity. Nevertheless, a small circumstance happened, that, for a moment, disconcerted the gravity of their progress. In ascending the steep, one of the penitents made a false step, and came down in so unlucky a way, that Religion herself must have smiled, as, indeed, she did, in the persons of those her sternest, and perhaps truest votaries: for there is a certain spark of waggery in human nature that can no more help the force of ridicule, on the sight of a ludicrous object, than hunger can resist appeasing appetite, when the means are in its power. And this fall was ludicrous enough, being, indeed, an exposure of what has by proscription, and by habit, been long considered as the most ridiculous part of human nature; at least the one that has been most subject and obnoxious to ridicule. The poor penitent, indeed, would, I believe, have laughed herself, but that she looked on her fall as a judgment, and so contented herself with doubling her Ave-Marias, and
continuing

continuing the procession with more zeal than ever.

I will not trouble you with a long list of religious miracles believed to be wrought by the Virgin in favour of the good Catholicks that resort to Kaveler. However great these may be, the present race of French certainly have no faith in them; but on the contrary, when the armies of the Republick took possession of this place, the plunder was not only carried to the holy altars, but to the sacred figure itself. The shrine was stripped of all its long collected treasures, and, as scarcely any votary visited it empty handed, these were immense: besides which, a rigorous contribution was levied on the inhabitants; an exorbitant supply of stockings, boots, shoes, blankets, muskets, &c. for the army was insisted on; the image of the Virgin was sacrilegiously polluted, and that of the Saviour of the world very narrowly escaped the mock ceremony of the guillotine; the modern Israelites, however, repeated their unhallowed practice, which I think I have before mentioned somewhere, of placing the red cap of licentiousness on its head, and writing on its side, as resolving to refuse even the Son of God his title, *Voilà, notre ci-devant Seigneur*.—Behold he who was *formerly* our Lord. His sacred head was ransomed at no small cost.

When this place was retaken by the Austrians, the visits of congratulation and condolence drew together an almost incalculable multitude of supplicants, from every quarter of the German Empire. Perhaps, the devotion on that occasion must go into some excesses; but I leave you to judge whether the extreme of penitence or of plunder, is the evil most to be palliated.

The day succeeding this I strolled some leagues farther into the country, and being overtaken by one of those passing showers, which in spring time collect, drop, and disperse almost in the same instant, I took shelter in a road-side hut, in which I caught the labourers just sitting down to dinner. There were thirteen persons, including the maid servant, who having set the food on the table, took her chair amongst them. Their repast consisted of nothing but one very large dish of potatoes, for which they returned God, both before and after eating, as much, possibly more thanks than he receives from many of his creatures, on whom he bestows the richest delicacies of his creation. It was truly a picture, and a very beautiful one, drawn by the faithful hand of nature, of social happiness and religious decency, for which the peasantry of Germany are remarkable amidst the heavy duties and toils of life. I have only given you
a single

a single specimen of an universal and invariable practice.

With respect to government, all kings and high authorities will have, at least, an equal number of enemies and friends. Of the former, the present Prussian monarch has his share; and yet, as far, at least, as the interior regulation of his kingdom is concerned, there seems very little just cause of complaint. Where a standing army is enormous and perpetual, there must be proportionate levies on some part of the people, to support that division of the citizens that take up arms in protection of the rest. Yet I know not the part of the earth, where more liberty of speech or action is indulged than in the Prussian territories. Political subjects are, indeed, forbidden, but this, as usual, only gives edge to the desire of doing what is inhibited: accordingly the monarch is *cut up* and *carved* at every publick table in Prussia, with as much freedom of abuse as even a modern patriot could well desire. The ease with which the *little* folks appear to live, notwithstanding the exaction of royal rights, might be envied by the *great* folks of *any* nation. Their houses and cottages are actually overstocked, *crouded* with furniture; and although there is little or no sitting in the common publick houses, each ordinary beer-house,

I am convinced, contains double the quantity of pots, glasses, china, &c. which would be necessary to equip an English kitchen. In short, the only misery-struck houses to be seen in Prussia, or generally speaking in the German empire, are those of the nobility and gentry in *declining* circumstances. In their abodes, indeed, your generous heart would in vain seek for the comforts and accommodations of the peasantry. Dismantled castles, chateaus in decay without, and nearly empty within, tawdry beds, time or moth-eaten tapestry, rusty armories, broken pillars, and every sign of high birth in low circumstances, are exhibited to your aching sight. Yet the labour and difficulty with which the proprietors of these fragments endeavour to conceal these distresses is wonderful. To such as have feeling hearts it is even pitiable. They keep up the family carriage, the family train of domesticks, and the family liveries, which are overloaded with ornament, and almost starve themselves to feed their vanity. Hence on a going-out day, the magnificence of which is the economy, the almost famine of a month, a passing spectator would mistake gaiety for happiness, and grandeur as only a superfluity of wealth. But never could it more truly be said, that "all which glitters is not gold." All this inconvenience and indigence arises from the cruel necessity they are under to preserve the *ways* of
men

men of family without the *means*. A Prussian gentleman may not, consistently with ancestral dignity, enter into any sort of profitable commerce to eke out a slender patrimony; for trade, though it might enrich the pocket, is thought very much to impoverish the blood; on which account these martyrs to family honours go half naked, and more than half unfed. And while the proprietors of a few miserable and mortgage-eaten acres are starving upon their inherited pittance, and are right honourably in want of the necessaries of life, the plebeians, who are not forbidden to make their blood still poorer in order to preserve its purity, may carry on all the gainful arts without any other loss than the chance of being starved upon principles of good-breeding.

The little Signiory of Boxmeer, about seven leagues from Cleves, and five from Nimeguen, has claim to much of your attention. It is singularly situated: it is only a short mile distant from a part of Holland. You are but to ferry across the Maase, and you are in Prussia. On the other side of a small hamlet, you are in the dominions of the Emperor. To the right and left about a league you are in two distinct Signiories, and in itself it is a principality so absolute, that life and death are in the power of the reigning prince, who is of the illustrious house of Hollenzollen,

and whose disposition makes his despotic power a mere shadow of authority: for he is the parent of the people, and they enjoy all the privileges of an happy Republick. Yet even in this little well-governed state, there are patriots who have been once visited and plundered by the French; yet who are still wishing the return of those ravages. How unaccountable!

The Boxmeer farmers cultivate a most beautiful seed they call *sparcette*, which yields two crops in the season, and the after one is generally the best. The verdure is more exquisite than any thing I have ever seen: it resembles in figure our wheat when very young, but surpasses it abundantly in colour. The cows prefer it to grass, and return for it most excellent butter.

There are two Carmelite Convents in Boxmeer, one of which is for women. This latter I gleaned: the other has nothing glean-worthy. At the gate of the Convent for the men, I met a gentleman with whom I had been formerly acquainted: he appeared very pensive, and begged I would defer my visit to the Convent till the next day, and take my coffee at his house. I attended him. On our way to his villa, he told me that the object of his visit at the Convent was to converse with the superior on the subject of his niece, who was to enter upon

upon her noviciate the next day. "You remember Fanchette, perhaps, Sir, the handsome girl whom on your former visit to this village, you used to call the Boxmeer Blossom. Her sister, if you recollect, had buried herself alive; for you knew my opinion on the subject—some little time before you left us—and to-morrow she finishes her career, by taking the veil. So that I shall lose both my domestick comforts for ever without any hope of seeing them again; and you know how dear their company was to me, especially since my son continues a profligate, and has deserted me."—I was both affected and surprised at this intelligence; for the Boxmeer Blossom was fresh in my remembrance, and I recollect the regret with which I saw her sister pursue the fancy she had taken on enclosing herself. This latter, indeed, was somewhat of a pensive cast, and had, if I may so say, a bias to seclusion, with the supposed incitement of a tender disappointment: but the former was gay by nature, even to eccentricity, and was addressed by the man of her heart, with the sanction of her uncle, who was both able and willing to unite fortune with love.

On entering the uncle's house, we were told by a servant that Fanchette was gone on a circuit to her neighbours to pay them her eternal adieus, but left word that she should return to make her
uncle's

uncle's coffee. She performed her promise with so much exactness, that as the words *uncle's coffee* were pronounced, she was almost in the act of pouring it out. Her air had lost none of its pleasantry, her features none of their beauty: she was still the Blossom of Boxmeer.

I will relieve you again from the irksome iteration of says I, says he, and says she, by giving you our chat in dialogue.

Uncle. I began to fear, Fanchette, that you would have been seduced from my coffee table on this, alas, last evening, by some of your young companions.

Niece. O fie! how could you think so? though every body asked me, and on refusal, would have accompanied me here, but there was so much weeping and wailing about nothing, that I really begged of them to stay at home.

Author. Nothing do you call it, my Blossom, to know one of their friends is going out of the world to-morrow morning?

Niece. Ah ha, Sir, so you are come back. Why, really, by all your regrets, one would think I was already at the point of death, and
going

going to be buried.—It is as vain, I suppose, to tell you as I have told others, that I am going to be happier than I have yet ever been.

Uncle. But is it not both death and burial?

Author. I ask the same question.

Niece. And I make just the same answer that I have already made to hundreds; but as you are resolved to have it so, my death let it be. I hope however, Sir, you will do me the honour to assist at my funeral. I will present you with a ticket of admission to the ceremony. And in the mean time, as I have a great deal to do, and as you must consider all my worldly affairs are to be settled to-night, we must make haste and get the coffee over.

Author. What is yet omitted then? I shall be sorry to lose your company.

Niece. That's very obliging; but you know that when I am to be buried in a few hours, it takes some little time to prepare one's self.

Soon after this she made her exit, but in a few minutes came back to beg I would indulge her with a moment's conversation in the garden. "I remember

remember you perfectly," said she, "and feel uncomfortable that you should imagine I treat lightly the act I am about to do: but besides that, from my very inmost soul, I look upon as a festival what my friends call a funeral, I love my uncle most dearly, though he continues to oppose my happiness in the only point wherein it consists; and as I cannot resist his tears, though I can his arguments, I have no other way but an apparent unconcern. Comfort him, therefore, as the last favour I entreat of you; persuade him to reconcile himself to my felicity—and God preserve you."

She hereupon gave me her hand, and waving it so as to forbid a reply, went smiling out of the garden, and sought her chamber.

The next morning she rose the second in the house. As I am usually the first of every family, go where I will, from a long-indulged habit of "enjoying the cool, the fragrant hour," we had another short *tête-à-tête*, in which she informed me she had just come from taking an everlasting leave of a feather-bed, sheets, and shift, which were to be exchanged for very opposite pieces of furniture. The ceremony of throwing away her dress cap, and all its *plumery*, as a sign of her renouncing the vanities of the world, was still

still to be performed, as had previously been settled.

Her deportment was more awful than on the former day; but her attempered air, and sober step, took nothing from her personal attractions.

I soon lost sight of her, on a promise to attend her in her last moments. She said the necessity, as well as the time of assumed vivacity, was now past; but that she felt a wish I should gratify my curiosity, and again recommended her good uncle to my care, observing that, though he was too fond of the world, he was one of the worthiest persons in it. She then departed for the convent, which, indeed, almost joined to her uncle's house, and I found that the ceremony would begin in two hours.

You will perceive that I had an interest in becoming witness to a scene like this; and I feel, while I write, that you are not without a wish to receive a faithful account of it. Depend upon it then in my next. In the interval, and always, your wishes are mine.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

TO THE SAME.

JUST as I was entering into reflections on the subject of my last, and had brought myself to believe, that every individual ought to be the architect of his or her own happiness, seeing the ideas about it were as different as men's minds, features and understandings; the bereaved uncle came down stairs in deep mourning. The idea of an interment had settled itself in his soul, and he indulged it. I could perceive he had been weeping, and that it was not only the "customary suit of solemn black" which he had put on. He took me by the hand, after more than an hour's pause: during which, he either rocked himself up and down in his chair,—covered his face with his hand,—or sighed heavily.

It is amongst the solemn maxims of my life never to reason with a man in this kind of situation. One may as well talk of sobriety to an intoxicated person, as of patience and resignation, or the folly of grieving, to a mind overborne by sorrow. The Convent-bell aroused him, and still holding my hand, his own trembling as he spoke—"Hark! the poor Fanchette's funeral-bell tolls!—we must
be

be going!" I obeyed in silence. A great multitude were waiting in the ante-chamber of the convent: but by favour, and by interest—both have their effect, even in the temples devoted to those who have renounced the world—we were immediately admitted into the gallery, and obtained seats that commanded the chapel, wherein the ceremony was to be performed. Indeed our places were directly in front of the very part where the sisters were to take their station.

Only two of the Novices were in the chapel, and those were strewing the floor with fresh-gathered flowers, and ever-greens; and at that end of the apartment where the chief objects of the day were to be displayed, was a large piece of green carpeting. Soon after these preliminary preparations, which have all their effect on the mind, as tending to inflate curiosity, the ceremonies of the entrance—which were not a little imposing likewise—began. First came in the superior of the convent, then the nuns, according to their order, and then the two sisters, who were conducted by two sisters, to a little altar in the centre of the room, separated from the gallery, only by a flight and open partition. Isabel, so was the elder sister named, was placed on the right, and Fanchette on the left. We had a complete view of both. Each had

5 a lighted

a lighted taper in her hand, and their head-dresses were distinguished by the blue hood, and the white. There was enough of family similitude left in their features to discover their relationship: It had been much stronger, but the resemblance was, in a great measure, diminished by their opposite situations in life. Isabel had now been twelve months in a manner *out of the world*, and in the practice of all the austerities of the Carmelite order; and, though these are not so rigid as some others, the regulations they prescribe are more than sufficient to take out of the cheek that bloom, which human society, nature, and the heart, so liberally bestow upon youth: besides which Isabel had something of a constitutional pale, corresponding, if I may so express myself, to the pensive colour of her mind. Fanchette, on the contrary, although she had yielded to a sentiment that determined her to devote herself, had too recently taken her *leave* of the world, and of the gay and freshening air it breathes—in the country at least,—and was, moreover, by disposition, so impassioned, that the contrast betwixt her and Isabel was the more striking. The eyes of both were extremely dark; but although those of Isabel were, from the extinguished complexion of her cheeks, more deep, and perhaps more interesting than Fanchette's, they were of a more subdued and dying lustre: Fanchette's were

“ as

“as the radiance of the risen day,” and her sister’s, as the parting beam of a sun prematurely clouded, even at noon.

On their reaching the altar, the superior of the men’s convent addressed the two sisters, in an exhortation replete with unaffected eloquence, and to which they gave the most fixed attention. This done, Isabel, who was to take the veil, arose, and, between two of the sisters, came forward to make her profession; which, though, in Latin, was delivered with the most admirable articulation, and classical propriety, kneeling before the priest. Then followed the prayers [appointed for the occasion.

The Priest having laid the proper dresses of the order on a table before him, assorted them. Meantime, the superior took off the white, or noviciate veil, and enrobed Isabel in black; but over this under vestment was placed the white cloth cloak, and the neck and head dress of black linen. A broad belt and the beads were then settled. The priest dipped a brush in holy water, with which he sprinkled the Devotee: and during this ceremony, the most solemn airs were played on the organ, in which the professed joined apparently with her whole soul. She was re-

conducted to her seat, where she remained at her devotions, while her sister underwent the ceremonies of the Noviciate. These differ little from the other, except that she was invested with the white head cloth, instead of the black.

But, previous to the assumption of these, she delivered a box to the Priest, from which were taken the richest ornaments she had made use of while in the world. The holy Father threw them on the floor with an air of disdain, and with yet greater indignation Fanchette trampled them under her feet, as objects unworthy her future attention. In a former part of the ceremonials, while her sister was putting on [the eternal veil, I observed that the before animated countenance of Fanchette became suddenly pallid; but while she was renouncing these her worldly ornaments, the blood fallied into her charming face, as if to evince a more powerful evidence of her entire disavowal of all the pomps and vanities of life. And now succeeded several grand, and truly spirit-stirring chorusses, of Priests, Nuns, and of the congregation. High mass was next performed in the body of the convent below. This pageant, with all its priestly ornaments, tinkling of bells, and the seducing apparatus of incense and of sacrifice,
is

is so well known, and has been so well described by various authors, that I shall pass on to more new and interesting objects. Amongst these your heart will distinguish the two sincere and sorrow-struck lovers of these beautiful victims. Both were present; the one in the vain hope of prevailing on Fanchette, even while at the altar, to change her cruel resolution; the other to attempt this also, or at worst to enjoy the afflicting luxury of *seeing* his Isabel tear herself from his hope for ever; not, as I was informed, without a faint idea of the possibility that the sudden sight of *him*, whom she had once fondly loved, might change her vow, in these the last moments of her power, to consecrate it to love, instead of religion. These young men were both of respectable connexions, of decent fortunes, and of blameless characters: the name of Isabel's lover was Bernard, and that of Fanchette, Lacrew.

They had both placed themselves so as perfectly to see; but only one of them to be seen by the beloved object. Lacrew relied upon an open attack, and, therefore, kept constantly in view of the fair citadel. Bernard conceived more hope from an ambuscade, and, therefore, by way of masked battery, entrenched himself behind a pillar on one side of the gallery, from whence he could make a *sortie* at the moment he judged most favourable.

vourable. His motive for thus attempting to carry the place by surprise, was strong ; he had been extremely ill, and Isabel, to whom a report had been made of it, had reason to suppose herself the cause, particularly as his sickness increased from the day, that, in reply to his strongest urgency to spare his life while yet in her power, she had *refused*, but confessed to a confidential friend, that, though she felt more emotion at the account of his distress than she *ought* to do, she could not suffer him to work her from her pious purpose. But the person who carried this account to him, conveyed it, in the *usual way of secrets*, to another confidential friend, who deposited it, in *solemn trust also*, to a third, who, with the *like sacred injunctions*, communicated it to Bernard himself ; and although this report, at the time that it indicated some remains of feeling for him, denoted her resolution to seclude herself for ever from his sight, by an act, which, as before observed, would put it beyond her power to make him happy, he conceived from it—what cannot lovers imagine?—that, since she was thus aroused to some sensibility by a *description* of his sufferings, how would it be called forth at the unexpected *sight* of a once beloved and now agonized object, whom she had every reason to suppose in his sick chamber, at the distance of thirty leagues? He resided at the farthest part of the country

country of Juliers, and she had every reason to imagine he was unable to leave his room. And so indeed, except to accomplish an atchievement of *desperation*, he was.

But those who have ever felt the influence of the fairest hope, in the moment almost of such desperation, will not wonder that the poor Bernard, in opposition to the advice of his medical, and other friends, and even of his own weakness at other times, now found himself strong enough to leave an apartment, wherein he had, in a manner, been bed-ridden several weeks, and to throw himself not only into the open air, but into an open post-waggon, as they here call the publick stage, and which, being without windows, and undefended from wind or weather, and very absurdly constructed, is a *disease in itself*. He gained the village of the convent, it seems, late in the evening that preceded the morning "big with the fate" of his heart: yet, that heart prompted him to take a moonlight view of the outside of the convent which contained his treasure. He appeared not to have suffered from these exertions, or, at least, the sufferance and agitation *within* absorbed every external disaster for the moment; so true is the remark of our great master of human nature, that,

“ ————When the mind’s free,
 “ The body’s delicate.”——

And this unhappy lover might justly exclaim with
 old Lear in the storm,

“ The tempest in *my* mind
 “ Doth from my senses take all feeling else
 “ Save what beats there :
 “ For where the greater malady is fix’d,
 “ The lesser is scarce felt.”

Lacrew, who lived in the village, and was almost a next door neighbour, had less occasion for stratagem ; and having had almost daily denials from Fanchette, was more reconciled even to the loss of her ; not without a mental resource, however, that he firmly believed a woman of her disposition would soon sicken of a monastick life, and that long before her year of trial had past, she would return to the world, and of course to him : for she professed to love him better than any thing *in* that world : yet she fancied something yet dearer to her *out* of it.

Her lover, indeed, expected, as he afterwards acknowledged to me and the uncle, that she would, even during the ceremonies of initiation, find something in them too formidable for the gaiety of her character, especially if he placed himself full in her view. In this, however,

ever, he was mistaken. His mistress had him almost the whole time under her eye, but seldom looked towards him, and when she did, she withdrew herself with an haste and resolution that confounded and chagrined her admirer.

The sisters having gone through the accustomed ceremonies, rose from their kneeling attitude, and retiring some paces back, each threw herself with a determined earnestness, but not in the mockery of tragic violence, at full length upon the carpet, and on their faces; and, had this falling scene been in rehearsal actually on the stage, by the most expert tumblers, and posture masters and mistresses of the Theatre for six weeks, it could not have been more adroitly performed. Thus humbled to the ground, they imprinted on it an audible kiss to express their lowliness of spirit; and to signify they had renounced the lofty follies of the world, to whose pomps and vanities they were henceforth dead; the better to carry on which idea, two of the nuns, the one in her noviciate, the other in her veiled state, tolled the passing-bell, even while the bodies of the sisters, thus symbolically buried alive, were covered with a pall, as if the breath of life was really gone from them,

It was at this interesting and awful moment, that the lover of Isabel broke from his concealment, and shewed to the astonished spectators a countenance, in which was painted every passion of the heart in despair: but he did not speak.

The burial-service was chanted to the notes of the organ, which, assisted by the vocal powers of the priests, nuns, &c. might be truly said to enter the spirit, and elevate the soul. It was impossible for an English auditor, whom the Gods have made somewhat poetical, not to apply to the occasion the beautiful description of Pope; and for an instant, not to adopt the doctrine it inculcates:

“ O grace serene! O virtue heavenly fair!” &c.

The whole congregation were indeed extremely affected at this part of the ceremony. I was touched even to tears. As the veiled Isabel rose, her eye settled for an instant on Bernard, who had pressed forward by this time through the croud, and stood with his face directly parallel to his mistress, who might be almost said to rise from the dead. Considering circumstances, he must to *her* appear in nearly the same situation, and the sensation might have been something like what we may suppose affected
William,

William, when Margaret's ghost stood at his feet.

And now it was that Isabel discovered human nature was not yet extinct in her, and that all the imagination of the Poet of Eloisa was converted into truths which shook her frame, and agonized her heart.

"What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?"

"Yet, yet I love!"

These questions, and this answer, certainly succeeded each other in her bosom in the language of nature, though not expressed in numbers.

It was plain to see—

"She had not yet forgot herself to stone."

Bernard was quick-sighted enough in the midst of his grief, to perceive this, and attempted to turn it to his advantage. Abelard himself, could not with more address have "opposed himself to heaven," or more dexterously assisted "rebel nature to hold out half her heart." Though from what followed, you will see Bernard had not, like the above-mentioned lover, the power,

"To teach her 'twas no sin to love;"

it

it was manifest, nevertheless,

“ Back through the paths of pleasing sense she ran.”

And it is no less certain, for the instant, that

“ Not on the cross her eyes were fix'd,”

but on *him*.

Yet though thus assailed by the unexpected view of, as *she* thought, an expiring lover, and at a time when every principle; and every feeling of her soul had surmounted trials, which required every *assistance* from surrounding objects, rather than to find amongst them, wherewithal to *distress* her,—in, perhaps, the only vulnerable part—her pity for the misery, of which she might well suppose herself the occasion,—although, I say, these strong events, might, for a short time,

“ Blot out each bright idea of the skies :”

far from indulging in the oblivious draughts of passion, or reiterating the loose imagery of Eloisa, the transitory terror, tenderness, alarm, or sorrow, which she felt at the sight of poor Bernard, at such a time, in such a place, might well claim absolution, if not assent, from the power who had just received her vows.

“ Devotion's self might steal a thought from heaven,

“ One human tear might drop, and be forgiven !”

She

She did not long, however, suffer the once dear object of her love, to "dispute her heart," which, assuredly, a life passed in chastity and innocence, long before she dedicated it to her God, had rendered more acceptable than that whose supposed effusions the poet has so enchantingly poured forth.

After she had gazed about half a minute, in which short space more was painted in the face, than at any former period of my life I had seen, though the work of hours, she closed her fine and humid eyes with a fortitude, which might have induced the angels to sanction the momentary and human sympathy which had bathed them with tears; but she was unable to repress one gentle sigh, the weight of which was felt by my whole heart as it issued from her very lovely lips. Whether it was the sigh tender, or penitential, the sigh of regret for the sufferings of her lover, or of self-reproach for having allowed it to escape,—it was the most graceful, most penetrating I have ever known. It will heave for ever in my memory, and Isabel's face was, on her rising from the ground, so near me, that I stood within the very breath of it. Had I not frequently seen that the gayest minds and manners take, with occasion, a more firm and solemn cast, than those from whose general gravity one *expects* the most fixed

fixed and unmoved conduct, I should have been surprised at the unaltered mien of Fanchette, who, though more airy, more lately an inhabitant of the world, and who,

“ Warm in youth, had bid that world farewell :”

her approved lover still before her, exhibiting himself in the most pity-moving attitudes. Fanchette relaxed nothing of her attention to the business or duty of the moment. On the contrary, her look to Isabel denoted all the admonitory counsel, which the moral echoes, or, as the Poet calls them, *more* than echoes

—“ talk’d along the walls.”

Eloisa could never have heard, or fancy that she heard, the hollow sound from the shrine more distinctly than I thought I perceived the *sense* of that sound in the charming features of this lovely girl :

“ Come sister come, they said or seem’d to say,
 “ Thy place is here, sad sister, come away.
 “ Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray’d,
 “ Love’s victim then, tho’ now a fainted maid :
 “ But all is calm in our eternal sleep,
 “ Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 “ Ev’n superstition loses ev’ry fear,
 “ For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.”

How applicable to the occasion ! Nor was it
 long

long ere Isabel, as if these verses had actually been recited, illustrated those which follow them in the celebrated epistle of the lovers of Paraclete :

“ I come, I come, prepare your roseat bowers,” &c.

Not so the lovers :—Bernard, after a long struggle with his heart, exclaimed, in sad and broken accents—“ Ah God!—Ah God!” and ran out of the convent ; nor was it long ere his example was followed by Lacrew.

The ceremonies, thus interrupted, were soon resumed. The sister-votaries were re-conducted to their chairs, where both joined in the prayers most devoutly.

And now the holy wafers were given, and the solemnities of the Catholick church in the sacrament began. These ended, the sisters rose, kissed the robes of the priest, bowed themselves before the Crucifix, embraced each other. Then the superior, the nuns, noviciates, and pensioners, all of whom were received with smiles, that seraphs seemed to have assisted, while a dozen handsome girls, residents for a convent education, strewed flowers over them, as they advanced to the last ceremony, namely, that of *crowning*, emblematick of *that crown of glory*, with which we are assured the good are to be distinguished in a world to come.

By

By way of supplementary matter, it is to be noted, that the ceremony was performed on the birth-day of the veiled sister; a circumstance that gave it additional solemnity. The rest of this awful day was past, agreeably to custom, in all manner of innocent festivity. By way of testifying that so far from feeling any regret for having renounced the world, the sensations were in unison with the ceremonies; and, indeed, had it not been for the affair of the heart in the cases of the two luckless lovers, I should believe that custom and example had their usual effect, in conjunction with zeal and imagination, to make a monastick life preferable to every other, in the estimate of the inhabitants of the convent. What confirms me the rather in this is, that the year following, being at the self-same monastery, I beheld the self-same Fanchette, after her twelve probationary months' residence, volunteer the same sort of ceremony, and with the same apparent satisfaction; and, though she had lost some of those complexional roses, which seem to bloom best in the world, she had gained more of those lillies, which never fail to grow in the cheeks of a nun, either from seclusion, or severity, or a mixture of both. There was an air of peculiar content in Fanchette, at this *confirmation* of the choice she had made in the beginning of the former year; nor was there less satisfaction in

the countenance of Isabel: in short, the most scrutinizing eye might have assured the heart, these two sisters, in changing their plan of life, had only varied, not diminished, their happiness.

On bidding them, as probably it will prove, an everlasting adieu, at this second visit to their convent, I borrowed once more an applicable passage from our great poet, and I cannot but believe every line found its echo in the minds of the beautiful devotees. Nor do I think, since the epistle of Eloisa was written, there can have happened such an exact illustration of its best, and most interesting sentiments; since, in the sister nuns, were demonstrated all the spirit, the softness, and the beauty of Abelard's mistress, without any of her cupidity, sensuality, and libertinism; and the exquisite apostrophe which follows was the work only of fancy in Eloisa, but of feeling in Isabel and Fanchette.

- " How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
- " The world forgetting, by the world forgot ;
- " Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
- " Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
- " Labour and rest that equal periods keep,
- " Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;
- " Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n,
- " Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
- " Grace shines around her with serene beams,
- " And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.

" For

" For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 " And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes.
 " For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 " For her white virgins hymeneals sing.
 " To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 " And melts in visions of eternal day."

Since my first idea of poetical excellence, my senses and my heart have attested the beauty of this passage, and, indeed, of the whole poem; but never has it been so impressivè as since the above-described incidents.

Amidst the whole, however, of the fascination, I could not but notice a small spice of worldly vanity, in certain parts of the ceremony, such as one of the *poor lowly* brothers being appointed to place the embroidered robes of the *High Priest* over the *backs of the chairs*, to give them a more graceful flow, as the wearer sat down. I observed also, methought, something of earthly pageantry lurking in the *caution* with which the female veil, whether white or black, was *fixed before*, and *folded behind*; as well as in the attention to graceful posture, with which the professed threw herself on the carpet; for though, as I before said, it did not partake of the nature of theatrical exhibition, it had the air of having been a little studied, because it was impossible not to see that some care had been taken that the vestal garment might
 preserve

preserve an interesting negligence. But when we consider that the same kind of regard to attitude and position was betrayed by the dying Pompey, we may certainly allow it to two fine young women, who gave up, *for ever*, the conquests of their charms, at a period of life, when victory most solicited them. And, after all, their attentions to external finery were but the *ashes of human vanity*—a few remaining sparks, that just shewed themselves, and were then extinguished for ever.

The cost of the festival is always defrayed by the nun, or novice; and the friends, relations, and a few chosen priests from the neighbouring convent, compose the guests. To this eating and drinking scene, a little masquerade, in which all the nuns are allowed to assume borrowed characters, ensues. This done, the guests retire, such I mean as are not of the convent. The religious withdraw to their cells, and the next morning re-commence those duties, which know no recess throughout the revolving year, till a similar occasion produces a similar jubilee.

It was a sad and sorrowful day for the uncle of these sisters; he endured not to remain in an house stripped of its chief ornaments and associates, and which had the further *désagrément* of standing, as before noted, in full view of the convent,

which he considered as at once the prison and the tomb of his relations. In a few weeks, therefore, he removed to another part of the country, where he still bears about

“ A discontented and repining spirit.”

But such an effect might naturally enough arise from such a cause. Far, very far from both be the bosom of my friend !

L E T T E R LXVII.

TO THE SAME.

ADJOINING the little signiories of Boxmeer, is the pleasant country of Cuych*, a small, but productive territory, once in the possession of Spain, but now a part of what is called the Generality, a country subject to the Prince of Orange, and an object worth attention. It may

* Herman de Cuych gave name to this country in 1580. John, the son of Wënnemaer yielded it, long after, in exchange of other territories, to William of Guelderland; but, at length, the Dukes of Burgundy becoming proprietors, they united it to Brabant. After this again, it was given as a pledge to the Count of Buren, whose only daughter and heiress married William of Orange, in 1551. Thus it was that the charming Cuych country became annexed to the possessions of the Prince Stadtholders.

be about the size of Hertfordshire, and is, like that, replete with unpretending graces. You would feel its resemblance to England, even more closely than the other parts of Westphalia—the same pleasant pathways, meandering through corn-fields—the same soft pasturage—modest risings—humble and flowery hedge-rows—the woods and copses filled with the same kind of birds—the river Meuse no less fertilising than the Thames, nor less beautiful—the same sort of whitened cottages, moss and houseleek growing over the thatch.

If a footpath and river-bank traveller is disposed, occasionally, to survey this country, he will find a thousand beautiful scenes, which crowds had never yet to boast.

It is extremely pleasant to trace, as one journeys on, these similitudes and dissimilitudes of one's native land; here recognising, in certain objects, our old acquaintance; there paying, in others, our first salutation to entire strangers; and whether these happen to be of the vegetable or animal world, a tree, a flower, a wood, a meadow, a stream, a river, a flock, an herd, a cottage, or its inhabitants, the generous heart expands to greet whatever has delighted him at home, or entertained him abroad.

In turning over a little corner in my travelling writing-case, I find a small bundle of papers, superscribed materials for a *scrap letter*, which is to consist of various minute gleanings, too insignificant to stand alone, but which, collected and tied together, may be of some value. After the *long* ears of corn have been gathered, you have seen the patient gleaners return from the field, with a few hands-full, not of stem or substance to be bound with the rest of the sheaves, and yet too good to be lost.

To these minutiae, therefore, I shall consecrate the remainder of the present letter, desiring you will indulge them with the favour by which you have distinguished the rest.

In Holland, Westphalia, Germany, and their dependencies, it is customary for the common tradesmen and servants to drop their sabots, slippers, or shoes, at the threshold of the apartment where their employers, masters, or mistresses, are sitting, and pad along, with a trembling sort of circumspection, as if in fear of leaving a plebeian mark of their footsteps behind them. And at every word you speak, their hats, whether in the house, or the open air, are so painfully doffed, and pinched by their veneration, or their custom, that I have a
thousand

thousand times smilingly put their hats on their heads, and requested they would consider a good rub of their shoes at the door-way was a sufficient passport to any room wherein they might be introduced to me: but the habit or civility is inveterate, and I verily believe they would pay the same homage to the empty apartments, had they occasion to enter them, in the absence of their supposed superiors. I repeat that I am no advocate for indiscriminate familiarities, nor for Republican rudenesses, but I love the poor, at least as well as the rich; and I feel myself, as an individual of a majestic species, humbled in *their* degradation. I would have them subordinate, because I think society demands its classes, but I cannot endure they should be servile: and, after all, it is often affected; for sometimes I have, at a second or third gleaning of these bowing, bare-headed and bare-footed gentlemen and ladies, found, heard, or seen them as faucy, proud, and vain-glorious, as if they knew how to descend from their heights only to promote their interests, in the hope of over-reaching you in a miserable fous or stiver.

In each of the above countries you will be obliged, as before observed, to have one man to dress the hair on your head, my good reader, and another, if peradventure thou art of the
o 3 bearded

bearded sex, to scrape it from thy face. But the last mentioned personage, whom they call surgeon, is every where so insufferably vain, formal, and *mal adroit*, that a penny barber in England does his business ten times better, and twenty times more expeditiously. The Continental shaver, whether Dutch, Westphalian, or German, is one quarter of an hour bringing his instruments of surgery out of his pocket and arranging them; another in the apparatus of wiping, whetting, setting, and proving upon his hand, before he puts the razor on your chin; another in the operation, and at least the fourth quarter in putting his surgical matters up again, and all this you must go through patiently or worse will follow; every resistance costs you a drop of blood, remonstrance is not even listened to, and a request of haste is a slice from your chin, or a gash in your throat. I have had more reason to bewail a nervous complaint that shakes my hand, since I came into these countries than ever. I certainly mangle myself deliciously whenever I attempt to achieve this daily labour myself; but I yield to the pedantry of these executioners, only because I consider being murdered by the hand of another is better than shedding my own blood; as it is less heinous, you know, to suffer assassination than to commit suicide,

Seriously,

Seriously, it is a most provoking and clumsy operation abroad, and I have often wished myself beardless, as I might once have wished the contrary. And as to any *consideration* that the head or face, these surgeon-barbers have in hand, is human, a butcher, who might chuse to shave the chops of a bullock, before he slaughtered it, would be more gentle. Your barber-surgeon pinches you by the nose with as little remorse as the farrier draws the nippers round the nostrils of an horse! he squeezes your head as if he was binding up your brains, after a contusion; and holds back your neck, as if he was going to cut your throat, which, indeed, he generally does, in proof of his great powers of pharmacy. In a word, blessed are those ladies who happen to have no beards, and happy those ladies or gentlemen, who when they travel can operate upon themselves!

In almost every great road town upon the German Continent you will find an English shop, where you may be supplied with English manufacture. There is a very excellent one at the Hague, kept by Mr. M'Queen, which may almost be termed an *universal warehouse of British commodities*. It is true you pay somewhat high for these; but you are to consider first their superior excellence; secondly, the hazard, loss,
O 4 and

and expence of their importation ; and, thirdly, it should be noted, that as the Dutch and German customers buy almost every thing *for life* ; that is make an expensive article last as long as *they last themselves*, and pay bills about once in ten years,—when they condescend to pay at all ; for no tradesman dare send in his bill *undemanded*—if articles were not highly rated, an English trader abroad must starve.

It is observable, that the inns abroad kept by Englishmen, or people who speak our language, are dearer than those kept by natives, about fifty per cent. and it is remarkable, also, that the English landlords over-reach their countrymen more than a stranger. See you avoid them. There are at least six Scotchmen, and three Irishmen, to one trader English born, dispersed over foreign lands : *the first thrive*, the *second live*, the third *barely exist*. Can you account for this ? The *truth* of the remark reaches from one end of the Continent to the other, with scarcely an exception. I think I have found out the reason, but it might seem invidious, and a prejudice to mention it.

There subsists in some parts of Holland a curious circumstance respecting divorces. An husband who is desirous to obtain repossession
of

of either an eloped, parted, or wandering wife, is to send a written summons to her, inviting her company to bed and board; if she refuse, he is to go in a boat on the river Meuse, to any distance he pleases, then he is to call the said wife three several times, and if he receive no answer, or if she do not appear, he is to come back, as fresh and fair a batchelor as before he purchased the wedding ring; and is at liberty to choose another mate, whose hand he may accept after the publication of the banns and marriage ceremony. The truth of this almost incredible story, is too general to be disputed by any body but those who cannot believe what they have never seen. And yet there are numbers of my dear countrymen who will suppose it a gleaning of the author's imagination. To which I shall only reply, that in the small town of the Brielle in Holland, there are not less than half a dozen couples who have been thus re-married.

But as a celebrated traveller—Lady W. Montague—justly observes, we travellers are in very hard circumstances. If we say nothing but what has been said before us, we are dull, and we have observed nothing: If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as fabulous and romantick, not allowing for change of company, or of customs that happen every twenty years in every country;
or

or remain fixed for ever, though, perhaps, not before noticed. The ceremonies attending visitings, and burial condolences, deserve mention. In Prussian Westphalia, a letter is sent by the survivor, informing the friends of the deceased that such a relation has departed this life; but it is the etiquette *not to reply*. Your sympathy is taken for granted; and thus, the affair is not only conveniently shortened, but a great deal of trouble is saved to both parties.

With respect to visits, it is the established punctilio for new comers to make the first advances to residents, exactly inverting the etiquette of England; and the reason assigned for this practice is, that new settlers may have the privilege of declining company should they not wish for society, or of extending or narrowing it should they desire acquaintance; your visit being always returned immediately, and if you do not visit in the course of the first month, it is presumed you prefer solitude.

Perhaps this may be an improvement on the plan of England, where every one has free liberty to gratify curiosity, often at the expence of real courtesy; for numbers go once for a well-bred stare, drink their cup of tea, and shew they have had enough of you, by never cultivating you
unless

unless you happen exactly to suit their taste, which is often the result of their singularity, or caprice. Whereas in these countries, you have leisure for previous enquiry; you can select your acquaintance, and if it be not of the best kind the place affords, it must be your own fault.

Another inconvenience attending your not being fortified with the language of the country, whether Dutch or German, is the imposition you are liable to, especially on leaving a town or house, where you may have had any running accounts. The people you have dealt with pretend to understand *you* fully when you *make* your bargain; but when you come to collect your bills, they protest that you have mistaken *them*; and this error is always to their advantage. For instance, you agree with a surgeon-barber at so much per month to shave you, and with a shoe-boy to clean your boots, &c. You reasonably conclude the price settled between you includes every thing: but at the end of the month you are charged so much for putting soap on the face, and so much for taking it off; so much for rubbing away the dust from your shoes, and so much again for blacking them. Let it be clearly stated, therefore, that in your country, shaving and shoe-cleaning mean what they express.

The

The price of timber in Westphalia, and the countries that environ it, is amongst the things calculated to surprise an English traveller. A noble fir of between thirty and forty years' growth, is thought rather dear at six florins, about ten shillings English: and an oak of more than half a century, is rated at about twelve, or at the most fifteen shillings. Inferior wood in proportion. The birch tree is here found in abundance, and contributes much to the beauty of the country, drooping with an air of poetical melancholy, almost with as much elegant sadness as the weeping willow. The natives of Westphalia tell you, that the juice is good to drink, the foliage good to see, and the branches good to burn: they seem no less sensible than ourselves, also, that the twigs have other virtues chiefly adapted for the use of nurseries and schools.

Simple curiosity is alike in all countries. You remember the account I sent you in my first sheaf of the astonishment of an whole family of Cambrian rusticks, at the sight of a shining steel watch-chain. I found a companion for this picture of *wonderment* in the surprise of some Westphalian cottagers, who surveyed a common bamboo stick with as much attention and awe, as if it were a wand of enchantment; and feeling the knots
with

with a trembling hand, as if there were magic in every joint.

You will be pleased to hear the *universal* reputation which is enjoyed by the manufactures of your country. I think I slightly glanced at this subject before. Whatever is English becomes every where abroad an object of admiration. I have witnessed this in various instances, but in none more than in the rhapsody which the sight of three pair of English shoes produced in an honest cobbler of a little town in Prussia.

These articles, neat as imported from London, lay upon my table just unpacked, as this child of nature entered my room to receive orders for a trifling repair in my boots. He incontinently caught up one of the shoes, and for some minutes was too much absorbed in wonder to speak. He turned the shoe about in silent admiration; felt the sole, which his *look* denoted was of the best leather possible—examined the stitching, the form, the elegance, the solidity, the simplicity, the lightness, the straps, the quarters, fitted it to his hand; in doing which he shewed signs of the most perfect approbation—then by way of comparison, held it down to his own shoe, and as he did so, gave testimony of the most ineffable contempt, even for his own performance, which was,

I perhaps,

perhaps, the highest compliment that could be paid to the performance of another. His features, and action, had actually all the force of Hamlet's parallel of the old Fortinbras his father, and the usurper :

“ Look but on this picture and on this !” &c.

His physiognomy testified that *his* work was no more to compare to the British Crispin's

“ Than he to Hercules !”

It was long before he could attend indeed to any thing respecting himself; and after his rhapsody subsided a little, he seemed to undertake even the cobbling art of taking up a few loose stitches in an *English boot* with reluctance.

Nor does our country triumph in this handicraft fame without the best-founded pretensions; since in every article of workmanship we cast them at a distance that rather gives the sensation of despair than energy. Doors, windows, their ornaments, their necessaries, their comforts, their finishing, their application, their fitness, their buildings, their elegance, all yield the palm to the superior skill of the British artificer. And if there be a general rule without an exception, I am, from very long and diligent scrutiny, inclined to think it lies in the unrivalled excellence

lence of our manufactures in the comforts and conveniencies of life.

You have heard numberless anecdotes of the late Prussian monarch. A stronger idea of his insatiable military ambition cannot be well given, than in his exclaiming to one of his officers, while surveying the prospect from his chateau at Cleves; "Very fine, to be sure, noble woods, pretty gardens, fair towns, well-filled rivers, and all that; but I can never think it a good prospect while any part of the objects it includes is the property of another sovereign!"

I will just note to you, that amongst the pictures of this chateau, is a very fine one of Jesus and the Virgin, and on the reverse, a full-length portrait of the painter himself, suspended in the middle of the room, to shew at once the genius and the vanity of the man!

Of the German theatre I have little to observe, farther than that it excels in *passion*. You must have often noted the defect of the English actors, I speak generally, when not immediately in discourse or action in the scene. They seem to think that their character comes to a pause at the end of every speech, and they wait for the cue words to resume it: these are no sooner given, than

than they kindle in a moment. They wait the match, and go off like a cracker. Then all is dead and inert, till the other personages have fettled the business in hand, whether an affair of love, hate, hope, or despair; nor does the passive character they are speaking to, ever interrupt the progress of these passions, or shew any sensibility thereof, except by stepping a pace back, or a pace forward; by a stamp of the foot, a thump of the breast, or a smack of the forehead.—But on the theatre Allemande all is life, vigour, and ardency, yet rarely overstepping the modesty of nature; and the bye play is so skilfully managed, that where the poet himself sleeps, the vigilance of the actor guarantees his nap, without any diminution of his poetical fame.

I am aware that this is the case, sometimes, in the British theatre, but it is more rare; and commonly speaking, Homer himself could not there nod, had Homer been a dramatist, without some of the performers slumbering with him, and causing the audience to slumber also.

High, however, as they estimate the manufactures of Great Britain, the untravelled Prussians and Germans appear to have but a very confined idea of its extent: for, in the first place, many of them imagine, that it is rather necessity, than choice;

choice; rather policy, than curiosity, which takes such numbers out of England. They believe the population is too great for the place; that *our* little country being overstocked, the superflux wander about the earth in search of *more room*. Almost every person tells you he knows an Englishman!—that is to say, in the course of his life, every man has met with one of the British wanderers, or some solitary family resident abroad. The Germans immediately presume this person, or family, must be known also to *you*. If you answer in the negative, they wonder, which certainly implies a contracted idea of Great Britain as a territory, however they may think of it as a nation.

The Germans bring up their children with great tenderness, but in a manner to prevent the effects of effeminacy, or the ordinary ailments proceeding therefrom. I have seen the sons and daughters of gentlemen run through the dews of the morning without shoes, stockings, or any under garments, but shirts and shifts; chacing each other round the court yards, gardens, &c. in this *almost* natural state, after a night of incessant rain. About noon, when there seems the less real necessity to wrap up, they begin to *put on*, just in the proportion as other children *throw off*; but they all look as healthy as if they were educated in the

way of England. The mothers of Great Britain will shudder at this relation; yet, could the custom be reconciled with decency, which surely were easy, it might deserve adoption. Colds and coughs, which are not only bad disorders in themselves, but the parents of worse in England, are rarely heard of along the continent of Germany. And, after you have turned your back on Holland, the gout begins to lose his excruciating power, till, in advancing further north, he is, in a measure, subdued; at least, a victim bound hand and foot by this tyrant, who hourly brings so many of my compatriots to the rack, is rarely seen. Must we not impute this general exemption from one of the sharpest pangs to which our frailty is heir, to early exposure of the body and limbs to all the skiey influences?

I think I have not yet mentioned the mode of serving at table in Holland and Prussia. Vegetables are eaten first, and no person offers to begin till all are helped; meat comes next, which is cut into very thin slices in a plate, and passing round the table, every one receives, or declines. If a second, third, fourth, or fifth sort of meat be on the board, there are as many plates full sent round it.—The servant watches your glass, filling it when empty: the bread is cut into exceeding

ceeding thin slices, and no healths are drank, except at parting.

An elegant English family settled in Holland, has lately given a *Dutch drum* or route, of which the lady of the house has favoured me with a description: As it is well told, and a curiosity in itself, I will here present you with a copy; and in her own words:

“ Dear Mr. Gleaner,

“ At your desire, I am sitting down to give you a description of what is called in this country, a *contre visite*. That I might accommodate to the customs of the place, I invited the assistance of a good natured Dutch neighbour, who helped me through all the ceremonies: And being no less a personage than the Burgomaster's wife, she was wholly competent to the business. I shall write in way of general direction, as to what is to be done, &c. &c.

“ Two of the largest rooms in the house are always appropriated to the occasion: the better if they communicate, as is indeed usual abroad, but that is not material. Card tables are to be set in the four corners of each room; the middle being kept perfectly clear,—the place of honour is always determined to be on the

right

right hand side of the pier glass. From each side of this glass you are to place two rows of chairs, with a square box called a stove, at the foot of each chair: and if in winter, you are to take care these stoves are well supplied with burning turf, or rather with the live ashes of turf: and, if in summer, the fire is to be omitted, as a Dutch woman is too much in the habit of canting up her legs on those abominable little footstools to sit comfortably without them, and in the cold weather, she could neither use her hands, nor arms, without smoke-drying her feet.—By the gentlemen's seats you place spitting boxes; and, as if these would not hold enough, a dozen or two of spitting pots are to be set on the side tables, or to grace the corner of the card equipage: several flutes and pencils are also to be provided. All the plate you can muster is to be crowded on the grand sideboard, and at least an hundred tobacco pipes, with tasteful devices wrapped about them, not forgetting half a dozen pound boxes of tobacco, with a suitable service of stoppers.

“ These preparations being settled, you are ready to receive the company, who begin to appear at your Dutch drum about *five in the afternoon!* The *reigning* burgomaster's wife enters first. You are to receive her at the door,
after

after a good run to meet her—by way of testifying your joy—with a dead stop, and you are to take care that your curtsy is at least as profound as hers; the better if a little deeper. And if you would adopt the fashion of this country, you should revive one of your boarding-school sinkings at the commencement of a minuet, or one of your school reverences to your governess on leaving the room. You are to take her by the hand; you are to say you are extremely honoured by the visit, and then *kiss her three times!* Then lead her to the right hand side of the glass,—order a burning, red-hot stove to be put under her petticoats,—the genteeler if you condescend to place it yourself—and then receive the rest of the company, *kissing* and *stoving* them in the same manner; more carefully however *placing* them according to their *rank in the town or village*, than if they were so many British peeresses to be settled by the High Steward, at the trial of a sister peeress for high Treason.—When all the chairs are filled, you may order refreshments.

“ In the first place, tea is to be presented three times round the room. This over, the card tables are to be arranged, the stoves refreshed, the pipes lighted, and the spitting boxes begin to work. You are to present *four kings* to

the burgomaster's wife, and the three you mean to play at her table. To the next lady, in her rank, you present the *queens*: But make a memorandum, that, when once seated, nobody stirs from her table till the party breaks up at ten o'clock, so that you are fixed as a statue for almost five hours. The refreshments are to be handed about every *quarter of an hour*, but to vary, as to the collations. One quarter gives coffee, another wine, another liquors, another orgeat, and at every time the company eat and drink with unabated appetite; and those who offer the most good things of this world, are made the most honourable mention of, in the annals of *contre-visitism*. The ceremonies of taking leave are like those of entrance.

“ It is to be observed, that when you give one of their visits, it is not from your own invitation: the reigning burgomaster sends you word, if convenient, he will come to you such a day. If you accept the challenge, you are to send off your cards, in which you invite *the town* to meet him; who very obligingly obey the summons, whether they ever saw you before or no; or whether they shall ever see you again.

“ All the smoking party keep their own room, but leave such a strong scent of their orgies behind

behind them, that it is necessary your house, if your nose be not a native of Holland, should perform a month's quarantine before it can be purified.

“ A *contre-visite* seldom includes supper, but when a supper is to be given in Holland, it always comprehends cards and tea, with the immense *et cetera* of about eight times coffee, as many cakes, wines, jellies, &c. &c. &c. and supposing these to begin at half past five, and supper to be on table at half past ten, though the intermediate hours are fully employed in eating and drinking, it does not in the least prevent the supper being devoured, as King Richard voraciously says, “ marrow, bones, and all ;” for though in general life, at *home*, the Dutch eat but little of solid food, they pay it off *abroad* with most incontinent rapacity. Indeed, they seem, like certain wild beasts in training for the grand gorging day, when they are to be turned out upon criminals, to reserve themselves for these great publick occasions : and a Dutch supper, at the end of five hours' stuffing, might very well furnish out one of our Lord Mayor's feasts, and satisfy all the mansion-house monsters on any one of the important days,

“ Big with the fate of Turkeys, and of Geese !”

By way of specimen, I shall conclude with a Dutch Bill of fare, of which I made a N. B. in my pocket-book, immediately on getting home from the last cramming-bout to which I had the honour of being invited. I must premise that it was a *supper*, and that we were only 14 persons at table.

TOP.

A very large fillet of veal *bak'd*, and forc'd-meat balls.

An immense fallad.

A forc'd pike, of 25lb. weight.

Pan full of stew'd pears.

Yard wide pye, of all meats, birds, and beasts.

Pan full of apples.

Another monster of a pike, four sauce, 20lb. ditto.

Sallad bowl of different pickles.

Whole quarter of sheepish lamb, roasted.

BOTTOM.

“ N. B. Nothing left but the large bones and plates.”

To

To which pleasant, but faithful description,
I shall only ask with the poet,

“ Is this a supper, this a genial room?

“ No, it's a temple and a hecatomb!

“ Treated, caress'd and tir'd, I take my leave.”

There are dispersed over the provinces of Holland, of Prussia, and of Germany, various towns, bourgs, and villages, which, amongst other privileges, possess that of affording protection to fugitives for debt: and there are some which offer an asylum even for crimes. Of these Vianne, Cleves, and Neuweid, may be mentioned amongst others. They are either free towns, or independent seigneuries. The former have usually taken their rise from the exigence of the state, which has often made the Prince a borrower of the people. The Emperors frequently wanting supplies of money to carry on their wars, or for other occasions, have hired large sums of great trading towns, and paid the debt in certain extra grants, privileges, and immunities, making them independent of the governors of the provinces or districts where those towns stood, or in their neighbourhood. Accordingly such places remain free; exercising all kinds of sovereign power, with the right of enacting laws, constituting authorities, courts of justice, and coining, as well as of offering a sanctuary to strangers, debtors,

debtors, &c. &c.—I am sorry to inform you, that this latter privilege is not seldom made a revenue of the town, or the seigneur, or a perquisite of office. But it must be owned the fee is not large,—a guinea or two makes your person sacred beyond limitation, provided nevertheless you conform peaceably to the laws of the land where you establish your residence, which it is certainly not only decent but easy to do, as they are no way rigorous in themselves, and the protected places are for the most part situated in a fine country.

Vianne, for instance, is built on the banks of a fine river, on the confine of the beautiful province of Utrecht, nearly half way betwixt Rotterdam and Nimeguen. It remains possessed of all rights of Seigneurship independent of Holland. It is supposed to be the *Fanum Dianæ*, of which Ptolemy makes mention.

The towns and villages of the Dutchy of Cleves already live in my description, and I trust in the reader's memory. And should misfortune find it necessary to take refuge in either of these, he will pass his days or years of exile amidst the beauty and health of nature.

With

With respect to Neuwied, independent of giving

“ The poor and the unhappy,
“ A privilege to enter,”

it has claims on our attention ; being one of the most agreeable towns, and placed in one of the most charming countries of Europe. The account of it is sufficiently popular, but the best description of it is by the author of the journey, or rather voyage of the Rhine, a work I have already commended.

“ It is in this town,” says he, “ that the writer of these pages—a victim of French despotism—has found refuge, honour, and happiness ; after having been despoiled of 1,400,000 livres, and driven from a country that was dear to him. It is in this free and sacred land he at length is permitted to reside in peace with his rescued family. And here, also, it is, that he announces a virtuous Prince, and a gentle race, to philosophers, men of letters and of humanity—to peaceable citizens, and to ingenious artists—to honest labourers, and to the worthy of all descriptions, who like him may be expelled from the scenes of rapine and desolation.”

The gratitude of this author for the protection

tion he received, has not seduced him into effusions of praise, which exceed the truth. The sweet sejour of Neuwied merits all he has said of it. It is situated on the borders of the Rhine, betwixt Bonne and Coblentz. The country is agreeable, the inhabitants sociable, the air wholesome. Vines and orchards surround it. Hills and vallies smile on every side. The water is particularly excellent, the corn good and abundant. Butchers' meat in all its variety, and a no less plenty of vegetables, fruit, fish, fowl, and game. Lodgings are reasonable, and elegant. The prime of every commodity from the famous fairs of Bonne, Coblentz, Mayence, and Franckfort, as well as from Holland, are to be had at Neuwied, as they come by water to your very door. And to crown the whole, the reigning Prince is a man of politeness, urbanity, genius, peace, and benevolence. He is descended from one of the most honourable and ancient houses, and what is better, he is in every sense of the term an HONEST MAN! Of the prince, of his family and of his palace of Mount-Repose, two leagues from Neuwied, a thousand fine things have been said by the ingenious writer above-mentioned; but after what I have just termed him, would not all these go to an anti-climax?

“ An honest man's the noblest work of God.”

Amongst

Amongst the objectionable things which an English traveller will find in Prussia, Westphalia, and through all the Catholick countries, is the frequency of holy-days, feasts, fasts, and fairs.

I would have every creature adore his Creator, according to the customs of his country, and resort to the places of worship as often as his piety inclines. But I cannot fail to regret that the church should enact an observance of mere ceremonies which trench on the duties of social life; being convinced that a performance of these is a part of religion. It is the result of reiterated observation that enables me to assure you, nearly the half of a servant and labourer's time is taken up in the churches, and very frequently made the pretext for a neglect of necessary business, and, indeed, promotes idleness. I have always noted that the most church-going people in this country are the worst domesticks, the most supine, and the most superstitious. How it happens I know not, but religion in this country seldom works the blood into enthusiasm: the being righteous overmuch in Germany more commonly produces a moody torpid stupidity. Methodists and other fanatick sectaries are rare. These bodies amongst us produce, you know, ebullitions of zeal that ferment to distraction. It is in England a raging madness; in the German dominions

dominions a gloomy melancholy ; and with respect to society, the latter is the evil most to be lamented. The first is a violent fit, and passes soon away, and though the returns of the paroxysm are quick, the intervals admit of some activity in secular affairs. But the German malady, after sending a man from his honest employments, his master, and his family, two or three days in the week without counting Sunday, continues him in a kind of religious apathy all the rest of the year. On the holy-days it is with great difficulty a cook will dress dinner, or a chambermaid toss up the beds. If you want bread it must be made and baked the day before : to put an hand in the oven would be sacrilege ; and to fetch a pail of water an offence laid up amongst others for next confession. The consequence of all this is, that after they have run in and out of the church till they are weary, you will see them in lazy circles stand about the streets with folded arms and gaping mouths, or sleeping in their houses, kitchens, &c. At intervals, however, they wake to the recollection of the Saint in whose honour the fête is instituted, and renew their aspirations. It is common to hear them break forth in the midst of any ordinary occupations, even during the few days their religion suffers them to work, into an hymn or spiritual song. I once past some months in a house where a peasant servant, to his other busineses

businesses added that of a barber; and under whose razor, being in a small country place, I came almost every day. He had been used on my first employing him, only to reap the chins of the rusticks, and any thing that could cut stubble would answer that purpose; for, besides that it is the general practice for the gentry of Germany to shave only once a week, a German chin after it *has* been shaved would turn the edge of a Dutch razor. When the man, therefore, came upon a face that called for daily scraping, and found it had been used to gentle treatment, he looked upon it as so arduous an undertaking, that he called in all the might of his religion to strengthen his arm, and incontinently retired into a little chapel adjoining the house, both before and after the operation; first for going through his job with judgment, and then in thanksgiving for having performed it without cutting my throat. On these occasions he always sung two staves of the same psalm, and with so much violence of lungs that one would think he imagined heaven would be deaf to his prayers. Indeed I often thought so too, for, notwithstanding his bawling, if my chin and throat came off with no more than half a dozen flashes, the blood gushing at each, I reckoned it a morning of escape. But this fellow would sometimes burst forth into a musical howl at meal-time, with the meat in his mouth;

mouth; and yet, having a few acres of ground now and then to reap and mow, also, if too much fun, or rain, or frost or snow, thinned his crops, he would be as full of growl against the good God of seasons, as if he were—a French Republican!

Fairs, or what they call Kermisses, are very proper supplements to their fasts and holy-days: not that those are more numerous than in England, but because it is the custom for the servants to visit every kermis, at whatever distance, where she or they have a friend, or relation: and as each kermis lasts a week, and as it is thought very hard if the permission be not given for at least a couple of days at each, you may guess in what a situation families are left betwixt one practice and another. If by accident you call on a friend, and stay dinner, the cook is gone to the kermis, or to the church, or else it is a fast-day, and she can do nothing, but drink coffee *eight or ten times*, and go to the kirk.

Yet a kermis, particularly a village one, is worth seeing. It is an annual association of all the scattered parts of a man's family and friends. I attended one in Westphalia, on a principle of that general curiosity which carries me every where. But having no village connexions while
at

at Cleves, I wandered about a little place in the neighbourhood during kermis time. The first joyful groupe which I saw gathered together arrested my step. I stood leaning on the gate of a large farm yard, at the farther end of which I observed a number of persons sitting round a table, and others dancing, and almost every body singing. The first glimpse of a stranger brings an invitation, especially on publick occasions. This urbanity is almost universal in Westphalia. I followed a courteous introducer who led me to the master and mistress of the house. Their testimonies of welcome came so fast upon me, that had I eat and drank of half the different good things which were set before me, I must have been *killed with kindness* on the spot. I soon understood that I was at the house of a farmer, whose happy family from great grandfather to grandchild, were amongst the guests: and all these different characters on the stage of human life, were dancing on a grass plat behind the great barn, and all such as were or had been married, arrayed in their bridal dresses. One of the brothers' wives introduced a suckling of two months to the great-grand-father, who was enjoying health, in the sight of four and thirty relations, and in the 87th year of his age! It was a *banquet* for a good-natured spectator to see the joy with which the old man danced the little

creature on his knee, then presented him to the other parts of his family, according to seniority, that the youngling might have a *kermis* kiss from all his kindred. But the pretty mother! How I wish that you had seen the mother during this transaction!—not on account of her prettiness, but because the finest blushes that ever circulated from the heart into the countenance, and the softest tears that maternal fondness ever brought into the face of a lovely young woman, would then have been enjoyed by my friend! And it was her first child! and it had been a match of love; and the babe, according to its parents' wish, was a son, and according to family wishes also, it bore the name of its great-grandfire, and was thought, by affection—who takes likenesses you know in a moment—to inherit the hue of the eyes and some of the features. The attitude, half bending over it, in its circuit, as it passed from the arms of one relation to those of another, was a subject for painting, and might have been highly finished; but the extacy in which, at the end of the ceremony, she received, and the kisses with which she covered it, were beyond the reach of human pencil, and required all the powers of nature who works in colours “dipt in heaven.” After this every body drank health, and many more happy *family fêtes* to the old man; who, in return, pledged a bumper of
Rhenish

Rhenish to the company. One of the sons assured me that the veteran's maladies were slight, and always cured by a visit to one or other of his family. His medical son *prescribed* this affectionate remedy: thus when his own home became a little solitary, the good old man went to another: and as all the family live within a short distance from the ancient mansion of this their forefather, there is a cure within reach for every disorder: he gets rid of a cold at the house of one child, of a *fever* at that of another, of a touch of the rheumatism at a third's, and at a fourth's of an head-ach. Upon getting a little more into the private history of the house, from a guest who was my next hand neighbour, and just animated enough with wine to become a benevolent historian, I found that the grand children were worthy of the fire; for that all the brothers, of which there were nine, had entered into a social domestick compact, the particular articles of which had been committed to writing; that in the course of affairs, they were mutually to serve each other, either with a sum of money, or any other assistance, suited to the nature and necessity of the case. And as if Providence intended to try the virtue and sincerity of each, all the brothers in turn *wanted* and *found* a friend in the good offices of each other.

—Ah, my friend, we have not got all the

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simplicity,

simplicity, happiness, and virtue to ourselves : and God forbid we ever should have. How blessed to share them, as they *are* shared, with all the human race!

I have recorded various instances of their being dispersed over these divisions of the globe. I have shewn to you the natural affections blooming in Holland, Cambria, and Westphalia. Permit me now to present to you one more example, of which I was an eye witness in the first mentioned country.

In a trip from the Hague to Rotterdam, and from thence to Haarlem, I was just in time for the after-dinner boat to get a place in the cabin, and to see an aged mother and her daughter give and receive the farewell looks, expressions, and embraces, to and from some friends and relatives. Never did I see the feelings of the heart shine with more lucid brightness while each was in view of the other ; nor descend in more tender tears when they could behold each other no longer. As the boat moved on, the groupe on shore followed as long as they could at the edges of the canal, and the party in the cabin thrust their heads out of the door to catch the kind looks and sayings, till the horse being hooked to the schuyt, they could no longer keep pace with us. The succeeding
moments

moments were passed in deep sighs on the part of the mother, and tears on that of the daughter, neither of whom took any more notice of me, nor of any other person in the cabin, than of the cushions they sat on. A person in the corner told me these people would, perhaps, never see each other again for some years, as the mother and daughter were going to settle in North Holland.

I was prepared to hear him say North America at least: but to people *untravelled*, a separation of fifty miles is an immeasurable distance. And the sympathy of divided affection extends the space to infinity! The silence was long, and I honoured them for it; had there been a cranny in their hearts for the entrance of common place curiosity, or for conversation with a stranger, I should have deemed it a robbery of what was due to their absent friends. I perceived the daughter to strain her longing eyes towards the only opening at which there might be a *possibility* of catching a parting glimpse of her relations, and I discovered at the same time, that I intercepted her sight—"Would to heaven that stranger did not sit betwixt me and my friends!" was the sentiment written in every line of her face: but as she continued to look, I gave her all the chances she could expect by moving my position. No sooner had I done so than she

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exclaimed

exclaimed—"I see poor Catherine's cloak, and the skirt of Sally's gown, through the window!" The glow of that friendship which is so deliciously animating in the days of our youth, flushed her cheeks; but it was sweetly blended also with the gratitude, which, at that period of our lives, gives such a colouring and grace to the complexion; after this she farther won my regard by such a pensive cast of the head, and direction of the eyes, as plainly indicated her heart was returning to the Hague, with her friends, and she took little or no notice of any thing, or any body else, during the rest of the voyage.

I have slightly mentioned to you somewhere the love of ornament amongst the Dutch, as inconsistent with the weight, not to say heaviness, of their appearance. I think this over-finery is to be discovered principally in their liveries, which are often gaudy and rich, *sometimes* elegant. It is exhibited also in their furniture, barges, chimnies, china, and mills. It even shews itself in certain indescribable places, yet, generally speaking, all these things are so out of keeping with their own figures and fashions,—such, for instance, as their deep brown or blue suits of Dutch homespun or Prussian, their unyielding features, immense breeches, preposterous petticoats, stupendous hip-pads, and measured pace—
that

that they seem as little of a piece as if the said homespun jerkins, &c. were to be trimmed with gold and silver foils and fringes.

As to the *waterfaring men*—fresh or salt—they are *be-buttoned* from top to toe, each button, not excepting those of the waistband, a third part larger than an English crown-piece, and always of solid silver. One whimsical fellow, who was master of a fishing-smack, used to exhibit himself with a suit of coarse blue baize, or serge, the coat buttons of which were Zealand rix-dollars—a piece of silver the size of our crown—the waistcoat was buttoned with florins, the trowsers with schellings—larger than our shilling—the waistband and flaps with pieces of thirty stivers—half-a-crown,—his check shirt with dublikys—silver-two-pences,—and his shoes were fastened by twenty-eight stiver pieces, cut into clasps, and a gilder for the button of his hat; which hat was, in itself, a curiosity, being folded into three corners, in the way that grocers make up their penny-worths, into long bags of white-brown paper, which, you know are,

“ Small by degrees, and *whimsically* less.”

Indeed even the *higher* class of Hollanders are too full of button, wearing four where an

Englishman would content himself with one, and placing them so close that it is quite a labour to fasten and loose them.

I have praised the Dutch neatness; it is *worthy* of praise; but occasionally carried to excess. It now and then goes into caricature. You have always the fear of the pail and scrubbing brushes before your eyes. On the grand cleaning day, which here is Friday, the maid servants are to be seen puddling below, ankle-deep, and spouting above at the windows as if they were playing off an engine to extinguish a conflagration; although the great end proposed, is only to wash away the dust that may have gathered on the sashes, in the course of the week. An English traveller who comes from the comfort of a dry room, or whose state of health would suffer from damp, must reconcile to this *désagrément* as well as he can; as he will, from an intention of civility, be shewn into an apartment just washed, he had better double his defence, by an additional pair of socks, or stockings; for the Dutch landlord would deem it rude to take his guest into a room that has not been laid under water since the last company went out of it, and were you to argue against the thing, he would set you

you down as a dirty traveller, who did not know how to behave yourself in a clean country.

Through every part of Holland, the natives are great observers of symmetry. Is a brush, for example, part of the furniture of a room, it will be found hanging up, equidistant with another of the same size, shape, and fashion, to answer it :

“ Cup faces cup, each saucer has its brother,
“ And half the tea-board just reflects the other.”

This matter is also spoken to in former letters.

But with respect to the modes of *dress*ing, it is out of my memory whether I have before mentioned a great and general resemblance betwixt the Welch and German peasantry. At least eighty out of every hundred of the latter are habited in the dark blue, or deep brown of the former, and have a number of customs in common, which is the less to be wondered at, when we consider the mixture of the two nations, when the Saxons, sometimes by treachery, sometimes by invitation, and sometimes by invasion, became masters or partners of Cambria. But so many ages having passed away since the Saxon heptarchy, and even since the expulsion of the Germans, whether

whether friends or enemies, from the principality of Wales, it was curious enough for a traveller, who had just been a residentiary traveller in that country, to find such a general resemblance in the dress, air, habits, and even features of a people so remote, and with which, modernly speaking, they had not, nor ever could have, the slightest intercourse.

“ They who came over out of Germany into
“ Wales,” says Caradoc, “ to aid the Britons
“ against their enemies, the Picts and Scots, were
“ partly Saxons, Angles, and Juthes : from the
“ first of which came the people of Essex, Suffex,
“ Middlesex, and the West Saxons ; from the
“ Angles, the East Angles and the Mercians, and
“ they that inhabited the North side of the
“ Humber ; from the Juthes, the Kentish men,
“ and they who settled on the Isle of Wight.”

Thus the English nation and its appendages, like the English language, appear to be a compound of every other country, and, particularly, of Germany. From settlements, marriages, descents, &c. it is reasonable that there should be preserved some family customs and family features. A likeness of countenance may be traced, indeed, through all classes of the Empires of Germany and Great Britain ; and the former being certainly,
taken

taken as an whole, a brave, ingenious, and generous nation, I was pleased to trace the similitude, and admit the original alliance. Time has worn out the resentments; but whatever brings to memory a bond of connexion, and of amity, though formed between individuals or countries three thousand years ago, has a charm for the heart. Had I but the hem of a garment in my possession, that had been worn by the greatest foe of my family on the day of reconciliation, or at the moment that he came to my ancestor, whom he had injured, to avow, and to repent of, the wrong, and to promise future loving-kindness, that fragment of the dress should have a place in my wardrobe, and be held as a memorial.

With regard to the ancient Germans, were we to take a comparative view of them, and of the ancient Britons, we should find a similitude in the features of their minds as well as manners, especially in the grand articles of war and religion. The heroes, sages, and priests of one country, had their counterparts in the other. Had Cambria her Druids, Bards, and Chiefs, that devoted themselves to wounds and death, for the sake of God and their country, conformably to the sacrifice, the chivalry, and worship of the times—the Germanick nations had holy, brave, and wise men, who corresponded to these characters, and afford additional

additional evidence of their having borrowed manners, maxims, and superstitions, from one another.

In order to throw lustre on the parallel, I will pick a little historical gleanings of what I remember. We venerate the traditionary independence which animated the ancient Welch. The ancient Germans cultured the same spirit. The Roman historian reports them to respect only those duties, which they imposed on themselves. The noblest youths blushed not to be numbered among the faithful companions of some renowned chiefs, to whom they devoted their arms and service. A noble emulation prevailed amongst the companions to obtain the first place in the esteem of their chief; amongst the chiefs to acquire the greatest number of valiant companions. The glory of such distinguished heroes diffused itself beyond the narrow limits of their own tribe. In the hour of danger it was shameful for the chief to be surpassed in valour by his companions; shameful for the companions not to equal the valour of their chief. To survive his fall in battle was indelible infamy. To protect his person, and to adorn his glory with the trophies of their own exploits, were the most sacred of their duties. The chiefs combated for the victory, the companions for the chief. The noblest

noblest warriors, whenever their native country was sunk in the laziness of peace, maintained their numerous bands in some distant scene of action, to exercise their restless spirit, and to acquire renown by voluntary dangers. Gifts, worthy of soldiers, the warlike steed, the bloody and ever victorious lance, were the rewards which the companions claimed from the liberality of their chief. The rude plenty of his hospitable board was the only pay that he could bestow, or they would accept. War, and the free-will offerings of his friends supplied this munificence.

But, to use the language of Bishop Hurd on another occasion, and apply them to this, lest you should think my love of antiquity has operated like enchantment, in regard to the ancient German chiefs and companions, I must desire you to consider the courage and conduct of the modern heroes, who have so long, and so nobly, and almost without a day's recess, repelled the hordes of France, when almost *her whole population has been forced into the field*. Can we discover, in times past, a braver, a more faithful, or a more persevering body of men, than those subjects of Austria, who are, at this very moment, under command of Beaulieu, Clairfait, and Cobourg? Each of whom might certainly hold a place in the temple of Victory as distinguished as any general

neral had to boast. Nor could the boldest of the race of Cadwallader be dishonoured by an alliance with the sublime progenitors of these illustrious descendants.

It is painful to observe that the religious zeal of the old Germans was as wild, savage, and *fatal*, as that of the ancient Britons, and that the fanatick ministers of the one answered to the Druids of the other. Both were alike able to persuade, that, “by some ridiculous arts of divination, they could discover the will of the superior beings; and both taught that human sacrifices were the most precious and acceptable offerings to their altars.” The Germanick, like the Druidical temples, were in dark and ancient groves, consecrated by the reverence of succeeding generations. “Their secret gloom, the “imagined residence of an invisible power,” says Gibbon, “by presenting no distinct object “of fear, or worship, impressed the mind with “a still deeper sense of a religious horror.” I am sorry to discover a yet stricter similitude between the Priests of Germany, and the Druids of Wales: the former no less than the latter, we are informed, had been taught by experience the use of every artifice that could preserve and fortify impressions so well suited to their own interest; and it has been finely remarked, that the same ignorance

rance which renders barbarians incapable of conceiving, and of embracing, the useful restraints of law, exposes the naked and unarmed to the blind terrors of superstition. The German priests, improving this favourable temper of their countrymen, even in temporal concerns, which the magistrate could not venture to exercise; and the defects of civil policy, were, sometimes, supplied by the interposition of ecclesiastical authority.

We find, too, that ancient Germany, like ancient Briton, had her bards, whose genius, character, and offices, were extremely alike in one country and in the other. It is not easily to be conceived, says one of Rome's best historians, how this singular order of men, speaking of the German bards, contrived to kindle the enthusiasm of arms and glory in the breasts of their audience. It was in the hour of battle, or in the feast of victory, that they celebrated the glory of heroes of ancient days, the ancestors of those warlike chieftains who listened with transport to the animated strains. The view of arms, of victory, and of danger, heightened the effect of the military song; and the passions which it tended to excite, the desire of fame, and the contempt of death, were the habitual sentiments of a German mind.

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We may easily suppose, that with the help of a glowing imagination, which was not wanting, the audience imputed to the bards of Germany all the power which poesy herself has, in some of her noblest flights, attributed to the bards of Wales.—

“ Cadwallo's tongue
That hush'd the stormy main,
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud cap head.”

Nor have the Princes of Germany degenerated from their ancestry, none of whom have higher claims on the love of the people, or the eulogy of the modern bards, than the amiable and youthful monarch, who now fills the imperial throne. Of his warlike achievements, during the present campaign, the trump of fame has sufficiently informed you; but there is a trait of his *heart* in private and domestick life, which I receive from the most unquestionable authority, and which will endear him to you more than a thousand victories.

Joseph the second, who was an economist, left to Leopold, who did not live long enough, after he became Emperor, to dissipate them, an unincumbered diadem and immense treasures. These all concentrated in the present Emperor, to whom was bequeathed the disposal of them so unconditionally,

unconditionally, that the Dowager Empress his mother was, in a manner, rather a dependent on his bounty, than possessed of powers in herself to claim as widow, wife, and mother. No sooner did the youth find himself thus dangerously placed, than he resolved to put it out of his own power to act unbecoming the son of an Empress and Queen. Convening, therefore, his court and council, he appropriated an early day for his coronation, or rather nomination to the emperorship—the regular ceremony being performed long after at Frankfort,—and he intreated the honour that the Queen Dowager would assist at it. The assembly was brilliant, the young monarch rose in the midst of it, and holding in his hand a scroll, thus addressed himself to his ministers, in the presence of thousands of his subjects :—“ I perceive a passage of great importance is omitted in the will of my royal father. No suitable, independent provision has been made for my beloved and imperial mother. The long tried virtues of that noble lady, the tender confidence and domestick love, in which she lived with my father, convince me, that it never could have been intended, that so good a wife, so kind a parent, and so excellent a woman, could be left in a state of dependence on her son. Much more likely is it that the son should have been bequeathed to the commands, indulgence, and

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management of his mother. Or if it *was* intended that the son should *receive* the whole revenues of the empire, it could only be in confidence that he would act as her agent, and see that her private, her natural, and proper rights were paid into her coffers with the least care and inconvenience to herself.

“ In the latter case, I hope I should be found, throughout my reign, a faithful steward of my dear parent and of the people; and, supposing, for a moment, this case a possible one, I cannot be insensible to the exalted affection and esteem the late Emperor and King must have had for me, that he could, after his death, confide the fortunes of such a wife to the trust of his son. But human nature is so frail, and the trust is so awful, that I tremble while I possess it; and cannot, indeed be easy, till I have disburthened myself of the weight it imposes. To this end, my loving friends, ministers and subjects, I have herein bound myself by an instrument of the last solemnity, to become responsible in a yearly sum suited to her rank although inferior to her deservings. And I have, as nearly as may be, made this disposition from my private funds, and from sources the least likely to infringe on, or to affect, the treasures of the state, which I hold in trust *also*,—for the honour of my empire, and the prosperity of Austria; yet I consider

sider myself as called upon by my subjects to explain, account for, and justify every expenditure, before I make an arrangement in favour of any part of my own family: But I feel at the same time, that it is an act of duty and justice on my part, which will be crowned by the sanction of all my people.

“ Here then, madam,”—continued the royal youth, dropping on his knee as he descended from his throne, and presenting the scroll—“ here is the deed by which I relieve myself from an insupportable burthen,—the idea of your majesty’s becoming the victim of a son’s weakness, indiscretion, or ingratitude: and you will find that I have, by the same act, taken the liberty to appoint you the guardian of my youth, in all that can properly be called, if any thing can, my *private fortunes*. I retain in my hand the *publick treasures*, because the weight of them would, from the multiplicity of demands, be attended with fatigue to you; but I shall not fail, from time to time, as exigencies may arise, to derive benefit, in their application, from your known wisdom, goodness of heart and judgment, and your love of the empire.”

With regard to the publick one might very reasonably expect from such an outset, what has happened in the progress of the reign of this

monarch.—We were prepared for his having almost emptied the coffers of his private property, and almost stripped his palace of his furniture, many of its necessaries, and all its luxuries, before he invited the assistance of his people to carry on this unparalleled war, for their sake, for his own, and for that of human kind! It is a literal fact, that he sent all his gold and silver services of plate to the mint; now he contents himself with common porcelain. Should the *invasion of the rights of men* continue, he will, probably, be reduced to earthen ware. And to shew that his spirit in the field is equal to his generous sacrifices at home, he left a beloved wife, in the most affecting crisis of a woman's life, to be the first in danger as in honour. He is now only in the twenty-fourth year of his age.—Surely nothing but a Carmagnol could wish to shorten the life of such a monarch, or of such a man! But the *name* of King includes tyranny it seems; and every head “that wears a crown,” according to the new system, deserves to lose it! The rule does not admit of an exception. Notwithstanding which, I shall hazard the *treason* to wish that the present Emperor of Germany, the present King of Great-Britain, and of every other Prince *like unto them*, may survive, not only the malicious plots of their enemies, whether secret, or avowed, but the *enemies themselves*! And, I trust, I should have firmness and loyalty enough

enough to breathe this wish ! this prayer ! though it should bring me to the edge of that instrument, which, for a similar offence, has immolated such hecatombs of victims !

Yet there are, amongst the subjects even of this beloved Sovereign, many thousands of persons who would aid and abet these extirpations of royalty, in planting a dagger in his heart !—The Brabançons, the people of Liege, and many large bodies of the *higher*, as well as *lower* parts of the empire, conceal their treason in applause, and their discontent in flattery ; but lie in wait for an occasion, like the folded serpent in the grass, to sting the bosom that nourishes, and arrest the arm which defends them. This is so true, that in Germany, as in other parts of the world, the foe *within our gates*, and even our familiar friends, who can smile upon their master and be villains, are more to be dreaded than the external enemy. Against the open violence of the latter we can guard, and force may be opposed to force ; but, from the insidious machinations of the first, the hour of confidence may be that of treachery, and the moment of apparent endearment may mingle poisons, wounds, and death with embraces.

Amidst so much unnatural conduct in different parts of the world, it is as *refreshing* as rare to meet with an instance of loyalty, in *any* part of it. Such was the splendid and spirited offer of the little town or rather village of Broek in North Holland, whose beauties and singularities I gave in a former letter. The inhabitants of this place sent word to the Stadtholder and the States General, that if either the armies, or the treasuries of the provinces, wanted assistance, the patriot gift of twenty or thirty tons of silver, and five or ten of gold, should not be wanting. —But, alas!—on the per contra side of this solitary fact, what a long list of murmurs, rebellions, massacres, and of treasons, might not be set down, even in the span of earth and water that appertains to the Dutch!—to go no farther. And though the last revolution threw *them* fifty years behind hand in wealth and credit, and an hundred in felicity, and cost them thirty-two millions of florins besides, they are *bursting ripe for another revolution!*—Adieu.

LETTER LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Cologne.

WE have now given a general account of Westphalia, as well as of Holland and Guelderland.

“ Tried what the open, what the coverts yield.”

From Cleves, Wezel, Emeric, or any of the port towns, right to left, you may bend your way to Spa, Chaud Fontaine, Aix la Chapelle, or any other place which fashion, the arts of men, and the streams of nature, have made popular; but of which the description, the virtues, &c. are as familiar as the springs of Islington. From hence, also, your path lies easy and direct by water or by land, to all the *other* parts of Germany, including its dependent circles. From this town of Cologne, the *world* is all before you. To this ancient and imperial place you may come even from Rotterdam by boats of business or of pleasure, along two of the noblest rivers in Europe, the Meuse and the Rhine; the delicious course of which I should certainly describe more particularly, and indeed have ample materials to this

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end,

end, but that, since I collected them, a work has fallen into my hands which I recommend to yours, because it is written with elegance and truth; and because it may now be perused with pleasure by *all* my readers, as I am informed a good translation of it has just made its appearance in England. It has for title, in the original, "*Voyage sur le Rhin, depuis Mayence jusqu'à Duffeldorf,*"—a voyage or journey by the banks of the Rhine, from Mayence to Duffeldorf.

But although this ample tract of land and water lies, as I said, before you, it is not *now* either an easy or an eligible path; for "storms and desolations rest upon it." At the time I paid it my earliest visit, you could not take a direction amidst a thousand routes, that did not present even *more*, than the ingenious work just mentioned has spoken to, of every *agrément* a traveller can desire; but now—in short, my loved friend, the charm is dissolved,—I have strayed with you amongst fragrance and fertility, and pursued the devious walk till we have literally

"—Wander'd into a sea of blood!"

Forgive me. I own it was a stratagem, but done in kindness. I wished, as long as possible, to make you forget and to keep you from these
confiners

confines of "sin and death," to which we were approaching :

"Veil'd in a show'r of shadowing roses." *

You have hitherto, scarcely perceived that all along I have been conducting you to the very scenes of action, where even at this moment, "the battle bleeds in every vein."

"Hark ! heard ye not yon giant tread ?

"Heard ye not yon footsteps dread ?

"'Tis War !" †

I need not inform you, dear friend, who have ever a clue to my wanderings, that soon after your receipt of my last, I in a manner escaped to England, and during my very short stay there, sent you an † history of my sensations ; but no sooner, as you know, had I refreshed my spirit at the sight of so much peace and plenty, gratified my heart by the transient view of some who were dear to me at home, and heard of some important successes abroad, than I followed once more the bent of my "truant disposition," and revisited the scenes from which I had been driven : It was as you recollect in the midst of a month that would soon have ripened all the fruits of the

* Thomson.

† Mason.

‡ The history here alluded to, is that which appears in the introduction, what the Author has called Gleanings at Home.

earth,

earth, and made "the heart of the husbandman sing for joy," had not his hopes been destroyed, torn up by the roots and trampled under the foot of the merciless enemy. I repassed all my ancient paths, and to a certain distance found some traces of the lovely scenery I had left, and which I have already gleaned for you. I advanced a little, and soon came to the *extreme edge of peace*. Words, were they written by Shakspeare's pen, could not duly describe the change which had taken place in the space of an hundred yards farther, measuring from the spot from *whence* peace, plenty, and nature, seemed to have taken flight, as if, like other terrified emigrants, they had sought protection in our Queen of Isles.

A small arm of the Rhine separated me from a territory that had, some few weeks before, been the scene of an action, which, though short, had been bloody. I passed over,—and the rest of the river for many a league, blushed to the fancy like the Rubicon. The earth for several miles gave note of what had been doing in the absence of the Author. An harvest, alas, of the sword instead of the scythe had been made; and whole ranks of human creatures, as well as the grass and the corn, had been mown down,—an iron harvest!—Flocks and herds had been so effectually driven away, or destroyed, that although it was celebrated as a country
for

for the choicest cattle, and I had so often seen them cover the banks, neither the lowe of an * heifer, nor

* By way of shewing you how these worthy gentlemen who are said to be fighting for the liberties of mankind, *then* conducted themselves, when they *took possession of other people's property*; I here send you a correct copy of one of their edicts, issued on the day after their entering Prussian Guelderland, even when they came as friends, on a visit of *confraternity*.

Au nom de la Republique Françoisé !

Il est ordonné aux administrateurs, treforiers, et receveurs quelconques, des droits, et impositions dans le Gueldre Prussienne, &c. de ne verser leurs recettes, qu'entre les mains des personnes commises par leur différentes communautés; à l'effet de faire le levée des contributions imposées au nom de la Republique Françoisé jusqu'à parfait et entier payement.

Il est aussi expressement defendu de faire sortir des dites provinces aucune bestiaux, vivres, ou fourrages avant d'avoir satisfait aux engagements qu'elles ont contractées vis à vis de la Republique Françoisé, sous peine d'encourir sa disgrâce, et d'être traité comme ses ennemis.

Le General commandant l'avant garde de l'armé du Nord,

(Signé)

LE MARLIERE.

Au Quartier General à Ruremonde, le 23^{me} Decembre 1792, l'année premiere de la Republique.

TRANSLATION.

In the name of the French Republick !

This is to give notice, that all administrators, treasurers, stewards, agents, &c. whatsoever, in Prussian Guelderland, shall not give any receipts or pay any money, except into the hands of the commissioners appointed and authorised on the part of the French Republick, until the whole contribution be paid, as ordered by General La Maliere.

And

nor the bleat of a lamb was to be heard. A few sad birds, in melancholy notes, chanted a funeral dirge over their ruined bowers and thickets, most of which had been "hewn down and cast into the fire." In one of these groves, being at a walking distance from the neighbouring town where I made one of my pauses of observance, I had in a former visit been at some pains to form a seat of fresh fods, to discipline the foliage on either side, and canopy the branches above, chiefly because it was in the neighbourhood of two or three nightingales, who sang their sorrows to each other, and because a stockdove had built in the back ground. And it had the farther *agrément* of a brook, that after an hundred fantastick mazes,

And it is by virtue of the said authority, strictly forbidden to let any manner of provisions, beasts, or forage, go out of the said provinces until the said engagements with the Republic of France are fulfilled, upon pain of incurring its disgrace, and of being treated as its enemy!

So much for French brotherhood.

In the very little village of Swoegen, consisting of half a dozen poor farms and a few cottages, was a levy (besides their quota of the provisions) of 1500 florins.

In that of Mierlo, not much larger, 2000 florins.

In other parts of Prussian Guelderland, 200,000 florins.

Forage, 100,000 florins.

Besides eating, and drinking, during the possession of the country.

N. B. Most of the beautiful trees, walks, shrubberies, &c. destroyed by way of frolick, as these honest patriots amused themselves during the *leisure of victory*.

amongst

amongst the meadows and fields adjacent, took its course along the underwood, through which I could see it stream as I sat, and could besides hear it dispute and struggle with the impediments it found in its way. Of these it complained so gently, as very well to associate with the notes of my dove and nightingales. Although I had thrown the arching of my alcove, as far forward, cave like, as I could, with a design to exclude too obtrusive a visit of the sun, and of the world, I could observe at the openings of the oak branches part of a fine field of springing corn, and catch a glimpse of some steeples on the one hand, and several farm-houses and cottages on the other: so that the *tout-ensemble*, you will conceive, afforded to a man of poetry and peace all his heart could desire. In this retreat I had passed many a sun-setting, and not seldom a sun-rising hour. I returned to lament the change. All that side of the grove which screened and furnished branches for my alcove, was cut away by a sanguine banditti, who came *sword in hand*, into these environs. The hand of wantonness had hacked off with the sabre whole nurseries of firs and poplars. Most of the houses had been burnt down, and the wretched inhabitants plundered of all their little stores. Some were dead of wounds, some of grief, the rest wandered about the world in search of the very few, who, with the disposition, have the power of benevolence.

The

The fields which I left so full of vernal promise were despoiled ; not an handful of grain remained for a *gleaner*, who was now literally left to pick his scanty subsistence amidst thorns and briars. And though the steeples of some churches were yet to be seen, they could be viewed only as the monuments of that dreadful sacrilege which had been committed within. I entered one of these, and found it had, in real and dreadful truth, been turned into a den of thieves. The altars were broken down, and the fragments stained with the blood of its ministers ; the ruthless soldiery had converted the most holy places into the most obscene ; indecent allusions and impious mottos were penciled on the windows, doors, and even on the faintest reliques ; and the images of the Redeemer were demolished, with every mark of mockery and scorn *. Several
tombs

* In my Cambrian communications, I forgot to mention, and, indeed, it will come in better at this place, that when I was at Bangor, the Warder of the cathedral of that episcopal city told me, that one of its ancient bishops was struck blind by a thunderbolt from heaven, for the sacrilegious act of selling the bells. The consternation of the Warder, on recounting this as we stood discoursing under the belfry, could scarcely have been exceeded, had the thunderbolt fallen on his own head. What would this honest son of simplicity have concluded, had I been then able to inform him, that the French were cutting off the heads, and mangling the limbs, of *their* bishops, not for selling the revenues of the church, but for daring to assist at, and administer divine worship, for attachment to their King,
for

tombs were torn open, and the "canonised bones," which had been deposited for centuries, were hung round the pulpit, and the ruins of the altar-piece.

The habitations were in the same dismantled state; all the valuables that were portable had been carried off in waggons, tumbled into the heap of promiscuous plunder, and nothing remained but the *wreck* of the fixtures, and the miserable proprietors who had escaped the pillagers, mourning, or famishing over them. One sweetly rustick abode, that I had, the preceding year, *distinguished* as the dearest residence of a numerous, humble, yet not indigent family;

for believing in a Saviour of the world, and for not turning apostate to their God? nay, furthermore, that they condemned the holy men, most eminent for talents and piety, to the stake, the cannon, the musquet, or the guillotine; and, lastly, that so far from sparing the bells on account of their sanctity, that they convert them into instruments of murder—the murder of the best priests, the best citizens, and the best men! And, by way of closing the climax of sacrilege, were I to observe that a number of these citizens finding themselves sicken from the vapours of the charcoal, and the putrid stench of the dead bodies, which they were turning out of the coffins, that the lead thereof might be made into bullets and balls,—would not the poor man, with a better reason than superstition has to offer, conclude that the poisonous nausea thus seizing them, was a signal mark of divine judgment? Before the æra of liberty, Frenchmen would have considered it in that light likewise.

the

the proofs of whose industry and content I had seen shine in every plate, glass, table, chair, and cupboard, and where I had been accustomed to see a groupe of healthy and happy faces, was become a general ruin. The father was marked down, by some of his base townsmen, as an avowed lover of his country; and had, on a late exigence, joined some of his neighbours to make head against a party of foragers, who would have driven off the herds and flocks. This was so foul a crime in the eyes of the French, that they cut off the head of the tree, and mangled several of the branches. The very boards and bricks of the rooms were torn up. I ran over the house with horror. I passed through three of the apartments, without meeting one consolatory object. I began to fear every vestige of humanity had been destroyed by these its *sworn exterminators*, when, coming to the broken stair-case, I heard a voice which had often welcomed me. I ascended, and saw the wretched remnants of this once joyful family crouded into the only chamber that remained habitable—two half-grown boys, an old woman, and the young daughter who had spoken to me. On comparing their present with their past state, the latter opened on my mind new ideas of human vicissitude. I instantly called to my remembrance that the last time I had seen these very persons, the first two objects were

were sporting on the green before their door, in all the glee of body and of soul. The old woman and her husband were sitting on a bench, environed with honeysuckles that twisted, self-bent, into a natural canopy, and the daughter was "leaning, half-raised," on the flowery ground, at the feet of her parents, and laughing at the antics of her two brothers.

Why should I paint to you the dire reverse ! Alas ! the reverse goes almost out of the reach even of *imagination*. It is not easy to suppose the ravagers *could*, in so short a space of time, change *every happy circumstance to its bitterest opposite* ; that they could turn, for instance, plenty into famine, health to disease, and a contented mind to an agonized, broken spirit ! Yet all this had been done *by the sons of liberty*, who too truly put their threats in execution, of *carrying misery and death* into every place they visited.

As to my poor nightingales and stockdove, though they had more cause than ever to lament that terror, which, in conventional language, is *the order of the day*, had sent them to mourn prematurely in other lands :

" ————— The very spot,

" Where many a time the carrol'd, was forgot."

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For

For the little thicket, which had been their leafy sanctuary, was burnt up by these glorious freebooters—because, forsooth, the proprietor was wicked enough to attempt saving himself and family by flight, when he heard that a party of patriots were likely to invade his village, and the guilty wretch was another traitor, who had unfortunately distinguished himself, on a former occasion, as a lover of his country. Nothing, in short, remained of the various innocent and interesting objects my heart had appreciated, but a fragment of the brook, part of which had been destroyed in the fury of extirpating the thicket; and from the broken gaps the water had worked its way into an opposite current to the left, where, in forming a junction of sounds, it seemed to lament the general ruin. But, God knows, the surrounding calamities required no aids from fancy. On the contrary, in this poor suffering little town, and its environs, there actually happened such horrors as Fancy, when most disposed to excite terror, her strongest attribute, never formed. Dreadful beyond imagination was a fact which these inhuman republicans perpetrated on the sucking infant of the hapless fugitive last mentioned. He had information that the enemy would be at Kreutznach in a few hours, and being told that he would certainly be amongst the proscribed, on account of the active part he had

had taken, when a party of peasants bravely defended their all against a former horde, he followed the impulse of a panick-struck moment, and filled his two carts, the one with his family, the other with his moveable effects, in order to send them away to a brother farmer's, where they could find a promised protection. He followed his little household with an aching, yet comforted heart; but hearing the sound of the enemy's guns in the road they were to take, and supposing the route had been changed, he returned to his cottage, and had hope that the plunderers would pursue another plan. Alas, this was a flattering expectation. The patriots had heard that a detachment of Prussians were still in Kreutznach; but learning soon after, from a scout, that they had marched out of the village the preceding evening, the patriots silently made their way into the heart of the town before it was suspected they were in the neighbourhood; for it was late in the night, or rather early in the morning, and the peaceful, harmless inhabitants were in their beds. You will better judge of the confusion than I can describe it. The peasant sacrificed the dead, to save the living; and taking his wife in one hand, and his children, linked arm in arm, in the other, the suckling lying on its mother's breast, he left his dwelling with a hope of still gaining the

s 2

asylum.

asylum. A patriot *countryman* and neighbour, however, with whom he had often disputed on the subject of his principles, noticed his departure, and conducted the sanguine enemy into the path he had taken. They lingered about till the dawn, which, alas, broke too soon for the fugitives; who, on hearing the voice of their menacing pursuers, had plunged into a wood to the left; but the crying of their own child betrayed them. The barbarians rushed into the wood, where, spreading themselves, they overtook the female part of the wanderers; whom the poor peasant had quitted for the moment to explore a track that he conceived might lead them to a small hamlet on the left; and which, consisting only of a few scattered huts that stood on the skirts of the forest, might still preserve his family. Meantime, they were seated, as he thought, in so secure a recess, that the "dogs of war," though in full cry, could not harm them during his absence. He was mistaken. The blood-hounds discovered their haunt, and, seizing the trembling mother, they tore the babe from her breast, and striking off its head, threw the bloody gift into her lap, as a *present to her husband*, dreadfully swearing, at the same time, that if she did not persuade him to return, and solicit pardon for his past offences against the *French Republick*, that her own head, and that of every other

other child, should answer it ! They left her for other mischief. Cruel as it is, my friend, you are impatient for the sequel of this bloody adventure, which I received, nearly as I relate it, from the mouth of the desolate wife.

On the return of her husband, guess, if you can, his sensations—the bleeding head of his youngest infant, the lifeless trunk of its little body, the agonised mother, the no less shocking prospect of the remainder of them, all before him ! Let your beating heart have rest, however, as to the remainder of this poor family. After the Carmagnols had past some hours in the ravage of Kreutznach, and, in raising such exactions as left famine to finish what the sword had begun, the approach of the Prussians compelled the enemy to evacuate the town, and the peasants returned—they returned indeed to an heap of ruins : where

“ Once the garden smil’d,”

and where I had so lately seen, with delighted eyes, all that the sweetest poetry has ever fancied or described,

“ Those calm desires that ask but little room,

“ Those healthful sports that grac’d the peaceful scene,

“ Liv’d in each look, and brighten’d all the green.”

I generally carry with me a small edition of the author of these verses; an author who was one of the earliest friends of my youth, and whom my youthful muse sincerely lamented. His exquisite poems, and the Seasons of Thomson, are amongst the dearest of my travelling equipage. On my word of honour, I feel a gratitude, a respect, an affection, nay, a *passion of the heart* for every leaf; for with how many charming ideas have they filled it, when my own thoughts were comfortless and sad? And, during the summer months, though I know almost every passage by rote, I have one or the other of these *glories of our ingenious isle*, in my hand.

“ In all my wand’rings round this world of care,”

they appear to be partakers of my pilgrimage. I thus seem to be in the company of two of my most illustrious countrymen, and when I peruse their pages, I seem but to repeat their conversation.

But never did I think I should be a dweller upon earth, when almost every beauty and innocence of nature that each has so sweetly sung, should be cut down for so many leagues together, and left by the cruel spoilers to clot and wither in human gore! Still less did I suppose I should so often have occasion to *apply*
or

or to *contrast* so many of their passages. Had the author of the "Deserted Village" lived in these times, and wandered, like me, over the places which the enemy of mankind have overrun, all the distress of that poem, which bewailed, in some measure, an imaginary, or, at least, a partial evil, would quit its objects, to lament others, a thousand fold more to be deplored. To see

"The rural virtues leave the land,"

as an effect of that luxury, which

"Indignant spurns the cottage from the green."

And while

"Trade's unfeeling train

"Usurp the land and dispossess the swain."

And still further to observe

"Contented toil, and hospitable care,

"And kind connubial tenderness,——

"And piety, with wishes plac'd above,

"And steady loyalty, and faithful love,

"Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand,"

is a melancholy sight, and worthy to be mourned by the muse of Goldsmith. But while the poor exiles took with them many of their dearest consolations,

"The good old fire that first prepar'd to go,

"The lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears;"

And while the fond mother could

“ —Kiss her thoughtless babes with many a tear,

“ And clasp them close in sorrow doubly dear :”

Their passage to

“ New found worlds, beyond the western main,”

and all their destiny is bliss, compared with the execrable deeds which have been heaped on the head of the inhabitants of the countries that border on, or rather comprehend, the theatre of the present war.

And in fine, when I left one desolated place, in the hope of gaining more repose, and seeing less sorrow in another, it was, generally speaking, but going from bad to worse! An irregular and still disappointed tour which included most of the towns and villages in the neighbourhood of the Saar, the Sambre, the Moselle, the Zorn, the Meuse, and the Lower Rhine,—in those branches which stretch along the frontiers, in different directions;—comprehending, one way, an excursion from Coblenz to the Duchy of Deux Ponts—from Louvain to Givet another, from Binche to Bouchain a third, and so on, till I returned, like an hunted hare, to the place from whence I set out, presented me with nothing but

“ A bitter

“ A bitter change, severer for severe !” *

I have followed the *victorious* in their burning pursuit of the flying enemy, even when my way has been sometimes impeded by the bleeding bodies, and mangled limbs of the *vanquished* ! Unable from wounded feelings to proceed, I have returned to the spots where the action began, and there seen the horror, desolation, and famine by which even *conquest* has been gained. Even on the day when such conquest has filled the dismantled, and half depopulated streets of the rescued town with the shout of victors—when solemn *Te Deums* have been appointed to be sung in all places of publick worship, I have beheld that mass of private misery which is frequently no less the companion of victory than the attendant of defeat—the shriek of the widow, the orphan, and the childless parent were still nearly the same.

Had my poor friend Goldsmith survived to witness them, how much more reason would he have had to exclaim, while on *one day* he heard or saw in *several* villages, not inferior to his Auburn :

“ The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 “ The sober herd that low’d to meet their young,
 “ The noisy geese that gabbled o’er the pool,
 “ The playful children just let loose from school,

* Young.

“ The

“ The watch dog’s voice that bay’d the whisp’ring wind,
 “ And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :”

What additions I say, my dear friend, would have been given to his reasons of complaint, were he to have been an auditor and spectator of these objects on one day, and, on the very next, perhaps, to find the swain ruined or murdered, the milk-maid violated, the herd driven into the enemy’s camp, the children deprived of a father, and the whole country destroyed! Had the subject of his pen been only the sanguinary annals of a *few hours’* depredation, in the village of Dudelange *, a small place in the disastrous province of Luxembourg, where decrepid old men, sick persons, women labouring with child, babes at the breast, or in the cradle, became the indiscriminate victims of these monsters; had he seen the lives of those miserable beings taken away, by absolutely *innovations in cruelty*, and attested the wanton iniquity of tearing up the young and tender crops which their industry

* Or of Chimay, a sweet little village upon the beauteous river Blanch, between the picturesque forests of Thierach and Fagne, in the fine county of Hainault. But, for many ages, the demon of war has ravaged the charms of Chimay.—Wholly however to extirpate them, to turn the town and the environs into the tomb of their harmless inhabitants, of the proprietors, and their property, was reserved for the French Republicans !

had

had sown, he would *indeed* have had reason to exclaim,

- " Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
- " Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn;
- " Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
- " And desolation saddens all thy green;
- " And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
- " Far, far away thy children leave the land !"

But it is far beyond the reach even of * Goldsmith's

* Enthusiast as I am to the energy of his muse, and dearly as I love the memory of the man, with whom I have passed so many happy hours, when life and poetry were young to me, and consequently when both were more full of charms, I must acknowledge that even when I have, in the course of this last journey amongst the ruins of humanity, applied the choicest language from the muse of my deceased friend to deplore that I saw so many proofs of a tyrant's power, I have felt that language too feeble for the occasion.

And when in surveying the wreck of some spot that once realised the flights of his happiest fancy, I have exclaimed :

- " Here as I take my solitary rounds,
- " Amidst the tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
- " And *not a year elapsed*, return to view
- " Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
- " Here as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
- " Trace every scene and wonder at the change,
- " Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
- " Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain."

Even this have I found a faint though beautiful picture of the facts.—I do not recommend any man to make the same experiment,

smith's poetry to offer an adequate description of atrocities, of plunder, sword, and fire, which throw into shadow the utmost barbarity of the Goths and Vandals.

And the evil is still growing, still extending its horrors. Though I have at length turned from them, the memory of the past is never to be erased; the present is full of apprehension; and the miseries of the future cannot be calculated. Remote as is now this peaceful place from the immediate scenes of action, it shields me not from a thousand dreadful sights of the wounded and the desolate. Two waggons loaded with the former this morning passed my window, and an equal

ment, but if the sober-headed or cold-hearted reasoner who has read the effusions of a warm imagination, and given to human calamities a stronger pathos, and a deeper colour than the critick in his elbow chair supposes *can* belong thereto, a journey to these scenes of private grief and publick misery would soon convince him, that we live in a world in some parts of which there are daily, perhaps hourly, happening distresses far too poignant for the pen or the pencil; though Rubens were to hold the one, and Shakspeare the other: and indeed, that much of what has been condemned as romance, is but an underwritten or under-painted history of circumstances in real life. But, after all, it is wrong in me to set down such condemnation to a cold heart or head.—These will never be amongst the defects imputed to the Author, and yet had he not been an eye-witness to the different calamities described in these volumes, he must have attributed some of these calamities, had they been represented by any other person, to the work of fiction.

number

number are expected to-morrow. If you ask me why I threw myself so much in the way of scenes like these, so foreign, so repugnant to every feeling of my soul? why I remained in their view so long? I can only answer that, in the first instance, I went to revisit places and people which had once given me pleasure, and I desired to share their pain, in a reverse of fortune; secondly, when once involved, it was not easy to disentangle my steps; and lastly, I lost myself in the bloody mazes!

L E T T E R LXX.

TO THE SAME.

Valenciennes.

How often in surveying these horrible wrecks of human affairs, have I reiterated that apostrophe, which you did me the honour so much to approve on the first publication of a work, whose chief design was to paint the miseries of war in general, and of civil war in particular. You will accept one passage, which came to my mind many times in the course of these military ruminations amongst surrounding scenes of death, of havock and of ruin.

“ Ah

“ * Ah earth thou common parent—thou whose nourishing bosom furnishes to all the children of content that will cultivate thy kindness; how art thou made the object of sanguinary ambition! Into what ridiculous portions of ideal property art thou cut out, quarrelled and contended for! How often does the bounteous sun that shines upon thy surface to expand the grain and to cherish thy various productions, leave thy verdant mantle dipt in gore?

“ O peace, thou image of divinity itself—descend upon that earth from whence the mistakes of altercating relations have so long affrighted thee. Subdue, gentle power, the fierce soul of rebellion. I call upon thee in the names of nature, reason, humanity and justice.—I call upon thee in the name of nature’s God!”

But lest, my loved friend, you should deem this in some measure the rhapsody of a poetical mind, strongly moved by the sad scenery that environs it at this moment, when I am in the midst of the horrors that have been produced by conflagration, famine, sorrow, desolation, despair, and all the evils of war; suffer me to call in the support of one, who, though he was writing in a well secured city, in times of profound peace and publick prosperity, at least when

* Emma Corbett.

the

the rumours of war could reach him, but by a medium long after the mischief apprehended, and who, though he reasoned as a politician and philosopher, felt as a man. "War" says he, "is the last of all remedies, *cuncta prius tentanda* : all lawful expedients must be used to avoid it. 'Tis wonderful with what coolness and indifference the greater part of mankind see war commenced. Those that hear of it at a distance, or read of it in books, but have never presented its evils to their minds" (much more those, let me add, that write as I do now on the polluted spots where those evils have just happened) "consider it as little more than a splendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some, indeed, they allow must perish, perhaps, some of their dearest friends, in the most successful field; but then they died upon the bed of honour, resign their lives amidst the joys of conquests, and filled with glory, smile in death.

"But war has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and tens of thousands that have perished in the late contests a very small part ever felt the stroke of the enemy; the rest languished in tents and towns, or places of refuge amidst damps and putrefaction: pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless; gasping and groaning; unpitied, amongst

amongst men, made obdurate by the continuance of hopeless misery, and many of which must, at last, die without notice and without remembrance. Of that number are multitudes now lingering or agonizing in the hospitals which I have visited with a very aching heart. If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit, and after bleeding in the battle grew rich by the victory, he might shew even his gains without envy; but at the conclusion of a ten years' war how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes, and the expence of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors, and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations."

All this is unquestionably true of war in general, and no less certainly founded in fact is the exception which has been made; that as there are diseases in animal nature which nothing but amputation can remove, so there is, by the depravation of human passions, sometimes a gangrene in human societies for which fire and sword are the necessary remedies. That the force collected against France is of this sort, I think there are few, even of those who wished a reform, and silently approved the primary measures taken towards it, but must acknowledge; at the same time that they must

must applaud the caution that with-held the British empire from joining in the dreadful operations while there were yet room for gentler methods. Never, perhaps, in the annals of history was there a crisis at which Bolingbroke's remark could be so apposite, as that at which we have now arrived; "If ever," says he, "a test for the trial of spirits can be necessary, it is *now*: if ever those of real liberty and clamorous faction ought to be distinguished from each other, it is *now*: if ever it is incumbent on nations to know what truth is, and to follow it, it is *now*. If we do not take advantage of the standing water of faction, the tide will soon turn one way or the other, and carry *all before it*. A people," says his lordship, "who will maintain their liberties, far from jogging on silently and tamely like the ass between two burthens, must preserve some of the fierceness of the lion, and even make their roar to be heard like his, whenever they are injured, or so much as threatened;" but to shew that he does not in this observation mean to recommend that disloyal seditious spirit which creates a perpetual scene of tumult and disorder, and exposes the state to dangerous and often fatal convulsions, he confesses that a spirit of faction may destroy a free constitution, though founded on

"The noblest basis

"Our rights, our natural inheritance."

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But

But that a spirit of real liberty never can; and lest we should imagine that such a spirit is inconsistent with the loyalty we owe our sovereign, or chief ruler, by what ever name his supremacy is distinguished, he remarks, "that in every kind of government some powers *must* be lodged in particular men, for the good order and preservation of the whole community. Nothing can be more clear than that the lines which circumscribe the powers, are the bounds of separation between the prerogatives of the Prince, or other magistrate, and the privileges of the people. We hence infer that every step which the prince or magistrate makes beyond these bounds is an encroachment on liberty, and every attempt towards making such a step is a danger on liberty; but if it is righteous to draw the sword against tyrants who endanger this liberty, it is not less so to unsheath it against traitors who cover the crimes of rebellion and regicide under the mask of patriotism."

Notwithstanding which we must deeply regret the dire necessity of man thus preying upon man, and shudder to reflect that there are really those amongst us meriting the censure which an excellent writer has past on them—"Wretches who without virtue, labour, or hazard, while incommodious encampments, and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless, and enterprize
is

is impracticable, are silently dispeopling fleets and sluggishly melting away armies, are growing rich as their country is impoverished; who rejoice when obstinacy or ambition adds another year to slaughter and devastation; who laugh from their desks at bravery and science, while they are adding figure to figure, and cypher to cypher, hoping for a new contract, for a new armament, and computing the profits of a siege or a tempest."

LETTER LXXI.

TO THE SAME.

"**L**IBERTY," says my Lord Bolingbroke, "is a tender plant which will not flourish unless the genius of the soil be proper to it." Notwithstanding it has been watered with human blood, and manured by human bodies, great must be the reform of the present system, ere I can be persuaded, my friend, that France is that genial soil. The state of, and the late transactions in, that miserable country, cannot be thought of, without lessening the dignity of the human species; for comparing

* At the all-devouring moment in which this letter was written. GREAT, it must be confessed, has the reform been since the reign of Robespierre, *now* abhorred alike by the English and French nations.

what once was that kingdom, with what it is, one cannot help associating with the godlike attributes of man, a capacity of exhibiting and triumphing in qualities so Satanick that the arch foe of mankind might blush to avow them.

Yet a day is to come when the historian must detail the particulars of the French Revolution. The fugitive accounts of the temporary, or diurnal writers,—those “*brief* chroniclers of the times,”—must be collected, by some great and impartial pen for the information of posterity. What a soul-affrighting mass of materials! If to his literary endowments, the historiographer of these facts should possess the milder and more compassionate feelings of the heart, what agonizing martyrs must those feelings be to the truth! How must his page be stained with the blood of innocents! In every leaf the crimes of an age, committed in a day, are to be recorded! Where shall be found the man whose soul, whatever be his talents, is firm enough to detail them? And after all, he can scarcely hope Posterity should give him credit. The closer he advances to the truth, the less is the probability of his being believed. We are at the present day so accustomed, so familiarised to the history of horrors,—to the massacre of infants in the first, and children in the second state of human beings, then onward to the assassination
of

of bed-ridden age, and to the violation of all places which used once to be most holy,—mothers, offspring, and swaddled babes,—sanctuaries, churches, and sacred altars,—that the tales, which, in the beginning of their atrocities, *literally*,

“ Did harrow up the soul,”

make now a weaker impression even on the breast where pity has a throne.

I heard one of the most tender-hearted of men declare, that the sight of mangled human bodies in the field of battle was disregarded after a month's custom; and we know, that the appearance of an open grave, or of a deceased person carried to it, are almost imperceptible, at least unheeded, objects in a populous city, where funerals are amongst the ordinary occurrences of the day; whereas, in a small village, a coffin, and a tomb, retain their power of interesting and of affecting the minds, even of the gay and the dissolute.

Thus is it in the story of France, polluted as it is with abominations: but when more than a century of interval from these shall arrive,—and such a period must come—the most candid reader will impute some part of the narrative to prejudice, to passion, or to fancy.

Indeed, how can the historian himself expect, or wish succeeding generations should suppose, there had ever entered into the heads, or hearts of their ancestors, those *innovations* in cruelty, as I have before called them,—those *original sins* in the *old age* of a wicked world, that even *now*, we could not believe but that we *know* them to be facts?

It will, nevertheless, be the melancholy, though faithful, office of the historiographer of the French Republick, to state, that, whatever is most repugnant to reason and nature,—most offensive to the laws of man and of God, were the *bad* means to bring about the *best* end in the French nation,—a nation long celebrated for its manly gentleness and polished urbanity, and which was so universally allowed to merit the character given of it by one of its best poets,

“ Where men adore their wives, and woman’s power
 “ Draws reverence from a polish’d people’s softness,
 “ Their husbands equals, and their lovers queens.”

He must reverse this picture, and shew this very people embruing themselves in the life-blood of the sex they idolized,—extending their ferocity towards it beyond the practices of the common murderer. He must instruct children yet unborn, that their parents were capable of violating that religion, the very hem of whose garment had been sacred. For proof of which
 tremendous

tremendous assertion, he must enumerate those plundered churches, demolished altars, and fainted images, which for so many ages were deemed hallowed, even by the most reprobate of tyrants, and most abandoned of the people. To which enormities must be added, the pillage of coffins, and turning out of them the very bones of their forefathers, to convert the materials, with which filial piety had guarded them, into the instruments of a bloody war *upon each other*. To these must succeed the shuddering annals of prisons forced, and their contents, amounting to thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, murdered with more than Druidical barbarity, for refusing to become apostates to their King, their Country, and their God.

You probably remember the prophane spirit of that Letter which Chaumet, one of the members of the convention, read, after his long speech on the liberty of religious worship: If so, you will particularly bear in mind that passage which mentions, that at Nanci every kind of religious worship was abolished; and that every object which could recal religion to the *imagination* was destroyed! This letter was distinguished by the *loudest applauses* of the people!

Shall not the writer, shall not even every lover of liberty, execrate means like these to attain a

reform of abuses, however great and manifold? Reader, of whatever party thou art, consult thy bosom counsellor, and it will induce thee to reprobate such measures, even though they led thee to perfect freedom.

LETTER LXXII.

TO THE SAME.

I FEEL it impossible to pass, without a particular mark of my attention, the assassination of Madame de Lamballe, one of their most illustrious victims ;—the rather, as she was even before the miserable revolution one of those sacrifices which the ribald pamphleteers of France mangled without any just cause.

Besides a personal acquaintance with her myself, from which I am able to assure you of her claim to your respect, on the basis of many very generous actions, I am, also, in friendship with several who were in the habits of intimacy with her both before and since her unfortunate visit to the court of France; and although I cannot say with the Thane of Cawdor, that,

“ She has bought

“ Golden opinions from all sorts of people,”

I can

I can very truly assert, that by many of the wise and good in her own country, and in England, during her residence there, her graceful manners, her general charity, and many other virtues which are held in reverence by the common consent of mankind, will make her death bewailed and her memory respected. Of the private failings which some have been so sedulous to impute to her, since her alliance with her royal and unhappy friend, I cannot pretend to speak; but it may at least be as fair to set all this down to the score of envy, malice, or uncharitableness, as to that of truth. She has often been denied the virtues, of which she was known to be in possession by all those who knew herself; and it is reasonable to suspect such vices may have been attributed, by those who knew her not, the dark shadows of which never passed her fancy or her mind. To be the favourite lady of a Court and of a Queen, of whose favour so many courtiers were jealous; to be pre-eminent for beauty, grace, and talents, are in themselves frequent objects of malice and ill-report, and not less productive of hatred and envy, than of love and admiration; nor less dangerous to the possessor, than to be the favourite minister of a king,—a title to whose kindness, though made out by high and meritorious qualities, with respect to the sovereign who distinguishes and rewards

rewards them, must always become the subject of secret malignancy, or open detraction, with respect to that part of the publick, whose vanity suggests to them, at least an equal share of the same qualities, and who therefore make pretensions to at least equal recompense, and being disappointed, become slanderers of course; and slanderers not only of the said favourites, but of the said kings and queens; for it is a rule in defamation always to abuse those whose merit is better rewarded than the defamer's, and to involve the persons rewarding it in the like censure. And I have often wondered that you, my friend, who have so many attractions, and so many friends ready to acknowledge it, should have had so few enemies, covert or avowed, to dispute your claims. I must confess I am amongst the number of those who regard persons whom "*every body is said to speak well of,*" as suspicious characters: and I have, on nearer approaches, generally found them over-rated, especially for the virtues most lavishly *be-praised*: And by the same principle I always believe, and have as frequently found those people, who have a contrary report from this very officious Mr. Everybody,—who paints his angels and monsters larger than the life,—have few vices but what have been given to them; and that the particular vice most insisted on, is that very vice from which the party accused is most exempt.

Perhaps

Perhaps the truth of a character is between that partial one given by a friend, that inveterate one imputed by a foe, and that insipid neutral one furnished by an indifferent person, that has no interest to abuse, nor any passion or affection to praise. But then where, you will say, shall we look for, where find such a dispassionate reporter, neither influenced by fondness, enmity, nor languor? And if we could find him, would his portraits be agreeable?—even if they were strong likenesses, they would be without the essentials to render them touching. We had better, I believe, yield up the pencil, and ourselves, to friends and enemies;—if the latter give the shades too dark, the former can throw in lights to relieve them;—and if the deadly colouring of the one be too violent and too sombrous, the lovely tinting of the other, and even the flattering touches, which fondness works into the features, will soften away whatever appears too harsh and too heavy.

Applying this to the unhappy lady, who drew forth the remark, I am persuaded she deserves what has been said of her virtues, by her friends, as much as she *could* do what has been asserted of her by her enemies; while both must surely join in lamenting her fate; the particulars of which, blended with some account of her character, are as follow:

Her

Her maiden name was Maria Teresa Louisa of Savoy Carignan. She married Louis Alexander Joseph Stanislaus, of Bourbon, Prince of Lamballe, President of the Council, and a Prince of the Blood. The Princess, who had formed her attachment to the Queen of France in the day of royal prosperity, resolved not to forsake her in the day of distress. A series of invitations from some of the first families in England, who laid a regular siege for her company, yet at last obtained it almost by storm, took her from her friend for a short time. Her reception in London, in the best circles, and at court, reached her affections, and won her gratitude, and pointed out a safe protection from the tempest that began to roll over the house of Bourbon: but none of these had power to hold her from taking her share of peril, and distress at Paris; to which city she returned, where a slight summer friendship would have trembled to approach. She found the unhappy Antoinette, as she expected to find her, surrounded by many insults, many dangers, and hourly in expectation of more. And that such previous knowledge of her august friend's situation was the superior magnet that drew her from the admiration of St. James's, cannot be doubted; since to be partaker of such dangers and insults, she quitted such admiration. In a word, she returned to Paris, while every body
else

else of character, or of no character, were flying from it by stratagem, and by every means possible. The friendship of courts has been a fruitful, and a favourite theme of poetical and commonplace writers, who echo the aspersions of ignorance from one to another. Let that of the Princess de Lamballe for the Queen of France stand on record as a proof that such censures, even if they were admitted to be generally true, have their happy and honourable exceptions. And surely no vicious feeling could have, at such a moment, drawn the one Princess to the other; since there is in guilt that sort of dastardly which induces us to leave and escape from its accomplice in the searching hour of calamity, rather than hasten to receive our share; and, were any wanting, I should add this as a weighty circumstance in evidence of the purity of the principles which united Madame de Lamballe to the Queen.

But even in her prison-house she not only performed the gentle offices of a friend to the Queen;—the general duties of a friend to the indigent were not forgotten. Poverty and sorrow were never sent empty or weeping from this amiable Princess: and her benevolence was, even more than her beauty, the subject of admiration: the people of Paris, in a more especial manner, were the objects of it; and it

was

was by the hands of that very people, in that very city, this illustrious visitor was to die; in a manner that would have been thought by justice itself, too cruel, too shocking, for the vilest criminal that ever disgraced human life, or the laws that protect it.

On the third of that September 1792, which will ever be enrolled in the history of the world, amongst the days that have most disgraced and stained it, this unfortunate and exalted woman who had long been imprisoned in the Hotel de la Force, was disturbed by the ruffians of the Republick, while she was yet on her bed of straw, to leave that dreadful place for another. On her telling them she had no fault to find with her present place of confinement, they rudely answered she must be transferred to the prison of the Abbey, and that she must go without delay; adding that her life depended on her obedience. She then begged of the leader of these ruffians, who was one of the national guard, to step aside with his myrmidons, while she dressed, and that she would attend him. In a few minutes she recalled the officer, who conducted her through the dungeon to the light, the least ray of which that dreadful place excluded. They reached the prison doors, the other side of which they had scarcely gained, when the unhappy princess found reason for preferring
the

the darkness of her subterraneous cell to long-lost day light, which presented her with nothing but an

“ Assembly

“ All made up of villains,”

whose faces, hands, and garments were embrued in blood. The murderers were pursuing their desolations under her eyes. In short, it was in the middle of that tremendous day on which assassination was the most rapacious. Some of the fiercest of these executioners paused from blood to interrogate her, to abuse and to menace. “ Alas,” replied the Princess, “ I have nothing to say ; “ whether I die a few days sooner or later, Sirs, is “ a matter of indifference to me, since I perceive “ that I am devoted ; and I am prepared for death.” She was then hurried to the tribunal, where the president, being told she refused to answer questions, exclaimed, “ Away with her to the Abbey.” This was a signal for all that was to follow, and her executioners did not suffer it to escape. Scarcely had she passed the first street ere they struck their august victim several times on the back part of the head, with a sabre, which was covered with blood—the blood of so many kings and heroes. Two wretches then took her arms, and obliged her to walk over the dead

dead bodies. She fainted at almost every step. In this situation they stripped her, insulted her, forced her to stoop down, embrace, and kiss the carcasses of the murdered citizens. Shocking to say, they then mangled her beautiful bosom, and refusing to shew her the indulgence of a speedy release, stabbed her first in every part they knew not to be vital. Unable to bear up any longer, she sunk on the earth, when the wanton villany of the rabble proceeded to the worst and basest extremities. After which being asked whether she would yet save herself by cursing the French Queen and family, she struggled even with death to exclaim with energy, "No, never!—bless them now and ever!" After which, turning to her persecutors, she said, "Behold I am ready." Then dropping on her knees, she cried, "O God all puissant! preserve my friends, and receive my soul." It was in this pious moment the butchers cut off her head, from which hung those most beautiful tresses, to receive the blood. It was then stuck upon a pike, and carried by one of the wretches, while another followed with her lovely hands, and generous heart, a third bearing her bowels folded round his brutal arms, in a wreath of triumph, while a fourth fastened her other members to a hurdle, and drew them after him. It was in this manner they paraded the streets of Paris, pausing

pausing at every place, which contained those who were known most to love and honour this unhappy Princess. They first stopped under the windows of the Duke of Penthièvre, whom they compelled to survey the mutilated limbs of his daughter-in-law; and then proceeding to the temple, they forced the royal prisoners to gaze upon their friend and favourite, defiled with blood, and dishonoured in the dust; and when the Queen fainted at the sight, the heartless monsters mocked at her anguish, and aggravated it by every insult, which the sacred reliques of her friend could receive. As the horrible procession returned, they obliged the passengers, whether on foot or in carriages, to kiss the head of the Princess, and one of the abandoned creatures, with a loud voice, exclaimed, that he had feasted like an emperor, having dined on the heart of a beautiful Princess.

Thrice happy he, who in a general disaster like that which now desolates so large a portion of the globe, and from the spreading misery of which no security can be derived from riches, honours, poverty or innocence, happy is he who can say with the man who exemplified a this death the precepts of his life,—“ In such cases, I know
 “ but one way of fortifying the soul; and that is,
 “ by securing to ourselves the friendship and pro-
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“tection of that Being who disposes of events
 “and governs futurity. He sees at one view the
 “whole thread of my existence, not only that
 “part of it which I have already past, but that
 “which runs forward into all the depths of eter-
 “nity. When I lay me down to sleep I recom-
 “mend myself to his care: when I awake I give
 “myself up to his devotion. Amidst all the evils
 “that threaten me I will look up to him for
 “help, and question not but that he will either
 “avert them or turn them to my advantage.
 “Though I know neither the time nor the man-
 “ner of the death I am to die, I am not at all
 “solicitous about it, because I am sure that He
 “knows them both, and that He will not fail to
 “comfort and support me under them.”

May sentiments like these soothe every mis-
 fortune that my friends, my readers, and my
 countrymen may be called upon to bear!—And
 may peace revisit the world!—a peace founded
 on real liberty, and not upon frantick licentious-
 nefs.

Such has all along been the private prayer, such
 shall now be the publick wish of your ever affec-
 tionate friend and servant,

THE GLEANER.

One

One cannot but notice the apparent connection betwixt the late events, and certain prophetick parts of the sacred and other ancient writings.

In a book called *Liber Mirabilis*, written by the Bishop of Arles, who died in 543, there is a number of things foretold which seem to warrant our considering the Author, not only as a divine but a prophet. Amongst other singular predictions respecting his devoted country are the following.

“ The nobles shall be stripped of their dignities and of their riches.

“ The proper defenders and protectors of the kingdom shall be constrained to leave it.

“ There shall be as great an effusion of blood as in the time of the Gentiles.

“ The church universal, and the universe itself, shall bewail the destruction and the pillage of one of the most celebrated cities of the earth.

“ The holy men shall be driven from their sanctuaries.

“ The virgins shall be polluted, and fly from their monasteries.

“ The church shall be despoiled of its temporals.

“ The very heads of the nation and the holy temples shall be defiled. The mistress of France shall be left desolate.

“ But the black eagle shall appear, and the lion shall come roaring from a far country.

“ Woe unto thee once opulent city ! Thou that enjoyest all things in proud abundance, thy fated hour will come ! Woe unto thee, city of philosophy ! Thou wilt see thyself brought low !”

The above is given as a literal translation. I have not seen the original, and offer it you by a German medium. How far the prophecy is fulfilled, the above faithful accounts, and others which must have reached you, will testify : And well knowing the gentle virtues of your heart, I may exclaim

“ Tant d'horreur vous surprend ! mais de leur barbarie

“ Je ne vous conte que le moindre partie !

“ Tout unite Paris ; la mort sans resistance

“ Couvrit en un moment la face de la France.”

If this were true, in the days of blood which the Henriade has sung, it is more eminently so at this sanguinary period. *

* The following old Prophecy also said to have been found in an Abbey in Germany and shewn to Lord Arlington by a Frenchman in 1668, is worthy notice :

Lilium intrabit in terram leonis feras in brachiis gerens :
Aquila movebit alas, et in auxilium veniet filius hominis ab
austro : tunc erit ingens bellum per totum terrarum orbem ; sed
post quatuor annos pax elucescet, et salus erit filio hominis undè
exitium prætabatur.

Thus translated by Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

“ The lily shall invade the land of the lion, bearing wild beasts in its arms : The eagle shall move its wings, and the son of man shall come to his assistance from the south : Then shall there be great war throughout the world ; but after four years, Peace shall dawn, and the son of man be delivered by those from whom his ruin was expected.”

By rather a forced interpretation, this Prophecy was applied to the situation of affairs in 1676. The expression of *feras in brachiis gerens*, appears however to be more adapted to the present period.

REGIO MONTANUS. En 1784, on trouva à Liska en Hongrie dans le tombeau de Regio Montanus (evêque) la prophétie suivante, faite avant sa mort, arrivée au 15me siècle.

Post mille expletos à parta virginis annos,
Et septingentos rursus ab indè datos,
Octogesimus octavus, miserabilis annus,
Ingruet, et secum tristia fata feret.
Si non hoc anno totus malus excidat vobis,
Si non in nihilum terra fœtumque ruant,
Cuncta tamen mundi sursum ibunt atque deorsum
Imperia, et luctus undique grandis erit.

Extrait du journal de Geneve, fevrier 1785.

With respect to Revolutions in general it may be a curious speculation to trace their merits and their progress.

A reform in governments may be absolutely necessary, and a revolution has sometimes set out well, as unquestionably did that of France, under the sanctions of reason, honour, publick good, and the cause of religion. But, nine times out of ten, it degenerates into a mere personal quarrel, in which publick good, and every other generous motive, is forgotten, to make way for the gratification of private ambition, avarice, and hatred. The original cause in the absorbing ferment of party is speedily swallowed up. What was principle becomes passion. Or, what at the commencement was a brave and daring contest betwixt the governors, for prerogative, and the governed for privilege,—a determined assertion of real or supposed rights on the one hand, and of natural claims on the other, at length settles into a mere party madness. And the insanity is contagious. Every body catches it. Men, women, and children rave about it. The time of reasoning is past, consequently the time of entering into causes. It is then the business of the individual, whatever be his party, to follow where that leads, to defeat or victory, to life or death. In the feverish paroxysm of indignation, each person easily persuades himself his quarrel is just; every

every angry man imagines he has good reason to be so ; and the more we are wandering from the right, the more violently and inveterately we insist that the objects of our displeasure and enmity are in the wrong : and in publick as well as in private contention the transition from generous strife to illiberal rancour is almost immediate : the slightest wound soon turns into a gangrene. Each person becomes odious to one party and honoured by the other, as he gives proof of steadiness to his own cause. The massacre is called patriotism on the one hand, and loyalty on the other, and very frequently the object first in contention, like the squabble betwixt the two dogs and the shadow, is not worth having : but, meantime, it is fought for as fiercely as if it were the one thing necessary to our comfort in this world, and our salvation in the next. In the end, the point is given up ; and when accounts are cool enough to be reduced to rules of arithmetick, it usually turns out, that, in point of damages, each party has suffered in blood and money from thousands up to millions ; and on the credit side we have nothing to shew for them but cyphers.

On fair calculation, therefore, my friend, whatever advantage may be derived to posterity, little is to be gained by the present generation : Since, after every ten years' war, I mean a civil war of course, so much havock has been done to

property in general, and the passions of hatred have so rankled in the heart, privately speaking, against friends, neighbours, and families—even in the miserable septennial squabbles about elections, this is manifest—that I question much whether there is a being on the face of the earth,—except the stock-jobbers, forestallers, agents, and other vultures in society, who thrive in times of public calamity,—can expect to be the better for it. The ravages usually drain the best blood, fortunes, and feelings of the country, for, at least, half a century: and supposing there be then a regeneration, with some few benefits that were not before enjoyed, we shall probably have lost many that were better before the reform began. Besides the melancholy consideration that our posterity will look upon the party and personal love and hate, that have descended to them, as part of their inheritance; our immediate offspring will have been educated in all the prejudices of our own particular party; and the next age will lose little or nothing of hereditary attachment to one side, and ill-will to another; while remoter generations will trace the history of their forefathers, and make what the politicks or fashion of the day set down as rights and wrongs, the cause of new murmurs, new exactions, new rebellions, new patriotisms; and, in fine, the sparks that will be found in stirring up the embers and
ashes

ashes of the old world, shall serve as a match to burn down the new. And, knowing, my friend, what we know of the discontented, repining spirit of man; knowing that even if God himself do not dispense his sunshine and his showers, exactly in proportion to our fancied good, we rebel; have we not the experience of several thousand years that these fires will be kindled up in human society till the coming of that conflagration when

“Lightnings with the meteor’s blaze conspire,

“And darted downward set the globe on fire?”

Far, however, am I from wishing to “check the genial current of the soul” that aspires to liberty. ’Tis the true state of nature, the genuine spirit of life, the health, beauty, and support of society. We cannot even extend our ideas beyond the sphere of this world, and raise them to another without supposing that *perfect freedom* is the basis of immortal felicity. A despotick heaven is a contradiction in terms; indeed the generous struggles of human beings for liberty, when wanton cruelty no longer debases her cause, are but assertions of the divine part of our nature. Those jarring atoms which shake a nation, and which are, perhaps, inseparable from revolutions, give way to wise, wholesome, and humane arrangements; and when order is called out of that
political

political chaos, though humanity must ever shudder at the dire effect of those convulsions which have preceded such arrangements, as tyrants seldom long survive their victims, we must venerate the "end, while we never cease to deplore some of the means by which it has been brought about."

In fine, applying these general observations to the particular instance before us, of the French people ;

" —Now the dread thirst of blood is o'er,

" And RUTHLESS RAGE SHALL STAIN THEIR CAUSE NO
MORE ;

" With honest joy ALL nations shall embrace

" Their Gallick foes, and own them of a kindred race :"

a sacred truth, and which, not only in the * work from whence these lines are copied, but in every other work of his hand, and movement of his heart, has and will ever influence the thoughts, conversation, or composition, however imperfect in other respects, of one who is equally a foe to tyranny and cruelty, whether in monarchs or multitudes, and a real friend to real liberty. Farewell.

GENERAL POSTSCRIPT.

THERE is an instance, which is at the same time an example, and a very rare one, of a revo-

* See Introduction.

lution *continuing* under those principles; and if ever there were one act of dire oppression more infamous than another, it is to be found in the *System of Tyranny*, under which an injured country has been long, and is still, labouring. We talk loudly of Asiatic slavery, of the hard fate of the fable race; and pitying Europe, no less than the AUTHOR, seems to take the alarm on its affecting subject; but against the property, liberty, and lives of these poor people,—who certainly *have* undeniable and everlasting rights to their own country, and the fruits of their own industry and inheritance, while they trespass, not on the inheritance and industry of other nations—against these often, and still marked victims of *despotism* there is formed a cruel combination, headed by two of the most powerful *despots*, both of whom, by the bye, are amongst the loudest declaimers against the *French Revolution*, and by way of supporting this *illustrious inconsistency*, one of these powers has one grand army in Brabant to assist in destroying *tyrants*, and another grand army elsewhere to exterminate a free and generous people! And his IMPERIOUS colleague in this celebrated *bucchaneering*, orders, and joins in, publick prayers, fasts and festivals, to beg of the God of equity to turn the hearts of the French; and then, at the tag end of this mockery, hitches in, endways, another prayer for the success of her arms
against

against these Unfortunates. The first prayer is hypocritical, and the last is sincere; but the sincerity has, if possible, less "relish of salvation" in it than the hypocrisy, in the degree that it is a greater turpitude to be earnest in a vile cause, than simply to *affect* compassion in a good one. In this matter, however, the affectation is intended to give a colour to the earnestness. When a plunderer wants an apology, in case of self-interest, Pity, (I mean a pitious prayer, which is extremely cheap) about the interest of others—Pity, has a mighty convenient mantle to throw over the shoulders, and accordingly the plunderer always makes a spoil of it, amongst the rest of the pillage, to cover himself, and his real designs. Unluckily, however, in the present business, the mantle is too thin: The great personage in question has, in the course of a long life and reign, had so many occasions to put it on and throw it off, just as it became commodious or troublesome, that it is threadbare in some places, and torn in others; and though the sublime wearer is dressed in it at this very moment, all the world can *see through it*.

I have been at some pains to *glean* the great personage above mentioned, and have picked up some curious anecdotes; and not a few on this very subject, *an hypocrisy in benevolence*; the publick and
private

private instances of which will amuse you when we meet ; the whole of which delectable gleaning is calculated to prove that “ *all which glisters is not gold* ;” and that when a foreign trumpeter (whose breath belongs to the power who paid for the trumpet, or commanded it to be blown) sounds a volley—I can by no means call it a *voluntary*—about magnificent presents, jewel boxes, picture in brilliants, &c. each of immense value, it ought to be told at the same time, that in certain parts of the world there are mines of sparkling trumpery which the *slave* digs, and the *tyrant* gives away, just as any would-be-thought generous person in our own country might bestow Bristol stones and pass them off for diamonds ! In doing which there seems to be no great danger, as the receiver, conceiving the gift a mark of honour, must starve rather than dispose of it. But some men there are who do not choose to carry the point of honour quite so far ; and who maintain that the laws of self-preservation are stronger and more binding than those of delicacy. On this right of nature, it has come to the ears of the writer, that certain persons have, in the last extremity, *parted* with their superb keep-fakes and love-tokens received from the graciously imperial hands in question, and found like the juggler’s trick :

“ Shake but the bag, and all seems fair,

“ The fingers spread—and *nothing’s there*.”

I

We

We know that in some hands, both abroad and at home, this juggling art has

“ Rais’d both fortune and renown.”

And that VICE personified in the *female* character was the best juggler after all. In a story that I know, of a sword set, or *said* to be set, with brilliants of the first water, according to the court-arithmetic, worth 5000 florins, the honoured receiver *wanting bread*, could with difficulty get enough to purchase five and twenty loaves ! and a splendid ring from the same ever-honoured giver, estimated at 2600l. sterling, was pronounced by a famous jeweller to have cost about 200l. In short, the Author has, with very few variations, had occasion to apply every instance of Slight in the fable, and thinks that the illustrious juggler above-mentioned might exclaim with better pretensions than Gay’s trickster :

“ Who dares with me dispute the prize ?—

“ *In juggling I submit to none :*”

But then this personage has the reason to give which triumphant Vice herself made use of, and every subordinate trickster, crown’d or uncrown’d, might observe :

“ How practice has improv’d her hand,

“ But now and then *we* cheat the throng !

“ *She* every day, and all day long.”

But it is a tempting theme, and I am breaking into my *Corps de Reserve*.

HUMANITY,

HUMANITY,

OR,

THE RIGHTS OF NATURE,

A

POEM;

IN TWO BOOKS.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

YTIAMUH

TO

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fe

TO THE
DAUGHTERS

OF

SIR JOHN CALDWALL, BART.

OF CASTLE-CALDWALL,

IN IRELAND.

ON the re-publication of this Poem in its corrected, and, I trust I may add, its improved state, it was my treasured hope to augment its value by inscribing it to one who was the known patroness of HUMANITY—your excellent mother. Pardon me, for adverting to the severe event, which, by depriving my friend of

a beloved wife, his children of an invaluable parent, and Humanity of one of its fairest advocates, disappointed that hope : Yet suffer me, I beseech you, to pursue so much of my design as is still within my power. Lady Caldwell has now reached PERFECTION. Permit me to remind you, that it is only by imitating HER in all the *progressive* paths of this world, that you can hope to reach the point of blessedness which she has gained in the next.

You can, indeed, boast of more than common aids to goodness ; since, from the examples of the living and the dead—from your father now on earth, and your mother who is in Heaven, you can derive lessons of practical virtue which shall give lustre to human, and be crowned with eternal, life.

That these are the effusions of genuine affection, clear of all the aims and ends that but too often debase Addresses Dedicatory ; *your* father's heart can bear me witness ; and that while *my* heart
has

has a motion, it shall beat to your ever dear father
and his family.

I have the honour to be,

with fervent sincerity,

Your well-wisher and friend,

S. J. PRATT.

LONDON,
April 13th, 1796.

* * Lady CALDWALL was daughter of GODFREY MEY-
NELL, Esq. of Bradley, in the County of Derby, and died in
1795; well meriting the passionate and pure effusions which un-
affected conjugal love has caused to be engraved on her tomb in the
abbey church at Bath.

has a number of small boats at his disposal

and his family

I have the pleasure to be

with kindest regards

to you and your family

Yours truly

John G. Thompson

I have the pleasure to be

with kindest regards

to you and your family

Yours truly

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to you and your family

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Yours truly

John G. Thompson

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PREFACE.

WHAT I ventured abroad many years since under the title of SYMPATHY—a Poem, which, on account of the interests created in the heart, by the subject itself, was received by the Publick with so much generous warmth—was INTENDED to serve as a preliminary to what I had farther to observe on SOCIETY, or a prospect of the HUMAN RACE, under the combined influence of CLIME and GOVERNMENT, RELIGIONS, LAWS, and LIBERTIES—From these, the transition to TYRANNY was natural and strongly in connection; and from TYRANNY, I felt myself called upon by all the awakened emotions of HUMANITY, to consider SLAVERY; but not only that species of it which consists in buying and selling our *Fellow-Creatures* in Africa—BUT EVERY OTHER KIND, in EVERY OTHER PLACE. Views, therefore, of FREEDOM

and BONDAGE, throughout the different parts of the globe, have been taken, as well from experience, as the best historical evidence.

How far the *entire Abolition*, so warmly contended for by the supporters of this measure, may be consistent with human policy, it is not my purpose particularly to enquire. It is not the *name* of Slave in *itself*, which produces the great mischief. An hired servant in Europe may be as little at his own command, and destined to as hard labour as a purchased Negro in Africa; but the essential difference consists in the one being guarded by the laws of the land, which spread before his person and his property a shield that defends him from every *abuse of power*; while the other is left naked and defenceless to the “insolence of office.”

HUMANITY requires that the RIGHTS OF NATURE should be enjoyed by every *Human Being*. It is therefore against the shocking barbarity,

barity*, the unquestionable cruelty, and the too well attested horror, growing out of these, that I still contend.—An abolition of *these enormities* is absolutely necessary. For the rest, whether the commerce flourishes or falls, is a matter of no moment to the Philanthropist: without engaging in the heats of political controversy; without attending to the pleas of interest on the one side, or the fallies of enthusiastick zeal, though generous in its excesses, on the other, it is sufficient to Him that the happiness of the *species in general*, is made independent on the tyranny of *particular individuals*,—that the

* I am glad, however, to have it in my power to observe, that we have not suffered the HUMANITY of the French and other nations to surpass our own, at least in *one* of our islands, as the following authentic extract from the Jamaica Councils will attest, dated *November 29th, 1787*.

“ This day the House of Assembly went into a Committee on the Consolidated Slave Bill, and continued sitting upwards of three hours; we understand, that by this Bill the whole system of the law respecting Negroes, is entirely changed, a Council of Protection is established in each parish, and many humane provisions are introduced for rendering their condition easy and happy; it is also made felony, without benefit of clergy, to murder a Slave; a clause, which, to the great honour of the House, passed without a single dissenting voice.”

laws of *subordination*, in the different classes of SOCIETY, should not violate the laws of *Humanity*,—and that so much of *liberty* should be allowed to every man, as to feel a consciousness of his being a link in the great chain of the community; and that till by some act of his own it is necessary for the *good of the whole* that he should be considered as an outcast of society, he is, by the Rights of Nature and of Reason, entitled to protection from insult, misery, and death. So far as the *wealth* can be reconciled to the *happiness* of nations, and the Establishments of Civil Society to the Rights of Nature, every lover of his country must subscribe : at the same time, as the *wealth of worlds* cannot justify the least wanton infraction of the *laws of Humanity*, whoever vainly attempts to support an argument for the one, at the expence of the other, erects a building which hath its foundation in the sands, and which must tumble into ruins at the slightest touch of Reason and of Truth.

HUMANITY.

HUMANITY.

B O O K I.

FROM vernal blooms and many a fragrant bow'r,
The red'ning blossom and unfolding flower,
From breezy mountains and the covert vale,
The gliding water and the whisp'ring gale,
From gayer scenes where careless Fancy stray'd,
Bask'd in the sun, or frolick'd in the shade,
Ambitious grown, and touch'd by gen'rous praise,
Now turns the MUSE to more advent'rous lays ;
No more she paints the tints of blushing morn,
Nor hangs the dew-drop on the trembling thorn ;
No more the brook runs murmuring in her line,
No more fair Spring, her florid verse is thine ;
Farewell, a long farewell, to founts and flow'rs,
Far loftier themes demand her thoughtful pow'rs.

Sublime

Sublime Society ! where'er expands,
By art or nature form'd, thy potent bands,
Thro' realms of heat, where faints th' expiring
 breeze,
Or piercing climes, where the sun seems to
 freeze ;
In darksome caverns, on tremendous steeps,
In bowery forests, or in billowy deeps ;
Where roars the gulph, or where the streamlets
 flow,
Or dazzling mountains rise of endless snow,
Soon shall she dare to wing the vast domain,
THY awful power the subject of her strain.

But ah ! first kneeling at Compassion's shrine,
Her opening lay, HUMANITY, be thine !
Thee she invokes, oh ! soother of distress,
Who with our kindness wove our happiness ;
For as thy circling virtues round us move,
From our best *deeds* thy brightest *joys* we prove,
Oft as our neighbour sinks in sudden grief,
Thou wak'st as sudden to afford relief.
Oft as the stranger's bosom heaves with sighs,
The soft responses in our bosoms rise :

The cries of terror and the throes of care,
The groan of misery, and distraction's glare,
Sickness that droops, disease that gasps for breath,
The howl of madness, and the shrieks of death,
Deep sounds of agony that most affright,
Dread views of horror that blast the sight,
Dire as they are, like wond'rous magnets draw,
And own, HUMANITY, thy sacred law.

And oh! 'tis THINE, when vital breath seems
fled,
To seek the awful confines of the dead;
Beneath the billow, tho' the victim lies,
Thy dauntless zeal the roaring main defies;
Inspir'd by HIM, whose hallow'd touch restor'd
The darling son the widow's soul deplor'd,
Her matron bosom eas'd of dire alarms,
And gave the youth to her despairing arms,
'Tis thine to plunge into the bloating flood,
Clasp the swell'n frame and thaw the frozen blood;
Breathe in the lips reanimating fire,
Till warm'd to SECOND LIFE, the DROWN'D
respire.

Hark!

Hark ! as those lips once more begin to move,
 What sounds ascend of gratitude and love !
 Now with the GREAT REDEEMER'S praise they
 glow,
 Then blest the * agents of his power below ;
 New sprung to life, the renovated band,
 Joyful before their second Saviours stand ;
 And oh far sweeter than the breathing spring,
 Fairer than Paradise, the wreaths they bring !
 The blissful homage rescued friends impart !
 Th' enraptur'd incense of a parent's heart,
 O'er-aw'd, and wond'ring at themselves, they see
 The magic power of soft HUMANITY !

When sovereign Reason from her throne is
 hurl'd,
 And with her all the subject senses whirl'd,
 From sweet HUMANITY, the nurse of grief,
 Even *thy* deep woes, O PHRENZY ! find relief ;
 For tho' the tresses loose and bosom bare,
 And maniac glance thy hapless state declare,

* Promoters of that glorious Institution the HUMAN
 SOCIETY.

With

With gentle hand *she* still supports thy head,
Beguiles thy wand'ring wit, and smoothes thy
bed ;

Affixes thy roving fancy in its flight,
To crown thy airy sallies with delight ;
An healing balm to thy warp'd sense she brings,
Till from her sympathy some comfort springs,
And joys which reason with a frown denies,
Her tender pity with a smile supplies ;
In thy lone prison-house she bids thee draw
From the rush sceptre, and the crown of straw,
The mimic truncheon, and the love-knot true,
Full many a transport Reason never knew ;
Ev'n at thy grated cell she oft appears,
She culls the flowers, and bathes them with her
tears ;

The perfum'd violet or the blooming rose,
On thy hurt mind a transient bliss bestows ;
Into a thousand shapes the garlands change,
As fairy fancy takes its antic range ;
Then while thy brows the fragrant wreaths
adorn,
The roses seem to bloom without a thorn.

Yet

Yet not to WOES confin'd, fair PLEASURE's song,
The wreckless frolics of the village throng;
Ev'n as we pass them by in distant lands,
THOU mak'st our own, and oft we join the bands;
The sudden sounds of happiness we hail,
And swell the chorus echoing in the gale;
Gladly we pause, then blythe pursue our way,
While brighter sunshine seems to gild the day;
Slow from the jovial groupe as we depart;
THY richer sunshine beams upon the heart;
Thus bliss is doubled, and thus pain can warm,
From thee, HUMANITY, both boast a charm;
We cheer, are cheer'd, now grant and now receive,
And need, in turn, the comfort which we give.
Thus thy fair streams spread plenty where they run,
Yet bless the fountains whence those streams begun;
Although a thousand channels they supply,
Like the rich NILE their source shall never dry.

But Thou from whom these bosom'd comforts flow,
Thou equal Friend of happiness and woe,

Hast

Haft still ordain'd grief fhall to crimes belong,
And keen affliction wait on ev'ry wrong ;
Pride, hate, revenge, and tyranny, and strife,
As they mix, poifons in the bowl of life,
Dash their *own* cup, and impotently try
To break, *unpunish'd* nature's *social tie* :
Good is of good productive ; ill of ill ;
Confcience o'er both exerts her empire ftill ;
And this great truth fhall ev'ry tyrant know,
THE WOE HE GIVES, SHALL BE REPAID BY WOE.

Is there a land where echoing Fame extends,
From her proud cliff to earth's remotest ends,
Where gently flop'd the teeming vales are feen,
Adorn'd like Eden's with eternal green,
Where ev'ry village glows with ev'ry wealth,
The show'rs are riches, and the breezes health ;
Where fun ferene beftows the genial ray,
But never fcourges with exceffive day ;
Where female beauty fheds her faireft blooms,
And lovlieft feature, lovlieft grace affumes ;
Darts ftrongeft magic from the potent eye,
Adorns the blufh, and arms the conqu'ring figh ;
Where

Where ev'ry scene is prodigal of charms,
True courage kindles, and true glory warms,
Where rear'd to Virtue, Christian temples tow'r,
And melting Charity chastises pow'r,
Conducts the naked stranger to her dome,
And grants the houseless wanderer an home.
Where equal laws their social mildness shew,
Till mercy beams upon the captive foe?

O native Britons ! here assert your claim,
Boast of your ISLE and justify her fame !
Tell, how her youth by sacred science led, |
To all the soft'ning charities are bred ;
How second childhood, like the first, receives,
From *her* the cradle which compassion gives !
Tell, how her palaces of mercy rise,
Large tho' the wants, still larger the supplies ;
How, her kind * GILBERT frames protective laws,
A faithful champion in the poor man's cause ;
How, even now, intent on god-like deeds,
Thy wants and woes, O ! POVERTY, he pleads :

* *Vide* his Bill for the Relief of the Poor.

Earnest thy oft-invaded rights to spare,
 From the hard hand that would thy pittance tear,
 E'en from thy lip, nor heed thy tear-dimm'd eye,
 Thy spectre form, and pity-moving cry :
 Tell how her * BIRCH, whose heart is form'd to
 bless,

The sad to succour, and the wrong'd redress ;
 The ravish'd morsel of the poor to save,
 The work to crown her warm assistance gave.
 Tell how her † POTTER aids the gen'rous plan,
 As bard her pride, her nobler boast as man :
 Tell, how her HOWARD's sympathizing soul,
 The Saviour-arm outstretch'd from pole to pole,
 Crutch to the lame, and vision to the blind,
 Tell, how she sooths the ills that scourge man-
 kind :

All this proclaim, till nations bless the zone,
 And happy Britons mark it for their own !

* This Lady is Author of a Benevolent Project on the same Subject, and of innumerable other good works.

† Prebendary of Norwich, who took an active part in instituting and regulating an House of Industry in his own county.

The boast is just! yet why to *home* confin'd
Are the soft mercies of Britannia's mind?
Why at her bidding rolls the crimson flood,
To deluge other lands in kindred blood?
Why are fires torn from children and from
 wife,
Dragg'd at the Car of Trade, and chain'd for life
And why do human hecatombs expire,
Smote by her mangling whip and murd'rous fire?
Those stripes, and killing shrieks that rend the
 air,
Ill-fated AFRICA, thy wrongs declare.

O! that my Muse could mount on Nature's
 wing,
Soar like her "darling," her lov'd Shakspeare,
 sing!
Then ev'ry word should "harrow up the soul,"
And Afric's wrongs resound from pole to pole!
Thrice humble HOWARD, ah! do *thou* inspire
And breathe thy Godlike spirit in my lyre,
For, all-accustom'd as thou art to see
Heart-rending scenes of human misery,

Ne'er

Ne'er did thy eyes such marks of horror trace,
As hourly agonize the *Negro race*!
Prove then the prisoner and the mourner's friend,
And once again thy virtuous influence lend;
"So raptur'd notes, as if by Angels giv'n,
"Once more shall peal the harmonies of Heaven."*

Unfeeling INTEREST! dark, insidious power,
Whose sanction'd arts waste nations in an hour;
Whose mining frauds, more fatal still, destroy
Hope's tender blossom, and the fruits of joy;
Thou, to whom all the coward flights belong,
Thy heart too cruel for each gen'rous wrong.
For fierce Revenge, that fever of the soul,
Hate that defies, and Love that spurns controul,
Or mad'ning Jealousy when Reason bends,
Or Zeal, extravagant to liberal ends,
Thou, who, for noble faults like these, too cold,
Whose vices ne'er aspire, but stoop to gold,
That groveling passion of the sordid breast,
Like Aaron's serpent swallowing up the rest;

* Triumph of Benevolence.

Theft, rapine, plunder, fraud, and murder, stand,
Fell ministers! to wait thy dire command.
Yes thou, the founder of this impious trade,
Mad'st *him* a slave, that nature never made,
Tore the poor Indian from his native soil,
And chain'd him down to never-ending toil.

Say, MUSE, from whence th' unnatural mart
began,
This sordid merchandise, this sale of man?
From Egypt first the Ethiopick traffick came,
But mild its dawn then slavery was not shame;
While nature yet preserv'd some generous right,
The yoke was easy and the burden light;
Soon o'er th' Ægean waves the trade was
brought,
And Greece receiv'd, and Rome th' infection
caught;
Yet temperate still, no tyranny arose,
Till baneful LUXURY marshal'd all her woes;
Conquerors, their captives, with a smile receiv'd,
And whom the brave embrac'd they ne'er deceiv'd.
The battle o'er, they bade contention cease,
And foes in war were humble friends in peace,
The

The pledge was solemn, and the vow sincere,
The union sacred and the compact dear.

But oh ! fair ATHENS, when the commerce drew
To thy lov'd shore, the bonds yet gentler grew,
In rosy fetters were thy pris'ners bound,
And e'en the captive was with freedom crown'd ;
Wisdom in peace, or valour in the war,
The faithful counsel, or the glorious scar,
Attachment prov'd or servitude sustain'd
With manly zeal, his liberty regain'd :
With his own hand the master loos'd the yoke,
And scarce perceiv'd the slave his bonds were
broke :

Captive no more, he still pursu'd his toil,
And grateful vow'd allegiance to the soil.
Yes, classick Athens, nurse of generous arts,
Thine was the throb HUMANITY imparts ;
While shameless SPARTA butchering half HER
slaves,

Convulsive shock, and dug untimely graves :
To all a tyrant's guilt and fears a prey,
Despis'd, abhor'd, and dreaded was her sway.

Who with sweet mercy temper'd awful power,
 While pity's angel hail'd th' auspicious hour!
 Thou too, * just CONSTANTINE, with gentle sway,
 Bade all be free and all that God obey;
 The fire from Heav'n a general lustre shed,
 And the foul mists of superstition fled;
 Fair Truth was crown'd, Diffimulation fail'd,
 Sunk was the crozier and the crofs prevail'd.

But ah! once more to stain the bloody shrine
 And sell mankind, O PORTUGAL, was thine;
 To thee ill-fated Afric owes her pain,
 The scourge fresh-pointed, and the new-forg'd
 chain;

Historians, who pronounced him affable to friends, and gentle to persons of meaner stations; relieving them in their wants, and visiting them in their sickness; in short, an Emperor, according to his own constant maxim, not for his own good, but for the benefit of mankind.

* The Justice of Constantine may be impeached, in some strong instances; for his character was certainly composed of a mixture of great vices and virtues; but the page of History has declared that after a publick avowal of the Christian Faith, he was just and indulgent to all Christians; and although he pursued a scheme of Politicks that destroyed the Empire, he established a Religion that continues to be the blessing of mankind.

Thine the base arts the sons of gold applaud,
 The smile deceptive, and the snare of fraud,
 Th' extended hand that chafes fear away,
 Th' embrace that wins affection to betray,
 The league of peace, in policy devis'd,
 The compact broken, and the oath despis'd,
 To lure the heart all smooth seductions try'd,
 And the heart gain'd, disguise is thrown aside:
 The plot avow'd, the promise boldly broke,
 By the harsh driver and the galling yoke.

Accurs'd GONSALES taught thee first the art,
 To fix this stigma on his country's heart;
 The dire example spread with barbarous rage,
 Thrift was the vice, and spar'd nor sex nor age;
 At length the traffick into *system* came,
 Th' infection spread, till Britain caught the
 flame;

Detested HAWKINS arm'd his pirate host,
 And wolfe-like prowl'd on Guinea's fated coast;
 Force, fraud, and flattery, were by turns employ'd,
 O shame! till twice ten millions were destroy'd.
 Christians taught savages new modes of strife,
 And burst asunder all the ties of life;

Christians

Christians taught savages to worship gold,
Till, for their idol, sons and fires were sold :
Till sleeping tribes at midnight's hour were
 caught,
And seiz'd as prey, to *publick market* brought ;
Till from the breast the babe was snatch'd away,
And children kidnapp'd in the face of day.

Next tawny SPAIN the shameful trade pursu'd,
Theft grew familiar, tyranny ensued ;
Commerce, like this, might well command *thy*
 zeal,

O patron of the agonizing WHEEL !
Engine abhorr'd ! from where with deaf'ning sound
The fatal Biscay throws its foam around,
Ev'n to the steeps where Pyrenees ascend,
And like a rocky chain their links extend,
The nations shudder'd as it sprang to birth,
And throes unwonted shook the lab'ring Earth.
Curs'd Torquemada ! who couldst calmly bear
To hear the notes of anguish and despair :
With horrid joy, behold the flame devour
The hapless victims of thy torturing power ;

Deck

Deck them for sacrifice in rich attire,
Then dance like Satan round thy feast of fire.
Behold where fated FLORIDA extends,
His blood-track'd course the fell VELASQUEZ
bends,

See, as he gains the chain-devoted land,
The fable natives hurry to the strand,
His sailing castle on the waves they view,
And gaz'd with wonder as it nearer drew ;
But on the deck when *human* forms appear'd,
And peaceful signals smil'd, their hearts were
cheer'd ;

'Twas MEN they trusted, MEN who seem'd so
fair,

Cajol'd their faith, and lur'd them to the snare !
For now as guests they land, as guests are led,
Thro' palmy groves to every Indian shed ;
The Spaniards there their glitt'ring stores unfold,
The shining mirrour, and the toy of gold ;
Each gaudy bauble cheats the Indian's eyes,
And tricks his passions into fond surprize,
Suggests, alas, a want before unknown,
Till Europe's vanity becomes his own ;

The

The useless ornaments his senses fire,
And each fresh gewgaw kindles fresh desire.

To purchase these what impious frauds were
taught !

With their own blood was every trinket bought.
For, in their turn, as guests the Indian bands
Fated, alas ! to quit their native lands
No fraud suspecting, mount the treacherous ship,
Where, as in ambush, lie the chains and whip,
Like nested snakes whose poisons are enroll'd
Midst wreaths of flowers, in many a shining
fold ;

The faithless Spaniard leaves the plunder'd shore,
The fraud succeeds, and freedom is no more.
Then o'er the affrighted waves is heard the yell
Of mingled thousands in their wat'ry Hell :
In the dark caverns of the bark they lie,
Live to fresh horrors, or by piece-meal die ;
Thus shut from light, unknowing yet their doom,
The vessel proves a dungeon and a tomb :
While the base tyrant glorying in his snare,
Mocks at the loud rebuke and dumb despair.

Soon

Soon as the vessel bears the tribes away,
What horrors seize upon the trembling prey!
Ah! hear the shrieks of kindred left behind,
Roll to the wave and gather in the wind!
Matrons with orphans, sons with fires appear,
But vain the orphan's shriek, the parent's tear:
The Spanish robber ploughs the wat'ry plains,
And plants his cannon at the thin remains;
The flaming balls the wailing natives reach,
And added slaughter stains the crimson beach;
All, all is lost, yet still with generous pride,
Slaves spurn at life, when freedom is deny'd;
"Free, still be free, loud echoes to the sky,
"Dare not to live in bonds, but dare to die!"

Then oh! ye Christian savages, declare
On what unknown prerogative ye dare?
Peaceful and blest, where rich Bananas grew,
And nature freshen'd as the sea-breeze blew,
Where harvests smil'd without the aid of toil,
And verdure gladden'd the exuberant soil,
Where summer held so bountiful a sway,
Scarce claim'd their year the culture of a day,

The

The plants at twilight trusted to the earth,
The following morn sprang blooming into birth ;
Grac'd with the bow, the Indians harmless ran,
And undisturb'd enjoy'd the rights of man :
The rights of man by nature still are due,
To men of ev'ry clime and ev'ry hue ;
Their arrows fought the monsters of the wood,
The chase at once their pastime and their food,
Bower'd by th' umbrageous vine, they thought no
 wrong,
Now wreath'd the dance and caroll'd now the
 song.

And oft some sable mistress of the soul,
Prepar'd the banquet and partook the bowl :
Love's captive only wore fair beauty's chain,
And pleas'd submitted to the blissful pain.

If giant POWER confer this wanton sway,
Subdue the strong, and make the weak obey,
Does power give RIGHT ? beware that dangerous
 plea,
Perchance, such power may spread its right to
 thee.

The

The slave once stronger than thyself, shall stand,
And seize the sceptre of usurp'd command ;
Arm'd with thy iron scourge shall bid thee toil,
Scar thy white skin, and chain thee to the soil :
Thy spirit fainting in the glare of day,
Shall bid thee naked brave the Syrian ray,
Thy scorn retort, retaliate all thy rage,
Wear out thy youth, and murder thee in age ;
Tear from thy fetter'd arms thy child and wife,
And blast the budding promises of life ;
Repay, in turn, each stroke thy baseness gave,
And make THEE feel what 'tis to be a Slave.

Ah ! false as fatal ! to the Weak and Strong,
Th' inherent rights of nature still belong :
No partial principles the just impel
To thinking wisely, or to acting well ;
And liberty, of all mankind the cause,
Becomes a forfeit *only* to the laws,
Those sacred compacts which like links sustain,
Connecting parts of the great social chain :
And while, with these, no member is at strife,
As full the right to liberty as life :

Avaunt assertors of *superior* right,
And vain distinctions betwixt *black* and *white*.
Firm and immovable on nature's base,
Stands the grand charter of the human race ;
And HE who gave the blessing gave it free :
Life were a curse if robb'd of Liberty !

Whence then this wond'rous difference in our
race ?

Come crested Pride, and thy distinction trace :
Lo, from th' Equator to the northern pole,
Tho' colours change, unchangeable the soul !
If justly bought the man of *deepest* die,
By equal laws the *next in shade* we buy ;
So, soft'ning on, till scarce a tint between
The haughty lord and humble slave is seen ;
Springs the vain boast from thy superior WHITE,
Vain prepossession of thy partial sight ?
Beware, fallacious reas'ner, lest the North
His *whiter* rival sends indignant forth !
Ah ! rather, blushing *hide* thy snowy skin,
For know thy slave paints white the fire of *sin* ;
But darker than *himself* he draws the Pow'r,
The fovereign *good* his fable race adore ;

Thy

Thy cruelty has taught him to despise,
Like hell, *thy* hue, his *own* like heav'n, to prize.

NATURE and HABIT, human kind controul,
The needle one, and one th' attractive pole ;
And what, in Europe, we a grace may call,
Is found in Africa no grace at all ;
And what abhorr'd deformity we name,
In many a climate dignifies with fame.

Survey the various globe from shore to shore,
Weigh MANNERS, CUSTOMS, and be proud no
more ;
Observe how all to fix'd opinion bow,
Or fond caprices, which no standards know ;
Thou, who would'st fix her to thy pallid face,
Behold her beauty shift the ever-changeful grace :
Here BEAUTY proudly boasts the length'ning
head,
There on the shoulders bids it broadly spread :
Here smallest gems must grace the fair one's ear,
And there the pendants large as logs appear ;

Here

Here see her ask the locks of snowy white,
Yet beg the charm of teeth more dark than night,
Here must the broaden'd eye-brow shade the face,
There softly curv'd the crescent arch must grace :
While here again, that crescent arch must part,
Ev'n from the root and yield to brows of art :
Here BEAUTY loves the cheek supremely fair,
There boasts the gash and cherishes the scar.
In Britain, rose and lily must unite,
While Damian's Isthmus, claims the milky white :
The beard must here e'en to the girdle flow,
There not a bristle must presume to grow ;
Here the swell'd body, there the slender waist,
This wrapt in silk, and that in dog-skin grac'd :
Here BEAUTY triumphs in her woolly hair,
But waves in wreaths her auburn tresses there :
To grace the dames of Europe, fair they flow,
Long and profuse upon a neck of snow,
In ev'ry curl a Cupid seems to lie,
To aid the conquests of the sparkling eye.
The thickest lip here beauty makes her care,
More softly swell'd, like dewy rose buds there ;
The dazzling white is in this clime admir'd,
The glossy black in that is more desir'd.

Feel humbly then, nor deem all grace thy own,
Nor think that *Nature* charms in thee alone;
The poorest native of the poorest coast,
Hath still his beauty, still his good to boast;
From earth's beginning to its utmost ends,
Proportion'd charm, proportion'd bliss she sends,
Exact division, but adapted still,
To what in different climes her children feel,
To what, when undebauch'd by man's desires,
Or fancied wants, necessity requires;
Nor sparing, nor yet prodigal her plan,
With pois'd equality she blesses man:
On the worst soil some heartfelt joy bestows,
Which the glad son, she there has station'd knows,
And what from us extorts the taunting sneer,
May to his sense an happiness appear,
And the fond gifts which we indulgent deem,
To him an aggravated curse may seem.

Thus kind is nature in her zone serene,
But not more kind than in her torrid scene;
Not less a parent where the frozen Power
Resides for centuries in his icy tower,

Where

Where the hoar monarch in his vest of snow,
 Ascends the hills where suns refuse to glow.
 Vain all dispute of colour, form or size,
 * In pride, in pride alone the difference lies;
 Whence, then, presumptuous man deriv'd thy
 right,
 And by what law does olive yield to white?
 Their nature, origin, and end the same,
 Why has not brown, black, copper, equal claim?
 Tho' shifting colours like their parent earth,
 Alike their species and alike their birth.

If not in *colour* then, perchance in *sense*,
 In the *soul's* power, may lie the proud pretence:
 Ah no! from Nature's hand all equal came,
 Thro' ev'ry clime an helpless babe's the same,
 The same frail emblem of our state appears,
 A weak and helpless being born in tears!
 If cultur'd climes refine on nature's plan,
 They change the mode, but never change the
 man;

“ In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies.”

POPE.

The human passions strongly are impress'd,
In the untutor'd, as the polish'd breast ;
In the swarth African that 's bought and sold,
As the fair plunderer that steals his gold,
Heav'n form'd his eyes to love his native hue,
And pointed all his appetites as true ;
Those sable tints, at which with fear we start,
Are the lov'd colours that attract his heart :
Our polish'd arts, refinement may bestow,
But oft enfeeble nature's genuine glow.

In polish'd arts unnumber'd virtues lie,
But ah ! unnumber'd vices they supply ;
Here, if they bloom with ev'ry gentler good,
There they are steep'd with more than savage
blood ;
Here with Refinement, if sweet pity stands,
There, Luxury round them musters all her bands ;
'Tis not enough that daily slaughter feeds,
That the fish leaves its stream, the lamb its
meads,
That the reluctant ox is dragg'd along,
And the bird ravish'd from its tender song,

That

That in reward of all her musick giv'n,
 The lark is murder'd as she soars to Heav'n :
 'Tis not enough, our appetites require
 That on their altars hecatombs expire ;
 But cruel man, with more than bestial power,
 Must heap fresh horrors on life's parting hour :
 Full many a being that bestows its breath,
 Must prove the pang that waits a *ling'ring* death,
 Here, close pent up, must gorge unwholesome
 food,
 There, render drop by drop the smoking blood ;
 The quiv'ring flesh improves as slow it dies,
 And Luxury sees th' augmented whiteness rise ;
 Some gasp'd and mangled feel the torturer's art,
 Writhe in their wounds, tho' sav'd each vital part.
 Ask you the cause ? the *food more tender grows*,
 And callous Lux'ry triumphs in the blows :
 For this, are some to raging flames consign'd
 While yet alive, to sooth our taste refin'd !

O power of mercy, that suspends the rod !
 O shame to man, impiety to God !
 Thou polish'd Christian, in th' untutor'd see,
 The sacred rights of blest'd HUMANITY.

Thine is the World, thy crimson spoils enjoy,
 But let no *wanton* arts thy foul employ,
 Live, tho' thou do'st on blood, ah ! still refrain,
 To load thy victims with *superfluous* pain ;
 Ev'n the gaunt tyger, tho' no life he saves,
 In generous *haste* devours what famine craves ;
 The bestial paw may check thy human hands,
 And teach *dispatch* to what thy want demands,
 Abridge thy sacrifice, and bid thy knife,
 FOR HUNGER KILL, BUT NEVER SPORT WITH
 LIFE.

Relief appears as the Muse shifts her place,
 To where pure manners bless the gentlest race ;
 Lo, where the BRAMINS pass their blameless life,
 Free from proud culture, free from polish'd strife.
 To man, brute, insect, nature's constant friends,
 The heart embraces and the hand extends :
 See the meek tribe refuse the worm to kill,
 No murder feeds them, and no blood they spill ;
 But crop the living herbage as it grows,
 And quaff the living water as it flows,
 From the full herds, the milky banquet bear,
 And the kind herds repay with pastures fair ;

From sanguine man, they drive the game away,
From sanguine man they save the finny prey,
The copious grain they scatter o'er the mead,
The bird to nourish and the beast to feed,
The flowers their couch, their roof the arching
trees,
And peaceful nights succeed to days of ease.

O! thou proud Christian, aid fair nature's
grace,
And catch compassion from the Bramin race:
Their kind extremes, and vegetable fare,
Their tender maxims, all that breathe to spare,
Suit not thy cultur'd state, but *thou* shouldst know,
Like them to save unnecessary woe;
Like them to give each generous feeling birth,
And prove the *friend* not *tyrant* of the earth.

O sweet HUMANITY! might pity sway,
All, all like Bramins would thy voice obey;
All need, alas! thy tender help below,
To heighten rapture and to solace woe.
One leans on all, for aid, not all on one.
What worm so feeble as proud man alone?

The veriest giant, by himself is found,
Frail as the reed that every breeze can wound,
But even the pigmy with associates join'd,
Strong as the oak, can brave the rudest wind;
The SOCIAL PASSION opens with our breath,
Pursues thro' life, and follows us to death.

See, as yon infant lull'd in slumber lies,
How the fond mother to its cradle flies,
Soft on her faithful breast reclines its head,
Her faithful breast its banquet and its bed:
Tho' many a suffering for its sake she bore,
They all but serve to make her love it more,
For soon a *kindred* passion *equal* burns,
The parent's tenderness the child returns,
Runs by her side, or struggles to her knee,
And owns the touch of fair HUMANITY:
The child arriv'd at man, the parent lies,
Sick'ning at life, in haste her offspring flies,
And when, at length, the mother yields to fate,
Stretch'd round her breathless form the affections
wait;
In mute distress, and with uplifted hands,
The child she cradled, at her coffin stands,

Invokes

Invokes her spirit to assuage the woe,
And teach him patience to endure the blow ;
Blesses the holy shade which gave him birth,
Moves to the grave, and views the op'ning earth ;
A filial shudder thro' his frame he proves,
As the dust falls upon the dust he loves :
Then, as the time steals on with thief-like power,
And brings to *him* the all-subduing hour,
Himself, ere this a parent, soon shall prove
The soft'ning offices of *filial* love,
Soon those who owe *him* life shall weeping bend,
And his attracting couch as fondly tend,
Watch his dim'd eye, observe his changing cheek,
And drink his dying breath to hear him speak,
As fainted sounds of oracles divine,
His latest accents in their hearts enshrine ;
Thus shall he *feel* the tenderness he *gave*,
And equal tears fall fast upon his grave.

Tyrants o'er brutes with ease extend the plan,
And rise in cruelty from beast to man ;
Their fordid policy each crime allows,
The flesh that quivers and the blood that flows,

The

The furious stripes that murder in a day,
 Or torturing arts that kill by dire delay :
 The fainting spirit, and the bursting vein,
 All, all are reconcil'd to Christian gain.

In cold barbarian apathy behold,
 Sits the slave-agent bending o'er his gold ;
 That base contractor for the chain and rod,
 Who buys and sells the image of his God.
 Callous to every touch that nature lends,
 The bond that ties him to his kind he rends,
 Robber at once and butcher of his slaves,
 Nor grief, nor sickness, age, nor sex he saves,
 But plung'd in traffic, coldly can debate,
 The parent's destiny, the infant's fate ;
 The teeming mother of her hope despoil,
 And poise the gains of child-birth or of toil ;
 The sighs and groans which spring from both he
 spurns,
 For life or death 'tis gold the balance turns.

* O! Pride and Avarice of deluded fools,
 Despotick maxims taught in foreign schools !

Where

* Although in conformity to the change in the *time*, the
 Author

Where late the science of a slave was taught,
 To check the growth of every generous thought ;
 Where one proud mortal own'd the subjects
 breath,

Whispers were treason, and a word was death,
 Tenets like these to polish'd † France belong,
 For all she licens'd was the dance and song !
 The hands were fetter'd tho' the feet were free,
 And clos'd the lips in dread of tyranny :
 The poor, proud subject, still was idly gay,
 Skipp'd off his thoughts, and humm'd his cares
 away :

As the cag'd bird tho' pris'ner till it die,
 Will sometimes sing altho' it may not fly,
 Thy tree, O LIBERTY ! forbade to taste,
 A Frenchman's richest genius ran to waste :

Author has changed the *tense* in this apostrophe, he trusts he shall not be understood as intimating that the late good and unhappy Louis XVI. was a tyrant. The tyranny was then in the Constitution, and fatally for him the publick indignation broke out during his mild, and perhaps too merciful reign.

† See the Note inserted at the close of this, and the next apostrophe.

Oft

Oft were the seeds of freedom in his soul,
But none could spring amidst such hard controul:
In life's fresh morn if chance they dar'd to shoot,
The bud scarce peep'd ere Power destroy'd the
root.

Ah what can prosper in a slavish soil,
Save stunted shrubs unworthy of the toil,
Like pallid sweets of ineffectual May,
That faintly bloom and wither in a day?
No so the plants which LIBERTY bestows,
That in our Albion's favour'd garden grows:
There lifts the oak its top into the skies,
While with glad heart the Briton sees it rise,
Uninjur'd there, for ages shall it stand,
Nor ever quit it but to guard the land:
Then on the deep in gallant pomp it moves,
To serve that freedom which its country loves.

Oh! ever fail, fair Bark, upon thy waves,
Still guard thy England, from a realm of slaves:
Oh! ever flow, fair Sea, to guide our coast,
Still to divide us from yon abject host;

And

And swell ye Cliffs that canopy our strand,
To frown indignant on that servile land ;
That land of mutes, of one proud Lord the
prey,
A clime where to be dumb is to obey,
Unheard, unseen, where wretches meet their
dooms,
For whom no tear must dare to bathe their
tombs,
Conceal'd the parent's pang, the lover's sighs,
Bastilles for ever frown before their eyes ;
Like those they mourn, down precipices thrown
Are all that venture nature's laws to own ;
Buried alive, from youth to age they lie,
And ev'n, at last, in agonies they die. *

Oh ! hail'd by men and angels, be the hour,
Which clipp'd my Country's wing when stretch'd
for pow'r !

* Such was the Character of France in the *old*, and though it is not applicable to the *new*, EXCESS ; either extreme, the Author considers as *equally fatal* to that Rational Liberty he wishes to see established amongst Human Beings.

Which

Which taught the monarch where his rights
should end,

And to what point the subjects' should extend :
Bade the encroacher know his proper sphere,
Or for each wrong the monarch subject fear.
Once Kings controul'd the law, in infant times,
Plunder'd at will, nor answer'd for their crimes,
Freedom's fair system snaps the tyrant's chains,
Corrects his nature, and his rage restrains.

As the small acorn to a forest grows,
By gradual steps Britannia's glory rose :
Mark by what stern varieties of fate,
Terrors of war, and anarchies of state,
What direful griefs by foreign fury bred,
Rivers of blood, and mountains of the dead,
She past, advent'rous, ere her wrongs were o'er,
Complete her triumphs, and confirm'd her pow'r.

Behold the painted natives of our isle,
Rough as the coast, uncultur'd as the soil ;
Half-naked and half-cover'd see them go,
For sport or war accouter'd with the bow,

The

The plummy helmet nodding on the head,
And the loose skin across the shoulders spread,
A rude SOCIETY without a plan,
Above the brute, yet scarce arriv'd at man;
But then, e'en then, was felt the patriot flame,
And from these sparks our noon-tide radiance
came ;

To guard the huts that stretch along the strand,
Arm'd with the scythe and wicker shield they
stand,

The chariot mount, or leap upon the ground,
And shout victorious to the trumpet's sound.
The hardy Chiefs e'en Rome's proud Host defy,
For Britain conquer, or for Britain die.

Thus, in the earliest hour of England's morn,
A Briton's hate of tyranny was born !
Abhorrence sacred, to repel the hand,
That dar'd to wrong the charter of the land.
Hence rose our liberties, and hence our laws,
The good was common, common was the Cause ;
Yet, conflicts, murders, massacres ensued,
And many a Saxon, Danish sword embrued

In

In English blood, and many a monarch's life,
And many a monk's, submitted to the strife,
Ere Laws were fix'd, as *now* sublime they stand,
The shield, the spear, and buckler of the land.

At length bloom'd forth, diffusing all their
 charms,
The arts of peace more strong than those of
 arms;
Like mists dispersing at the dawn of day,
Barbaric Ignorance refin'd away.
The sword was sheath'd, the trumpet heard no
 more,
And the Lyre tried its humanizing power,
Religion came the Idol to explode,
And rear'd her altar to the living God.
In place of Deities with frowns pourtray'd,
Cherubs appear'd with heav'n-born smiles
 array'd,
Hence wise, and potent, awful, and humane,
The Christian System holds the guiding rein;
Prop of HUMANITY, and seen from far,
Bright as the lustre of the morning star.

Thrice

Thrice hail! thou * hero of the Saxon line,
Britannia's LAWS, Britannia's FREEDOM's thine!
Enrich'd by Nature and adorn'd by art,
Thine were the varied powers of head and heart,
Thine, by a kind felicity of fate,
The reconcil'd extremes of *Good* and *Great*,
Conduct with Courage, thought with action
 join'd,
And all the Virtues temper'd and combin'd;
Ardent in war, in gentle peace serene,
Wise in the publick, as the private scene;
Coolness to plan, and vigour to pursue,
And born to mould a rugged state anew,
Whate'er Philosophy has drawn sublime,
Or poets sung, in all the pride of rhyme;
Whatever history of good has giv'n,
The Boast of nature and the smile of Heav'n,
Adorn'd thy youth, and to complete the plan,
And give the perfect model of a man,
Nature bestow'd each fascinating grace,
The princely stature and attracting face,
Then, in the noblest light her work to bring,
In times of trial, stamp'd thee for a King!

* Alfred.

Scarce shone the crown upon thy princely head,
Ere rapine paus'd, and foul disorder fled;
And when compell'd to quit the regal seat,
Still, like thyself, was sought the soft retreat;
Veil'd by the shepherd cot and clown's attire,
Still glow'd within thee all the patriot's fire:
Dismiss'd the regal pomp, its train resign'd
No fate could sink the *monarch in thy mind*;
The kingly glories *there* their state maintain'd,
There, unsubdu'd majestic Virtue reign'd;
Expiring LIBERTY engag'd thy care,
For her to heav'n still breath'd thy fervent prayer:
Beneath the humblest shed she fill'd thy breast,
The humblest shed, ennobled by the guest,
There, while th' unconscious neat-herd toil'd and
 fung,
The dart was pointed and the bow was strung;
Then, while thy country's foes repos'd supine,
Again in arms the Foe beheld thee shine,
Th' Invaders soon a Conqueror allow'd,
And every haughty Lord to ALFRED bow'd!
To Arts as Arms thy Genius led the way,
And the glad Olive mingled with the bay;

Of social Life, too, thine the faultless plan,
Foes warm'd to friends, and man acknowledg'd
man,

Fair Times ! when monarchy was happiness,
When Rule was Freedom, and when Power could
blefs !

'Twas thine to call, where'er the atoms lay,
The Rights of honest Nature into day ;
'Twas thine, O royal architect ! at length,
To give her Charter, beauty, softness, strength ;
Till on a firm foundation Freedom stood,
And Reason saw that all was fair and good.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE HISTORY OF

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME.

IN TWO VOLUMES. THE FIRST CONTAINS THE HISTORY FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE YEAR 1780. THE SECOND CONTAINS THE HISTORY FROM THE YEAR 1780 TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, ESQ. OF BOSTON.

LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.

MDCCLXXXV.

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MDCCLXXXV.

HUMANITY.

B O O K II.

PROUD of the contrast, with indignant lay,
Once more, O Muse, to Gallia bend thy way;
Explore yon Cavern, frowning on the fight,
Where one faint lamp sends forth a sickly light !
Through folds of darkness where yon wicket
 glooms,
Perfidious Power has scoop'd the living tombs,
Along the filth that oozes from the walls,
The slimy snail, with track abhorrent crawls,
And oft, augmenting poisons, from the top,
With fullen sound, falls flow the withering drop.
The pestilential toad that squats below
Gathers fresh venom as those poisons flow ;

* Here, many a fathom down, despotic rage
 Hung human victims in the dreadful cage;
 Here the poor Captive, torn from child and wife,
 From youth to age, groan'd out detested life:
 Nor nature's sun, nor arts' supplying blaze,
 E'er shed one beam of comfort on his days,
 Nor human form, nor human hand was nigh,
 To sooth the grief that gather'd in his eye,
 Save one brief glance of man, as thro' the hole,
 His daily bread the silent gaoler stole,
 No human voice beguil'd the endless night
 That cruel shut him from creation's light!
 To sooth a mistress wanton Louis gave,
 To one who dar'd be just, this lingering grave,
 To one who dar'd a prostitute pourtray,
 And bring his honest Satire into day;
 How sinks the heart to pace this gloomy round,
 How pants the Muse to leave this tyrant ground!

But ere she turn, to Afric, let her fly,
 Where slav'ry groans beneath the fiercest sky;

* How does HUMANITY triumph in the annihilation of
 this impious mansion of despotism! on the first suggestion of
 these thoughts, how little did the Author imagine the Triumph
 was so near!

To

To desolated ASIA, once the blest
 In every charm of lavish nature dress'd,
 The holy spot by many a prophet trod,
 Seat of the saints, and sojourn of the God,
 Where FAITH her Christian temples rear'd
 around,
 And blood of Martyrs sanctified the ground,
 Where ev'n REDEMPTION like a Cherub came,
 And REVELATION, spread th' enlight'ning flame.

But oh ! thou Land, of Heav'n itself belov'd,
 What dire events, what changes hast thou prov'd ?
 How has time alter'd every charm of youth,
 Since first thou heard'st the oracles of truth !
 Disgrac'd the truths, which all th' Apostles gave,
 Thy Prince a tyrant, and Thyself a slave !
 Forgot the Heavenly claims that once were thine,
 Forgot the precepts breath'd from lips divine :
 Vain all the fathers, all a Saviour taught,
 And God expell'd for what th' Impostor brought.

Ah ! what avails thy medicinal floods,
 Thy citron breezes, and thy palmy woods,

What tho' the Cassia breathes along thy shore,
And trickling manna adds its essenc'd store ;
Tho' gums balsamic in thy vallies grow,
And both the Indias in thy region glow,
Thine, tho' Olympus, dear from classic fame,
And honour'd Hermon, a more holy name :
Tho' the tall Cedar decks thy fragrant shrine,
And lofty Lebanon himself be thine,
From fair Euphrates ev'n to Jordan's wave,
Tho' thy rich Coast the hallow'd waters lave,
And tho' thy fruits, voluptuously dispense
A keener relish to th' invited sense,
Tho' on thy flowers a bolder bloom prevail
Which sends more piercing odours to the gale,
And tho' thy skies, yet salient and serene,
Call fair Hygeia to the tempting scene,
All, all these blessings a strong balance find
In one broad curse that seizes on thy kind ;
Nor this the pest that oft has thinn'd thy plains ;
O'er thy devoted land a TYRANT reigns.

More fell, more fatal, than thy torrid sun,
Fierce thro' the East see DESPOTISM run !

Frantic

Frantic before him move a sanguine band,
The ruthless agents of his murd'rous hand ;
Crouching behind, in dumb allegiance wait,
Nurs'd up in blood, his various tools of fate,
In varied shapes of cruelty they rise,
To torture life, or hideous deaths devise :
Dey, Sultan, Signior, Emperor and King,
Chief, Visier, Cailif, each inferior Thing.
Some, do his bidding in the noon of day,
And some, at midnight, seize upon his prey ;
Submission, terror, chastisement, combine,
To sink the abject vassal to the swine,
Below degraded instinct Reason falls,
And Man is bound like herds within the stalls,
His spirit dies subdued by hard controul,
The useless body moves without a soul ;
No spark of heav'nly fire the mass can warm,
Nor publick virtue touch, nor private charm,
But general cowardice, by horror bred,
Courage unstrung, and manly honour dead ;
For oh ! the dart, the gibbet, and the wheel,
Are the least terrors that a slave can feel,
Of these the anguish scarce can rage its hour
Ere Death appears in soft relief of power,

Death, a kind refuge in the last despair,
But long a LIFE of SLAVERY who can bear?

Lo PERSIA's tyrant, with unnatural strife,
To please a minion robs a child of life,
With savage rage can blind the first-born son,
And partial lift a second to the throne ;
When the proud Sopha has consign'd to death,
'Tis treason but to beg a parent's breath,
The sentence past, the *look* that aims to save,
Condemns to equal fate the pitying slave ;
Sensual religion aids the tyrant's will,
And blood for ever reeks along the steel ;
In dire suspense, like Damocles's sword,
By a slight thread hangs life—a TYRANT's word,
Imposts and Edict vex the groaning land,
And ev'n the fountain flows but at command.

Oh hapless Asia ! while such horror reigns,
What British Muse will rest upon thy plains ?
Yet should she steer again to AFRIC's sand,
There too, she sees Oppression lift his hand,

Within

Within the tropics fiercer than the blaze
That fires the earth, with iron rod he sways,
Ev'n from the fertile Nile to Niger's waves,
'Tis but a change of tyrants and of slaves.

O pride, enormous ! impudence of man !
But let not Britons imitate the plan,
Frame no false systems and then call them wise,
Or make distinctions where no difference lies ;
Alas ! full oft the European face
Masks a mind darker than the darkest race ;
The Negro's heart may be a purer shrine,
For thoughts devout, O haughty White ! than
thine,

Acceptance find more gracious from its God,
Than the proud master who uplifts the rod,
His prayer to holy KANNO more prevail
To the great SPIRIT whispering in the gale,
His pious vows to QUOJA 'midst the trees
Or high BASSEFO walking in the breeze,
These may more virtues and more truth impart,
Than Christian incense from a savage heart,

And

And the wild Tambour beat to idol shouts,
To heav'n ascend before the organ's notes ;
Say, what the pomps of science or of prayer,
If the poor Indian's *fervor* glow not there?
In different forms tho' men the God adore,
Shap'd as the brute or painted as the flow'r,
As marble here, and there as feathers seen,
There the bird's bone, and here the fishes' fin,
Each, as it marks *sincerity*, shall rise,
And welcome find in the recording skies ;
Shall more be cherish'd by the powers of Heav'n
Than less true worship where more aids are giv'n,
Than the mock homage of th' enlighten'd train,
For whom a Saviour liv'd, and died in vain.

A doctrine this too harsh for human pride ;
Resort to facts and be the doctrine try'd.
With faithful hand, cull'd from th' historic page,
Proofs throng to proofs might vanquish Christian
 rage ;
Oh ! tyrant WHITE, forget a while thy gold,
And every virtue in thy BLACK behold,
All that is honour'd, lov'd, or priz'd by thee,
In thy scourg'd Negro, blushing, shalt thou see.

Lo,

Lo, as the Muse to Anticosta steers,
Mid't the wild waves HUMANITY appears !
Escap'd the wreck, although their barks were lost,
Whole crews were dash'd upon a savage coast ;
The coast, tho' savage, there the Christians find,
Each God-like feeling in an Indian mind,
For touch'd by cries that pierc'd the piny wood,
The native sought the margin of the flood,
Then as th' expiring Christians caught their view,
To human grief the generous Indians flew,
The social passion glowing in his face,
Thus spoke a Chieftain of the fable race :
" Haste, children haste, behold where brothers
lie,
" Rise, strangers rise, the hand of help is nigh :
" Men, like ourselves, throughout the globe
command
" The shelt'ring bosom, and the aiding hand,
" All, all are kinsmen of a different hue,
" Our faces vary, but our hearts are true ;
" Ye poor white wanderers on our bounty
thrown,
" Your griefs are sacred, and your wants our
own."

This

This said, he gently to his Cottage led,
Smil'd on his guests and yielded up his bed ;
Then watch'd till morn, a guardian at the door
Bless'd and was blessed—*could a Christian more ?*

To trace each VIRTUE thro' the sultry Sands,
Next Negro HONOUR all thy praise demands ;
In CUJOE's generous soul it meets the view,
And darts a glory thro' his tawny hue.
A band of Christian pirates fought the shore,
And many an Indian from their forests bore,
To CUJOE's cot a Foe was seen to fly,
Pierc'd by a dart, and begg'd, in peace, to die ;
But soon the Tribes pursue, demand their prey,
“ Scalp, scalp that wretch, they cry, in open day !
“ CUJOE conceals the Man whose blood is ours,
“ 'Tis not our rage, 'tis justice that devours.”
Mean time th' exhausted Christian gasp'd for
breath,

As Cujoe rose, and stopp'd th' impending death :
“ My Friends forbear, the guilty seek and slay,
“ Pursue the race that stole our tribes away,
“ May Ocean whelm them in the deepest wave,
“ The guilty punish, but the blameless save !

“ Lo,

“ Lo, this sick Christian on my faith relies,
“ Of guest and friend, ah? reverence the ties!
“ Here, in the rights of friendship shall he rest,
“ This arm his buckler, and his shield this breast,
“ This Cot his Citadel, and ere *he* die
“ Here must your hatchets fall, your arrows fly!”
Honour prevail’d, their vengeance dy’d away,
And safe in CUJOE’S hut the Christian lay.

Next, let us speed to yonder fainted plains,
By mountains screen’d, and crown’d with dulcet
canes,
Where the mad Ouragan in phrenzy roars,
Affrights the Isle, and desolates the shores,
While many a rill and flow’ry vale between,
Smile in the storm and reconcile the scene:
There see a Hero of the Negro line,
Boasts an high FEELING, Briton, proud as thine.

The faithful QUA-SHI with his master bred,
The same their mansion and the same their bed,
Together us’d in infant times to play,
Their friendship strengthen’d in life’s riper day;
The

The slave was trusty and the lord was kind,
 To QUA-SHI's care the property assign'd,
 His labours clos'd, he took the transient rest,
 Then chid the Sun yet loit'ring in the East;
 Ere peep'd the dawn his daily toils he fought,
 And daily wealth to his lov'd lord he brought.

Envy, at length, a poison'd arrow drew,
 Which wing'd with mischief to the master flew,
 Of dire neglect the accusation came,
 And lo, the sentence past for QUA-SHI's shame;
 A publick punishment was now decreed,
 And, the next Morn was QUA-SHI doom'd to
 bleed!

The injur'd Slave with shudd'ring terror heard,
 And at deep midnight fought his barbarous
 Lord,

Then wrought to agony, these words address'd,
 The poignard trembling at his Master's breast.

" O Thou, whom no remembrance can move,

" Nor cradled tenderness, nor manly love,

" Dare not to think that QUA-SHI's soul will
 bear

" The publick Insults which thy hands prepare,

" Think

" Think not the bloody Morn these eyes shall
view,

" Nor think for pardon that these lips shall sue :

" No, Monster, no, my soul's above my fate,

" Scorns thy proud mercy as it braves thy hate ;

" Thus, Tyrant, thus thy fury I defy,

" Live Thou to Shame, while I in honour die."

He spoke—the Poignard sluic'd the crimson
flood,

And bath'd the Master in the Servant's blood.

If thou would'st Negro TENDERNESS behold,
Seek with the Muse the coast where broods the
gold ;

A * Briton there—immortal be his name,

By pity's Angel mark'd with endless fame !

A Briton there, an Indian Infant found,

For savage rites by superstition bound,

The Negro King amidst the croud he sought,

And at the sacrifice the victim bought,

Then to the Ship his trembling Charge convey'd,

While all the sable train with awe surveyed ;

• SNELGRAVE.

But scarce the Babe was plac'd upon the deck,
Than loud was heard a female's piercing shriek,
" 'Tis he! 'tis he! it is the babe I bore,
" Whom savage ACQUA from this bosom tore,
" Ah! come my own—resume thy couch of rest,
" And cling once more to this maternal breast,
" Blest be the hand, by EGHO form'd to save,
" Thrice blest the Hand that led me here a slave,
" Blest be the Author of these transports wild,
" And blest the power which has restor'd my
Child!"

She could no more, but still the speaking eye
Own'd the rich gift of fair HUMANITY!

But when she heard her infant had been bought,
Ev'n as the flame its tender limbs had caught,
" O Indian God, Oh! God-like White," she said,
While o'er her sable cheek the crimson spread,
" All that a parent, all a slave can give,
" O God-like White, O Indian God receive!"
Kneeling she wept, then kiss'd her rescu'd Child,
While in her jetty arms the Infant smil'd;
Dances and Songs of Praise now struck the waves,
And one strong charm like magick touch'd the
slaves,

Thro'

Thro' the long voyage obedient they remain,
Nor sounding whip is heard, nor clanking chain.

Touch'd is thy heart, O Merchant of thy kind,
Does human Softness steal into thy mind?
Rous'd is the spark, too long repress'd by Gold?
Then bend thy heart to what we next unfold:
Now while perchance the human passions move,
O view the force of Friendship and of Love,
In Negro bosoms see those powers at strife,
Which form the bliss and agony of life.

ZEBRON and ZABOR of the jetty race,
Were first in feature and proportion'd grace,
Bright as the Antelope their radiant eyes,
As the proud Palm-tree tow'r'd their equal size,
Both wore alike the Tyger's speckled spoil,
Brothers in dress, in pastime and in toil;
Slaves tho' they were, ev'n Slavery had its charms,
For ZEBRON's comfort was in ZABOR's arms;
And ZABOR fainting on the arid sand,
Was rear'd to joy by gentle ZEBRON's hand,
By bliss united much, by sorrow more,
A Negro's Fate they soften'd while they bore,

But love, at last, a keener pang imparts,
For fable ZELIA triumph'd o'er their hearts;
Her skin of Ebony bestow'd a grace,
That far outshone an alabaster face;
So thought the youths, with equal truth inspir'd
With all their passions, all their climate fir'd;
Each scorn'd to ravish, each refus'd to yield,
And Love and Friendship both maintain'd the
field;

Devouring torments spread the mutual flame,
But still their friendship, still their love the same;
When beauteous ZELIA in their view appears,
ZEBRON and ZABOR melt in mutual tears,
Oft, both embracing to renounce her swear,
And Friendship seems to link them in despair;
At length their conflicts, big with ev'ry grief,
And ev'ry passion, sought a dire relief.
At close of day as ZELIA trac'd the wood,
The Lovers follow'd and before her stood,
The wand'ring Maid too fatal in her charms,
Now snatch'd to ZEBRON's now to ZABOR's
arms;

The fondest vows that ever Lovers swore,
The deepest groans that ever heav'd they pour,

Then with clos'd eyes, and heads declin'd, they
dart

The mutual daggers in her bounding heart ;
Speechless she fell, her sobs their shrieks con-
found,

They clasp the victim, and they kiss the wound,
Then raise the poignards streaming in her blood,
And with their own augment the crimson flood.

Thus Negro Virtues, Negro frailties shine,
Say, *fairer* Savage do they yield to thine !
Their ardent virtues emulate thy own,
Their errors are the errors of their zone ;
And art thou still Supreme of human race,
Still boasts thy Nature the imperial grace ?
Ah no ! without the aid of borrow'd arts,
Worth, greatness, goodness, elevate *their* hearts,
The tow'ring spirits in their bosoms move,
They hate with vigour, as with force they love,
Together leagu'd, till death they faithful toil,
And smoothe the wrong that chains them to the
foil ;

Still hand in hand their direful loads they bear,
Divide each joy and mitigate despair :

Vivid as Thine the sense of joy and pain,
 Thrills in each pulse, and vibrates in each vein ;
 When hope inspires, behold as bright a ray,
 Illumes their eyes and o'er their features play ;
 When grief affails, the tears as copious flow,
 To mark the soft or agonizing woe ;
 When the lash scourges or the pincers rend,
 A shriek as piercing from the heart they send ;
 Ere the brave spirit of the man is broke,
 E'vn with a Briton's scorn they spurn the yoke,
 Love of their native Land, that magic charm !
 Against a host hath made a handful arm :
 They love like Thee the soil that gave them
 birth,
 And treasure up each particle of earth
 Fondly embosom'd, ere they leave the shore,
 And kiss the sacred relique o'er and o'er.

Musicians, Poets, too, by nature taught,
 A song spontaneous bursting from a thought,
 Swift into measure subjects seem to fly,
 As transient objects transient themes supply,
 Each nerve extatick springs to the rebound,
 And every motion seems to paint a sound ;

The

The sweet enthusiasm ev'ry grief beguiles,
And the scourg'd captive ev'n in anguish smiles,
With thrilling passion ev'ry feature glows,
So strong the charm it cheats awhile their woes.

Yet, who the Negro's *sufferings* can relate,
Or mark the varied horrors of their fate?
Where, blushing Truth! shall we their griefs
begin,
Or how commence the catalogue of Sin?
Demons of torture! ye who mock at woe,
And smile to see the crimson blood-track flow,
In horrid triumph rise from central Hell,
Th' inventive pangs of Christian growth to tell,
Oh! aid the shuddering Muse to paint the grief,
Which calls on death for pity and relief;
Oh! powers of Mercy, loose that massy yoke,
Oh! hold that Arm, for murder's in the stroke!
Behold that axe the quivering limb affails,
Behold that body weltering in its wails!
Ah! hear that Bludgeon fall, that lash resound,
And see those wretches writhing on the ground!

See yonder mangled mass of Atoms lie,
Behold that Christian's hands the flames apply,
At the bare feet is laid that sulphurous train,
It climbs the heart and burns into the brain.

Survey the triple horrors of their state,
Doom'd in each change to be the sport of fate ;
Torn from their native land at first they come,
And then are thrown into the sailing tomb,
In wat'ry dens like coupled beasts they lie,
And beg the mournful privilege to die ;
But death, more kind than Man, oft brings relief,
Releases one, while one survives to grief ;
The living wretch his dead associate sees,
The body clasps and drinks the putrid breeze,
Chain'd to the noxious corpse, till rudely thrown,
In the vex'd sea, then left a slave alone.

Ah ! wretch forlorn ! *thy* lot the most severe,
Affassination would be mercy here !

Methinks I hear thee cry, " Ah give me death,
" Give the last blow and stop this hated breath,
" Oh ! for a sword to waft me to the shore,
" Where never Christian White may torture more,
" Curse,

“Curse, curse me not with Being, instant throw
“This loathsome body to the waves below!”
His prayer deny’d condemn’d ’midst slaves to
groan,

The cruel Merchant “marks him for his own,”
The scar by Christian cruelty imprest,
Smoaks on his arm, or blackens on his breast,
The wattled oziers form his rugged bed,
And daily anguish earns his daily bread;
Short food, and shorter rest, and endless toil,
Above the scourge, below the burning foil.

Soon with his sable Brothers must he go,
“Doom’d to a sad variety of woe;”
Like harness’d Mules o’er Afric’s dreadful sand,
In slow procession move the mournful band,
The length’ning files begin their circuit wide,
While on their limbs are galling braces ty’d;
Fraught with coarse viands, see the straining
throng,
Drag the oppressive caravan along,
The massy iron and the direful log,
Their naked bodies ev’n in slumber clog,

An

An iron collar o'er each neck is past,
And iron rivets hold the collar fast ;
A tighten'd chain across each shoulder goes,
While the dark driver takes his own repose ;
At length arriv'd the miserable band
Like the stall'd oxen pass from hand to hand.

Ye friends of Man ! whose souls with mercy
glow,
Throb not your breasts with sympathizing woe ?
Fires not the social blood within your veins,
To make the White Man feel the Negro's
pains ?

Beat not your hearts the miscreant arms to bind,
Of the proud Christian with a savage mind ?
Dost thou not pant to snap the impious chain,
And rush to succour the insulted train ?
From servile bonds, to free the hapless race,
And fix the haughty tyrants in their place ?
Make *them* the weight of Slav'ry to know,
Till their hard natures melt at social woe,
Nor till they humanize to social men,
Would ye restore them to their rights again !

Oh !

Oh! FREEDOM, sacred Goddess! who inspires
Th' untutor'd Savage, with sublimest fires,
Oft have thy Chiefs o'er lifted troops prevail'd
And Nature's warriors sped where armies fail'd;
While the bought foldier in his trade of death,
With fordid contract bargains for his breath,
While the brave Indian from his fetters broke
Ev'n Famine braves to feel no more the yoke.

What will not FREEDOM's Heav'n descended
fire,
In cultur'd, or untutor'd Souls inspire?
The RIGHTS OF NATURE and of GOD to save,
Men scoop the rock and build upon the wave,
Explore the barren sand, the marshes drear,
And the free Cottage in the desert rear,
Delight in hollow of some cave to dwell,
Or dig thro' Earth the independent cell.

See where MARINO lifts her craggy brow,
Half hid in clouds, and cover'd half with snow,
Beyond the Appenines, there Freedom reigns,
And scorns the thraldom of Italian plains;

There

There see untax'd the proud republick grow,
And spurn the bondage of the vales below,
Close on the liberal Heav'n behold it stands,
And looking scorn on tributary lands ;
What, tho' those tributary lands display
The bloomy fragrance of perpetual May,
Like the coy sensitive, each lovely flower
Still seems to tremble at the touch of power.
Blest be the good Dalmatians generous earth,
Which boasts, Oh! Rome, than thine a nobler
birth,

Thou, but the refuge of a robber band,
To his devotion rais'd the folded hand,
And many a century his little state
Has stood the storms of Fortune and of Fate,
Whilst thy sunk cities, once the boast of Fame,
Are mark'd by Ruins, and an empty name :
What tho' no streams here lave the scant domain,
But melting snows and reservoirs of rain ;
Tho' hillocks scatter'd round the parent hill,
At once thy pride and penury reveal,
A narrow circuit, and a labour'd soil,
Which yields subsistence but to endless toil,

Dear

Dear is the grain that decks the mountain's side,
Beyond the harvest of Italia's pride.

In this small spot behold one path alone,
Where jealous freedom guides us to the town,
There, entering, arts and arms and trade we
view,
For ev'ry Citizen's a Soldier too;
There laws are form'd on patriot Wisdom's plan,
For each enjoys the honest rights of Man;
There all for general happiness combine,
To that great aim, with hands and hearts they
join.

Oh! fainted founder of this virtuous land,
Sublimely rais'd, I see thy statue stand,
Ev'n where the Virgin consecrates the place,
It fills with holy zeal thy generous race,
With free-born men thy Mount is cover'd o'er,
While lost CAMPANIA glooms a desert shore.

Say, what but FREEDOM cheer'd the Savage
bands,
That once o'erspread CANADI's conquer'd lands?

Wild

Wild as their woods behold uncheck'd they
go,

For sport or food accouter'd with the bow,
They ask'd no bounty from the fullen foil,
The casual chace their banquet and their toil,
And when at eve the warm pursuit was o'er,
Nor twang'd the bow nor sped the arrow
more,

They sprung from light repose ere peep of day,
And thro' the humid deserts took their way ;
Active, ferocious, bold, unaw'd they stood,
Troops of the lake and armies of the wood,
Vers'd in no science, lesson'd in no art,
They breath'd the eloquence that reach'd the
heart ;

Unknown the classick pomp of pedant schools,
Above th' ungenial check of colder rules,
It beam'd defiance in the flashing eye,
Storm'd in the shout and melted in the sigh ;
In tranquil hours it gave the smile serene,
In publick tumults show'd th' indignant mien,
While every vivid tone and glance express'd
All the strong passions of the warrior's breast.

When

When the rude Chief his brave harangue
began,

The Savage rose to Hero and to Man,
And when th' invader tore him from the foil,
Dear scene of all his pride, of all his toil,
No artificial mockeries of woe,
Or taught his cheek to change, his tears to flow;
With pious awe he kneel'd to kiss the ground,
And fondly press'd his sorrowing friends around,
" Oh! weeping Brothers! this our place of birth,
" Our fathers' Ashes consecrate the earth;
" Should the foe drag us to a foreign shore,
" Those sacred ashes we can guard no more,
" Leave, leave not thus our Sires to Christian
rage,
" But ah! with filial wrath the conflict wage."

Thus thro' the globe in Nature's earliest dawn,
For FREEDOM only was the arrow drawn,
The plain rough ancient at his threshold stood,
And held that freedom dearer than his blood;
Whate'er the forest or the lakes bestow,
Fruits of his lance, his angle and his bow,

The

The fur that warms him or the hut that shields,
The scanty harvest which his culture yields,
Earn'd by his strength, was by his strength maintain'd,

And Freedom held what honest labour gain'd,
Part of himself, the Swain his Freedom thought
His reason sanction'd what his nature taught,
Nor force of bribes nor frauds of gold he knew,
For Life and Liberty to arms he flew.

For these, see smiling in their realms of frost,
The sons of Labradore's inclement coast,
Tho' darkness sheds deep night through half the
year,

And snow invests the clime,—that clime is dear,
Where blows the arctic tempest's icy gale,
And famine seizes on the spermy whale,
The bearded Esquimaux half robb'd of fight,
Roves uncontroll'd content with FREEDOM'S
light,

To all the ills his Country knows conforms,
Sports in her caverns and enjoys her storms ;
For the huge Sea-dog tugs the lab'ring oar,
Nor sighs for blessings of a softer shore.

Such

Such too, BRITANNIA, were THY savage Sons,
Thro' all thy tribes the dread of Slav'ry runs,
Tho' mild, heroic, honest without laws,
They brav'd each peril in fair Freedom's cause.
But ah! full many an age in Gothic night,
Was veil'd th' effulgence of their native right;
Tho' like the rocky Barrier of their coast,
That Freedom now is her sublimest boast:
Full many an age dissension shook her Fane,
From Rome's fierce Cæsar to the stormy Dane,
In whelming tides pour'd in the Saxon clan,
And Normans finish'd what their rage began;
The savage Briton to his Mountains fled,
Alternate triumph'd, and alternate bled;
War upon wars, on conquest conquests throng,
Vandal drove Goth, and Goth urg'd Gaul along;
On human flesh the savage Victors eat,
And mystic Druids shar'd the sanguine treat;
Impostor-priests before their Idols stood,
And talk'd of Heav'n with hands embred in
blood;
Before their eyes imagin'd spectres glare,
Spirits were heard, and fancy'd ghosts were
there,

Religion, Law, and Government their own,
Bloody their Altars, bloody was their Throne;
Thro' the vex'd Isle the sanguine edict spread,
'Twas Heav'n demanded mountains of the
dead;

In the dark grove which Superstition trod,
Priests hid their spoils, yet commun'd with their
God,

And muttering rites within the fearful gloom,
First stab a victim then the feast resume;
Unfelt as yet the softning ties of life
Deep in the prisoner's breast the ruthless knife
The desperate Female plung'd—could man do
more!

Then idly prophesied as flow'd the gore;
A rage of slaughter then the Sex possess,
Now with each grace of Love and Pity blest.

But soon the savage Tyrant was the Slave,
For fell Invaders pierc'd the Druid cave;
Forth from the Baltic pour'd the deathful host,
And train'd to havock, crimson'd all the coast,
The Northern Hive swarm'd terrible around,
And every altar smoak'd upon the ground,

Promiscuous

Promiscuous carnage, spotted every hand,
Swell'd the gorg'd tomb and deluged all the
land,

Different in mind, and manners, as in face,
The Normans came, an innovating race;
Their power, their passions, and their pride, they
brought,
Fierce, bold, and bloody, and with conquest
fraught.

From the forc'd mixture of a foreign breed,
Unnatural customs, laws, and wars succeed;
The *Saxon* superstition, weak as dire,
In two extremes of water and of fire,
But these were lenient mercies to the strife,
That *then* with horror hung a cloud on life,
For then, the ties of social Good unbound,
Affassination took its dreadful round;
In every grove some lurking stabber lay,
And human bloodshed clotted all the way,
Frequent the mangled corpse obscene, appear'd,
And mutual hate the fanguine standard rear'd;
In slavish homage to a haughty Lord,
Each home-felt joy was broken at the board,

From house to house the Tyrant's edict ran,
And the feast ended ere the Mirth began,
At the eighth hour toll'd out by dread command,
The dreary knell that darken'd all the land ;
Friendship no more her magic could impart,
Nor share the glad, nor raise the drooping heart,
The " blazing faggot " chear'd the hearth no
more,

And all the soft'ning blooms of life were o'er.
To ruin'd Juries the dire sword succeeds,
And at each pore insulted Justice bleeds,
The savage beasts, which Nature gave to all,
To glut the rage of scepter'd pride must fall ;
No more the chace, no more the woods were free,
All, all was Hate—for all was SLAVERY.
The Lawyer-Clergy too, and *Baron* proud,
Aping their Prince, struck terror thro' the croud ;
Next, bigot *Priests*, th' imposing mandate bring,
And yoke the Neck of each succeeding King ;
Fair truth in fetters was with reason bound,
And dread Anathemas were peal'd around,
Pontiff Hypocrisy, parade of prayer,
Pardon, or curse, indulgence or despair :

The

The heart was tainted, and the head confus'd,
And all the attributes of God abus'd ;
Kings, Priests and People in one chaos hurl'd,
And Virtue left with Liberty the World !

Eventful BRITAIN ! should the Muse display,
The bloody tracks which mark'd thy homeward
way,

Or trace the Deluges of Foreign Gore,
That ran in purple torrents thro' thy shore,
As Conquest oft her crimson pinion spread,
And different victors different horrors bred ;
Thy hardiest Sons would tremble but to view,
The fearful picture that her pencil drew.

Last, and what greater proofs can now remain ?
Touch we the border of SURINAM's plain,
Lo, there the purchas'd NEGROES may'lt thou
see,

Bursting their bonds indignant to be free,
From rocks and caves in daring Bands they
come,

And wrought to blood like warring Lion's roam ;

Fire, Plague, and Death th' untutor'd Bands
defy,
Resolv'd on Freedom, or resolv'd to die.

Then blest the * man, and worthy to be blest,
Friend of the Wretched, Guardian of th' op-
press'd,
Blest be the Man—ye Negroes bow the knee,
And blest him, Thou, divine HUMANITY—
Who, scorning interest, thus pourtray'd the plan,
That gave to Men the awful rights of Man ;
“ Oh ! Race dishonour'd, whose sad forms we tear,
“ Nor heed our kindred, heed our Maker there,
“ Too long on fordid Altars have ye bled,
“ From Christian hearts too long has Mercy fled :
“ At length return'd, behold she brings relief,
“ From Heav'n she comes to sooth the Captive's
grief ;
“ My brethren rise, the galling chains unbind,
“ And give the generous Model to mankind ;
“ What Avarice seiz'd let Justice now restore,
“ Let Negroes serve, but serve as Slaves no
more ;

* Penn.

Or

*“ Or if the NAME of Slave must yet remain,
“ Strive not for words, so we remove the pain ;—
“ Strive not for words, so we the rights supply,
“ The ravish’d rights of sweet HUMANITY !”*

The good Man spake, applauding thousands
 bow’d,
The Hero triumph’d, and the Christian glow’d,
Unnumber’d Hearts by great example fir’d
Bent to the Law HUMANITY requir’d ;
Unnumber’d Manacles that moment broke,
Unnumber’d Slaves were loosen’d from the yoke,
Unnumber’d Hands were folded up in air,
Unnumber’d Voices breath’d a grateful prayer,
Unnumber’d Eyes late bath’d in tears of woe,
Ah blissful change ! with tears of joy o’erflow :
From God the spark began, to Man it came,
Till all perceiving, all partook the flame ;
Heav’n’s fire electric, as one touch’d the ball,
It struck a second till it spread to all.

And shall not generous England catch the flame,
And add the Wreath of Mercy to her fame,

Shall not HUMANITY assert her cause,
And Albion's Slave find *Justice in her Laws*?
Those equal Laws, whose amicable sway,
The rich and poor, the high and low obey.
Blest land! where *Sovereigns* view their roofs
ascend,
While LAW and LIBERTY their thrones defend:
Blest *Subjects* too, whose guarded mansions stand,
Too firm for Tyranny's rapacious Hand,
Where the poor *Peasant* knows his Cot secure,
Humble in size, but on foundations sure;
Where boldly fenc'd his little Garden grows,
And not a King DARES rob him of a Rose.
Thus in the crouded Hive, tho' all agree
To choose their Monarch, the proud Swarms are
free;
Plebeian Cells, as sacred as the Great,
And both contribute honey to the State.

Launch then the Bark, unfurl th' impatient
Sails,
Swell ye kind Seas, and blow ye fostering Gales,
Oh

Oh haste some Angel thro' the realms of air
To Afric's Sons Britannia's tidings bear!
Thrice happy he who first shall reach the strand
To spread the joys of Freedom thro' the Land,
His the rich bliss to see "his fellows blest,"
His the glad welcome of some Heavenly guest.

And lo! methinks on Fancy's wing convey'd
The MUSE already gains the palmy shade,
Herself the messenger, to Afric's plains
Ardent she flies, to break the tyrant-chains,
Her voice already hails the list'ning croud,
And thus she speaks her Embassy aloud,
"I come, I come to set the Captive free,
"Ye suffering Heirs of blest'd HUMANITY,
"Whose Minds can reason, and whose Hearts
can move,
"With all the joys and agonies of Love,
"Sublime on Nature's scale again ye rise
"Equals on Earth, as equals in the skies.
"Where Freedom bids, now take your blithsome
way,
"Yours the fair morn, and yours the closing
day,

"Yours

“ Yours is the jocund eve, its sports command,
“ Or on the cooling wave or barren sand :
“ If in your breasts the Patriot passions burn
“ To your lov’d Country, to your Homes return,
“ Free, unconfin’d, where’er your course ye bend,
“ Still, still shall LIBERTY your steps attend !
“ Negroes are Men, and Men are Slaves no
more,
“ Fair Freedom reigns, and Tyranny is o’er !”

And now they trace each scene of former love,
Explore each favour’d haunt, hill, vale, and
grove,

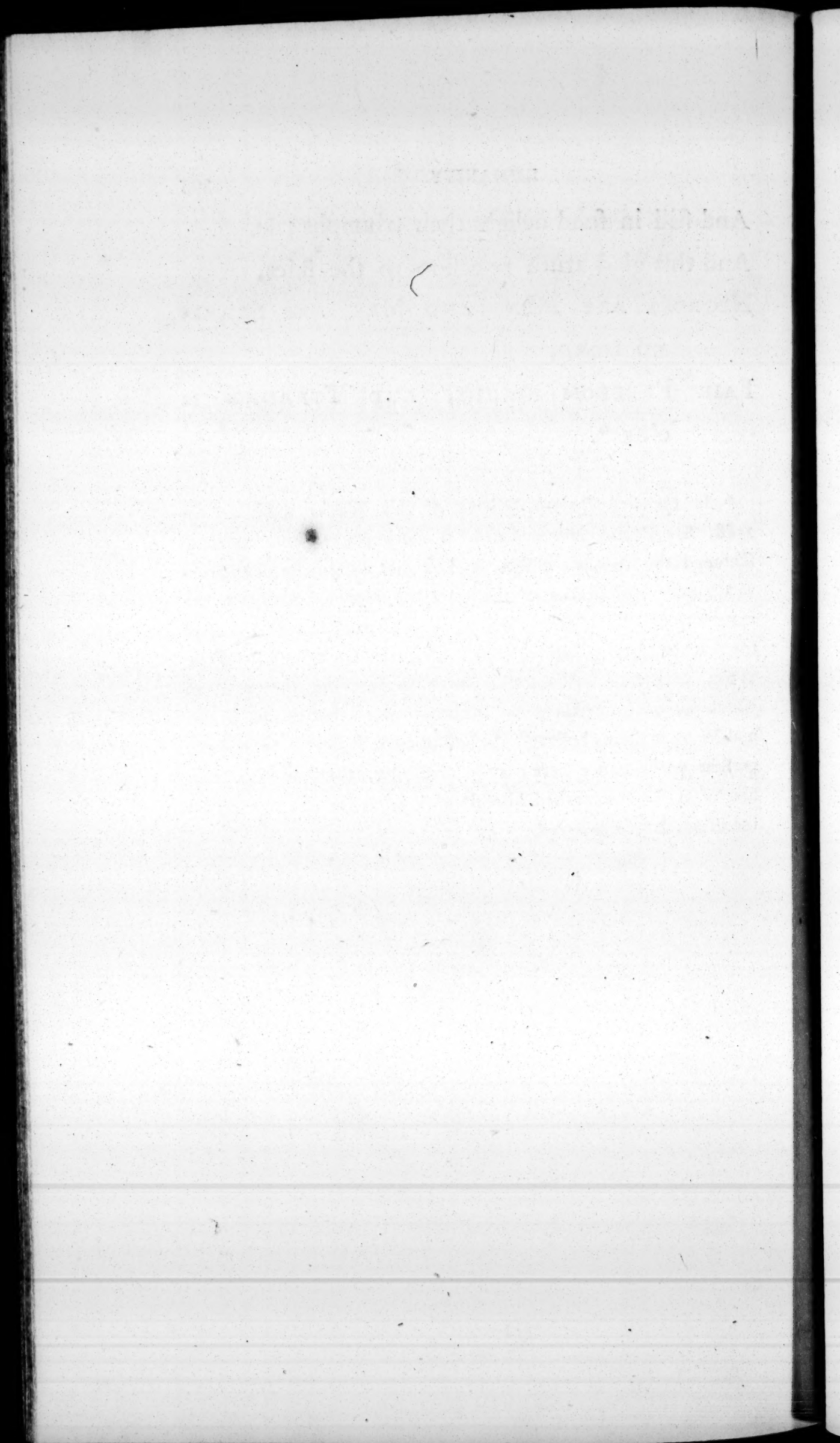
And soon the well-remember’d huts they find,
Where faithful Friends and Loves were left be-
hind,

Sudden before her fable lord appears,
Th’ enfranchis’d wife adorn’d with faithful tears,
Mothers again their kidnapp’d babes behold,
Sons clasp their Sires in slavery grown old :
Here their own Niger rises to the fight,
And there their Nile’s prolifick banks invite ;
Far as extend these parent floods they range,
Feel all at large and triumph in the change :

And

And still in fond delight their triumphs rise,
And this glad truth re-echoes to the skies,
NEGROES ARE MEN, AND MEN ARE SLAVES
NO MORE,
FAIR FREEDOM REIGNS, AND TYRANNY IS
O'ER *.

* In the first Quarto Edition of this Work, published in 1788, the Poem contained several more pages, but, as these sketched the Author's design, and might, indeed, be considered as a poetical prospectus of the intended poem of SOCIETY, the materials of which are lost, and with them, the probability of the Author's having leisure, courage, or life, to begin his labour again, with any well-founded hope of reaching the point of which he once cherished the ambition—for what cannot Youth and Poesy make us believe?—he has judged it better to end the present performance here; only observing, that, in this revision of it, he has availed himself of every criticism, which, on reflection, he *felt to be just*.



DIALOGUE LETTERS:

CONTAINING

NECESSARY FIRST QUESTIONS AND ENQUIRIES;

IN

ENGLISH, GERMAN, AND DUTCH,

AS

PROMISED BY THE GLEANER.

TO THE READER.

As well to perform a promise, as from a thorough conviction of their GREAT UTILITY to travellers of all descriptions, these Letters are added; but as there is nothing in them which can be either profitable or amusing *on this side* of the Continent; and as *the other side* is, alas! still forbidden ground, without offering fruits or flowers, or gleanings of any kind for the head or heart, the Author can neither expect or wish his Readers to lose the *present* time in such barren occupation; but when, long-wished for and long-wanted Peace shall *renew* the Earth, and *revive* wounded Humanity, he would, as a Friend, advise all those who carry their gratulations on that joyful event abroad, to take these Dialogues along with them, even though they should refuse the other parts of the work that honour: not but that he would feel himself proud to be their Fellow Traveller, in a literary sense, *altogether*. And as it is *impossible* to write down the words exactly as they would sound, when pronounced, to an English ear, the following observations may be of use: A, in the German, and Dutch Languages is pronounced as in the French, excepting when there are two strokes over it, as thus—ä—it is then the same as in English. The v, in both Dutch and German, is always pronounced as an f.

TWO

DIALOGUE LETTERS,

IN

ENGLISH, GERMAN, & DUTCH.

LETTER I.

ENGLISH.

How late is it landlord? waiter?
chambermaid?

GERMAN.

Wie spät ist es, wirth? aufwärter? kammer-
mädchen? As spoken, i. e. as it sounds to the
ear. We spate ist es, wurt? aufwerter? kam-
mermadeyen?

DUTCH.

Hoe laat is het, kastelyn? oppasser? Kamer-
meid?

Is there a good fire?

GERMAN.

Ist ein gutes feuer da? As f. Ist ein gootes
fire da?

DUTCH.

Is 'er een goed vuur?

Bring

Bring breakfast, tea, coffee, both; below above.

GERMAN.

Bring das frühstück, thee, caffè, von beyden, unten, oben. As f. Bring das freestück, téé, caffè, fom byden, oonten oben.

DUTCH.

Brenghet het ontbyt, thee, coffé, byde, boven, beneden.

Is water and towel in my chamber?

GERMAN.

Ist wasser und ein handtuch in meine kammer? As f. Ist wasser unt eyen handtooch in myne kammer?

DUTCH.

Is 'er water en een handdock in myn kammer?

Go for the hair-dresser, barber, both.

GERMAN.

Hohlt dem friseur, barbier, beyde. As f. Holt dem friseur, barbeer, byde.

DUTCH.

Haalt de kapper, (prukmaker) barbier, byde.

Bring me my boots, shoes.

GERMAN.

Bringt meine Stiefeln, shue. As f. Brinkt myne steefeln, shue.

DUTCH.

Brengt myne laarsen, schoenen.

Brush my coat, hat.

GERMAN.

Bürste meinen rock, huth. As f. Bürste mynen rok, hoot.

DUTCH.

Borstett myn roek, hoed at.

Are there any things which travellers go to see in this town, village, country?

GERMAN.

Ist etwas merkwürdiges für reisende in dieser stadt zu besehen, dorf, gegende? As f. Ist etwas merkwederdes fear ryfende in deeser stadt zu besaen, dorf, gegende?

VOL. III.

D D

DUTCH.

DUTCH.

Is 'er iets merkwaardigs voor ryzigers te ſeen,
in deeſe ſtadt, drop, land?

Get ſomebody to attend me to them.

GERMAN.

Shaffe mir jemand um mich darhin zu begleiten.
As ſ. Shaffe meer yamaant um mich darhin zu
beglyten.

DUTCH.

Beforgt my iemand om my daarheen te
geleyden.

If there is a play, opera, concert to night,
conduct me to it, at the proper hour.

GERMAN.

Is dieſen abend eine comedie, opera, concert,
begleite mir dahin, zur beſtemten zeit. As ſ.
Is deefen abend eyene comedie, opera, concert,
beglyte meer dahin, zur beſtimten zyt.

DUTCH.

Als 'er heeden avond comedie, opera, concert
is, brengt my daarheen ter regten tyd.

What hour do you give the table d'hôte—one,
two, half paſt, or three?

GERMAN.

GERMAN.

Welche stunde geben sie die table d'hôte um ein, zwey, halber drey, oder drey uhr? As f. Welche stunde geben sie die table d'hôte um ine, zwy, halber dry oder dry oor?

DUTCH.

Wat uur geeft gy de table d'hôte ten een, twee, half drie, of drie uure?

I wish to dine in private to day, at one, two, three, four; on fish, veal, beef, mutton, pork, lamb, venison, sausages, fallad, broth, peas.

GERMAN.

Ich werde heute allein essen, um ein, zwey, drey, vier uhr, fisch, kalbfleisch, rindfleisch, schafffleisch, schweinefleisch, lambfleisch, wildpret, würste, fallade, suppe, erbsen. As f. Ich werde hyte alline essen, um ine, zwy, dry, fear oor, fish, kalbflysh, rindflysh, shaaflysh, fwine-flysh, laamflysh, wildpret, werste, fallade, suppe, erpsen.

DUTCH.

Ik wenschte heeden voor my zelfs teeten, ten een, twee, drie, vier uuren, fisch, kalbsfleesch, rundfleesch, schapefleesch, spek, lamsfleesch, harte-fleesch, worst, fallaad, soup, erten.

I would take an airing this morning, afternoon, evening, to-morrow. Take care to get me a carriage.

GERMAN.

Ich wolte diesen morgen spatzieren fahren nachmittag, abend, morgen. Sorgen sie für eine kutsche. As f. Ich wolte deesen morgen spatzeeren faaren, naachmittag, aabend, morgen. Sorgen see fear ine kutsche.

DUTCH.

Ik wilde deese morgen lugt scheppen namidag, heden avond, morgen. Dezorgt my een hoets.

Let me have a supper ready on my return, eggs, cutlets, fallad, spinage, tarts.

GERMAN.

Lasset ein abend essen by meiner rückkunft fertig seyn. Eyer, carbonade, fallade, spinat, pasteten. As f. Laas ine abend essen by myner rickkunft fertig sine. Eyer, carbonaade, fallade, spenaat, pastéten.

DUTCH.

Laat teegen myn terugkomst souppe gereed syn. Eyer, en korteletten, fallaad, spinage, taarten.

I desire

I desire my sheets may be thoroughly dry, and hung by my own fire, till I order them on the bed and I wish to have my bed warmed. I burn a light. Let there be a good fire made up.

GERMAN.

Ich verlange meine betlaaken durch und durch trocken, und bey meinen eigenen feuer zu hangen bis dafs ich selbige aufs, bette haben will, ich verlange mein bette gewärmet ich brenne ein licht; lafs ein gutes feur gemacht werden. As f. Ich verlaange myne betlaaken durg und durg trocken, und by minen eigenen fire zu naangen bis dafs ich selbege aufs, bette haaben will, ich ferlaange mine bette gewermet, ich brenne ine licht; lasse ine gootes fire gemaacht werden.

DUTCH.

Myn bedlaakens moeten door en door droog fyn, en by myn eigen vuur hangen, tot dat ik deselve opt bed ordonneere, ik wensch myn bed gewarmt to hebben, ik brand een ligt; laat een goed vuur aanleggen.

Let me see your printed list of wines and their prices. Let me have a bottle of wine—half a bottle.

GERMAN.

Lasset mir eure gedruckte liste von weinen sehen, und deren preisen, gebt mir eine bouteille vom—wein, eine halde bouteille. As f. Laasset meer ire gedrickte liste von winen sehen, unt déren preisen, gabet meer ine bouiteille von—wine—ine haalbe bouteille.

DUTCH.

Laat my een gedruckte leyste van wynen sien ende preisen, geeft my een flees—wyn—een halfe flees.

I shall not want a fire in the morning; or let me have a fire in my chamber early. I shall go after breakfast. I shall go before breakfast. Tomorrow; the day after; in three days; four, five—in a week. Call me at four, five, six, seven, eight, nine o'clock.

GERMAN.

Ich werde des morgens kein feuer nottig haben; *or* laß ein feuer in meinen zimmer früh anlegen; Ich reise nach fruhstück ab. Ich werde vor fruhstück abreisen. Morgen, den folgenden tag, innerhalb drei tagen, vier Funf, in einer woche. Rufe mir um 4, 5, sechs, sieben, Acht, neun uhr. As f. Ich werde des
morgens

morgens kine fire natig haaben; *or* laas ine fire in minen zimmer free anlegen. Ich rise nach freeftick aap. Ich werde fore freeftick aapriſen. Morgen, den folgenden tag, innerhalb dry tagen, fear finif, ſex, ſeeben, acht, nine oor.

DUTCH.

Ik zals' ſmorgens geenvuur nodig hebben; *or* laat my froeg een vuur in myn kamer hebben. Ik ſal fertrekken voor't ontbeit. Ik ſal fertrekken naar't ontbeit, Morgen, de volgende dag, in drie, dagen, vier, fiſe, in een week; wekt my om vier, fiſe, ſes, ſeven, agt, neegen uur.

Take me a place, two, three places, in the poſt-waggon, for to-night, to-morrow, Monday, Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thuſday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday; *or* beſpeak me a private carriage; ſaddle and bring out my horſe; he wants ſhoeing; he is lame; this bridle, girth, ſtrap is broke, let it be mended; bring my bill.

GERMAN.

Nehmet mir einen platz, zwey, drey plátze auf dem poſt-wagen für die nacht, für Morgen, Montag, Dienſtag, Mittwochen, Donnerſtag, Freytag,

Freitag, Sonnabend, Sontag. Oder, bestellts mir extra post; sattelt, und bringt mir mein pferd; er mus beschlagen werden; er ist lahm, dieser zaum, gürtel, riem, ist gebrochen; last es wieder zurechte machen. Bringt meine rechnung. As f. Namet meer eyenen plaatz, zwey, dry pletze ouf dem post-waagen, fear dee nacht, fear morgen, moantag, dinstag, mittwochen, donnerstag, frytag, sonnaabend, Sontag, oder destellt meer extra post; saattelt, unt brinkt meer mine ferd; are mus beschlagen warden; are ist laam; deefer zaum, girtel, reem, ist gebrochen, laast es weeder zu rechte machen; brinkt mine rehcnung.

DUTCH.

Neemt een plaats voor my, twee, drie plaatsen in de post-wagen, voor vanavond, voor morgen, maandag, dingsdag, woensdag, donderdag, vrydag, zaturdag, zondag, of bespreekt my een aparte Reytuyg; zaald en brengt myn Paard beyten, het moet beslagen werden; het is laam; deze Toom, buykreim, strop is gebrooken; laat het gemaaket werden; brengt meyn reckning.

Let these things go to the washerwoman.

GERMAN.

GERMAN.

Nehmet diese sachen zu der wäsherin. As f.
 Namet deese sachen zu dare wesherin.

DUTCH.

Zend dit goed naer de waschvrouw.

I am no judge of your charges, but shall keep your bill and shew it to those who are, and if I find it reasonable, I shall recommend your house.

GERMAN.

Ich kann ihne berechnung nicht beurtheilen, werde aber die rechnung behalten, und es denen zeigen, welche es können; finde ich dann das es bilig ist, will ich ihr haus recommandiren. As f. Ich kann ihre berechnung nicht beurtilen, warede aaber die rechnung behaalten unt es danen zigen, welche es kennen, finde ich dann das es billig ist, will ich ear house recomman-diren.

DUTCH.

Ik kan over u reekening niet oordeelen, maer sal u reekening houden en laeten sien aan die het konnen, en alas ik dezelve reedlyk vinde, zal ik u huys reommendeeren.

These

These sentences, which I have rather thrown into commands than questions, comprehend all the usual points of accommodation at an inn, where a traveller intends to stop only for a day, —night,—or four and twenty hours. The second shall prepare you for a longer stop,—although, in places where as a stranger you can be *induced* to make this,—unless like me you love to walk

“ Along the cool sequester'd vale of life.”

You will find the popular languages of France, Italy, or that of your own country spoken in common. I therefore begin with a question which will decide this necessary *first* point—and indeed it would be well to make it a preliminary interrogation every where; because, when answered in the affirmative, your business is done, as I must pre-suppose you possessed of a knowledge of the two first of these,—or at least one of them, in case your company should be at fault to find you or any person conversant in the third—although the English tongue is getting popularity and extending fast. So ends your first lesson, and I will bid you *farewell*.

LETTER

L E T T E R II.

Do you or any of your people speak French, Italian, or English, or any body near you?

GERMAN.

Sprechen sie oder einige von thre leute, Fransösch, Italienisch, oder English, oder jemand hier in der nähe? As f. Sprechen see oder eynege fon eare lyte Fransäich, Italianish, oder English, oder yemand here in der naye?

DUTCH.

Verstaat gy of iemand van u volk Fransch, Italianisch, of Engelsch, of iemand in de buurt?

I wish to stay some time, look out some private lodgings, and shew me to them, if possible, where one of those languages are spoken, I want two, three, four beds, rooms, a suite of apartments, in the best part of the town, a little out of town.

Ich wünsche hier einige zeit zu bleiben, fucht aus ein privat logis, und zeigt mir dahin, wo möglich allwo man eine von diese sprachen spricht, ich verlange, zwey, drey, vier, betten, zimmers,
eine

eine reihe von zimmern, in den besten Theil der stadt,—etwas aus der stadt. As f. Ich winſche here; nege zite zu blyben, ſucht aus ine privat logis, unt zyget meer daahin, wo möglich allwo maan ine fon deeſe ſpraachen ſpricht, ich ferlaange zwey, dry, fear betten; zimmers, iyne ryee fon zimmern, in den besten, Tile der stadt,—etwas aus der stadt.

DUTCH.

Ik wil wat blyven, nae eene a parte wooning uytzeen, en wyſt my zulke aan, zoo't mooglykis, daar een van deeze taalen geſproken werd. Ik moet twee, drie, vier bedden hebben; kamers gevoegelyke vertrekken, int beſt van de ſtad; iets buyten de ſtad.

I ſhall find my own plate and linen, and victuals; you muſt find me plate, &c. and in ſhort every thing but wines; how much muſt you have per week? month? for one, two, three, four, five, or fix perſons, but do not aſk unreaſonably, I cannot afford extravagance, if you cannot yourſelf find me in diet, &c. I muſt arrange with a traiteur, ſhew me one; or with the maſter of the hotel where I put up.

GERMAN.

Ich bin mit ſilberzeng & leinewand verſehen beſorge mein eigenes eſſen;—ihr muſt mir mit
zilberzeng

zilberzeng verschen, und kurtz mit alles, auffser wein; wieviel verlangt ihr per woche? monath? sür ein, zwey, drey, vier, fünffe, sechs personen, aber fördert nicht unbillig, ich darff nicht verschwenderish thun. Wenn ihr selbst mich nicht bekostigen könt, muß ich mit einen trateur sprechen, zeight mir einen, oder mit dem wirth bey dem ich abstieg. As f. Ich bin mit silberzyg unt linewand versehen, besorge mine eygenes essen; eer muß meer mit zilberzyg fersaen, unt kurtz mit alles, auffser wine, we feel ferlangt eer per woche? monaat? fear ine, zwy, drey, fear finffee, sex personen, Aaber fördert nicht unbillig, ich darf nicht ferfwenderish toon. Wenn ear selbst mich nicht bekostigen kent, muß ich mit inen trateur sprechen, zygt mir inen;—oder mit dem wurt by dem ich aapstyg.

DUTCH.

Ik zal myn eygen bord & tafelgoed houden en eeten,—gy moet my met bord en tafelgoed voorzien, en in't kort van alles behalven wynen. Hoe veel moet gy per week hebben? per maand? voor een, twee, drie, vier, vyf, ses perfoonen, maan vraagt niet onreedelyk. Ik kan niet veel besteeden,—als gy zelfs my niet in de kost neemen kan, moet ik my by en ordeenaar besteeden,—wyft my een—of by de casteleyn van't logement daar ik anngelkomen ben.

Agreed—

Agreed—I shall come to-morrow, prepare them
—Next day—Day after.

GERMAN.

Accordit—Ich werde morgen kommen, macht
es fertig—Übermorgen—Über zwey tage. As f.
Accordirt—Ich werde morgen kommen, macht es
fertig—ebermorgen—eber zy tage.

DUTCH.

Gedaan—Ik zal morgen komen, Maakt het
gereed—over morgen—over twee dagen.

SUPPLEMENTARY QUESTIONS.

How many hours to—by water, by post-wag-
gon—by private carriage—with two—three—four
horses.—I will go there by water at—hour—post-
waggon—private. Call me at—hour—bring my
bill—take my baggage.

GERMAN.

Wievcl stunden nach——zu wasser——im post-
waagen,—mit extra post, mit zwey, drey, vier
pferde. Ich will den zu wasser gehen um—stunde,
im postwaagen, mit extra post. Ruft mir um—
stunde—bringt meine recknung—nehm't meine
baggage. As f. Wefeel stunden nach—zu wasser—
Im postwaagen,—mit extra post—mit zy, dry, fear
ferde.

ferde. Ich will den zu wasser gain um—stunde—
im postwaagen—mit extra post. Rooft mir um—
stunde. Brinkt mine rechnung. Namet mine
baggage.

DUTCH.

Hoeveel uuren is het naar— met de schuyt, met
de postwaagen, met particulier rytuyg,—met twee,
drie, vier paarden. Ik sal den te waater gaan
ten—uuren—met de postwaagen—particulier.
Wekt my ten—uuren. Brengt myn reckening.
Neemt myn goed, baggage.

FINIS.

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